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Hamilton



VOLUME XXV.

NUMBER 1.

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* Literary *

* Monthly.



• • • JUNE, 1890. • • •

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.
HAMILTON COLLEGE.



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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91.

Its aim is to furnish a Review of our College Literature, a faithful representation of our College Life, and a medium for the communication to the Alumni of items of interest.

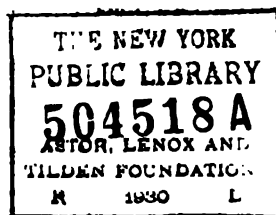
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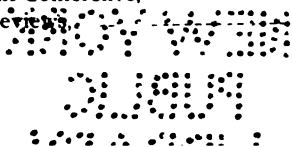
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CLINTON, N. Y., JUNE, 1890.

No. 1

VICTOR HUGO, POET AND PATRIOT.

SUCCESSFUL CLARK PRIZE ORATION.

“**L**IBERTY, Equality, Fraternity,” precious intertwining of poetry, patriotism and the human heart! Never was this noblest device more superbly personified than in the Poet-Laureate of the French Republic. Liberty was Victor Hugo’s goal, equality his hope, fraternity his strength. Personal independence was the basis of his political creed.* Freedom in art, in faith, in life was his golden rule.

To the eventful and extraordinary times in which he was born, grew up and lived, the cast of Victor Hugo’s genius owes much. For its praises worthily sung, its sorrows piously consoled, its errors deplored, and its spirit interpreted, the contemporary history of his country is deeply indebted to him, but to that history his debt is greater still. Never could other times than his have produced that antithetic union in one master-minstrel which we behold in him—the action and the pause—the exultation at the clash of arms, the longings and cravings for repose; all the glories, all the woes, the hopes, the fears, the storms and calms of those years of wonder—the youthhood of the nineteenth century.†

* Barbou. † Stuart.

Victor Hugo was a most voluminous writer, and like the great Göthe, his period of literary production exceeded three-score years. "He was made to write, to receive and to transmit impressions, as a river is made to flow."* The unity which is not to be found in his acts or his works will be found in his iron will. Before its terrible onset the bronze-mailed knights of opinionated "Classicism" were unseated, and the smiling virgin "Romanticism" proudly emerged to greet her fearless wooer.

As a poet, he stood in his subtlest and most fantastic moods, close to the real forms and colors of nature, grouping them to secure the most bizarre and grotesque effects and glowing contrasts. Much of his success was due to the fact that he found in these a complete expression for the highly general and abstract thought of our time, and dwelt with more fondness on the instinctive than on the scientific side of poetry.

His nature fiery, violent, yet profound, was lacking in "esprit," naive and the sense of the ridiculous. Life was too serious, no pastime for him. He loved to penetrate into the world of abysmal darkness surrounding him, to give terrible expression to the black and surging mass of vitality, misery and crime, lurking in the backgrounds of sin-stained Paris.

"He is not the great dramatic poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare," † but an acknowledged master of lyric and satiric art.

A devout philosopher, Hugo did not sacrifice at the altar of Positivism. His poems have more of the pantheistic cast. He places "the divine" everywhere; he sees it in Nature's forces, in the wind, in the sea, in the stars; it is in the little child, in the instincts of men, in the miseries of humanity as well as in its glories; he sees it even in vice, in folly, in crime. He is a respecter of all that is created, of all that suffers and lives and dies. The nobleness of his life, the purity of his aims, the spontaneous and irresistible nature of his genius, his masterful command of word and rhyme, his lyric supremacy, all combined to make him the true poet, the poet's poet. With all its defects, his verse will endure through the after-

* Marzials. † Matthews.

time as a living force, because it is "broad-based upon the universal human heart, and so eternal."*

Victor Hugo, with Lemartine and Lammenais, formed the first and firmest basis of the Republican party in France. Hugo, who had contributed to the glory of the Napoleonic story in obedience to sentiments learned at his mother's breast, roughly converted in the swirling current of events, at last consecrated himself as the defender of liberty and the republic, as the resolute antagonist of the imperial restoration. Never was despotism so chastised by poetry. The tyrants of Babylon and Nineveh, those idolatrous kings, who raised their images upon altars consecrated to the true God, were not more cursed by the ancient prophets than was the tyrant of France by the grandest and most manly genius which France in this age has produced. From irony to invective, from the pungent epigram to the lyric ode, everything was employed with severe, implacable justice to pursue the assassin of the republic, tormented by those words of genius like the wandering Io phrensied by the pitiless gadfly.

The dictator could hurl his praetorian legions upon liberty and democracy, but must finally be overwhelmed by the satire, the energy, the genius of Victor Hugo. These immortal verses formed the education of a class of young men taught to swear undying hatred to tyranny. Tacitus and Juvenal wrote against the corruption of tyranny; but they did not succeed like Victor Hugo in seeing their tyrants brought to the ground. Their generation was not as free as the present, nor were ideas as powerful then as now. The chords of the human heart responded to Hugo's touch as in the century before they had answered to the eloquence of Rousseau. He filled with that vague inspiration which creates heroes and martyrs a whole generation, which at last took to its heart that sublime trilogy—"Liberty, democracy, and the republic!"

For the Latin people generally, Hugo, like Garibaldi, is a typical hero. He represents fully their distrust of governing classes and their deep sense of universal right. To Hugo all Frenchmen point as proof that France has been the support

* *Marziale.*

of liberal and humanitarian views in the century of their birth ; to them he is the sign, as Renan puts it, that liberalism is the national work of France. With the Napoleons in her past, not to speak of Guizots and Veuillots, this might have been doubted ; the reactions had been as potent and as long-lived as the progressive impulses. But with Hugo at the end of the century, as Rousseau and the revolution were at the beginning, liberalism is secure. With him the idea of modern France is completed. For this reason Frenchmen of all ranks and opinions, even those, and they were many, who distrusted and dreaded his utterances while he lived, gratefully accord him unprecedented national honors now that he is dead.

That he could thus represent in his own life and work the place of France among the nations, and in a manner consolidate it, is the better part of Hugo's greatness. His manly virtues, courage, fortitude, candid speech, and uncompromising fidelity to a lofty idea—all had their expression here ; and for the sake of these, France will overlook some weaknesses, the necessary attendants of his gigantic virtues.

Hugo's political work added little or nothing to the doctrines already enunciated by the thinkers who had preceded him. Here no great original creation was possible, nor for such semi-philosophic work had he any talent. His mission was to refresh and recast the principles of the great revolutionary thinkers, in a time when they were hackneyed and discredited, and to give them a setting in new and splendid forms of art and eloquence.

Since Rousseau, what word has been spoken in France for animate nature which will compare with the 'Songs of the Streets and Woods !' After Volney, what note so new in the revolutionary views of history as 'The Legend of the Centuries !' After Voltaire, what name but Hugo ! His very death was a triumph for his cause. This "demogorgon of radicals," this inveterate enemy of priests and kings, did not die in obscurity, or disgrace, or defeat, but triumphant as a setting sun, awing every hostile voice to silence.*

* Cappon.

Victor Hugo, poet and patriot of French democracy, with soul full of high independence and patriotic love of liberty, hating slavish conformity to empty tradition, stands in the light of all the culture of the nineteenth century the acknowledged sovereign of the muses, over all the lyric singers of that high-wrought land, "la belle France!"

ROBERT JAMES HUGHES, '90.

A ROMANCE OF THE HILLS.

WITH July came a gayer life; morning and afternoon the air was passionate with melodies from Faust, Gypsy Baron and Sylvia, yet only the loiterers in the park, the languid guests who lounged in the great willow chairs on the hotel verandas and the clerks of the stores opposite, who sat idly in the doorways enjoyed those plaintive airs. Most of the people went away about ten every morning, in merry coaching parties, or mounted on lively steeds went over the hills in gay cavalcades. Only those who stayed behind settled down to napping, sipping the sulphur water and enjoying the orchestra. In the evening a full dress ball, a German, a jingle party, or perhaps a church fair invited. After a little these things grew tiresome to the Silk Stocking Club. This club, by the way, was composed of Harold Bruce, his sister Agnes and their aunt Kate, Karl Foster, a young artist, and a few others with whom we are not directly interested. One day Harold bestowed this title upon the club, when they were roaming along the shores of Otsego Lake, to distinguish them from the Leather Stockings who formerly roamed its lovely borders. One evening as they were all in a group on the veranda, Harold turned to his aunt and said: "Aunt Kate, what do you say to an outing party to-morrow? we will take our provisions uncooked and proceed to a kindly disposed farm house and prepare our dinner ourselves there."

"Bravo!" exclaimed a chorus of voices, "Harold has found just the thing."

"But you gentlemen shall put on aprons and help too," said Agnes.

•

Some of the gentlemen smiled grimly at the thought of the prospective dinner, thinking their stomachs would fare better at the hands of a French chef than at the hands of the ladies who had always dwelt in drawing rooms on Fifth avenue. However, after a few jokes, they entered heartily into the scheme. Next morning dawned brightly and all was ready for an early start. Long before they reached Otsego Lake the ladies began to look for a farm house which seemed inviting and pleasant. After they had ridden along the lake for some distance they saw a large and comfortable country home close to the lake; the park and all its surroundings betokened refinement. Agnes saw a white-haired man and a young girl, about her own age, going down the terraced walk to the summer house. Her fancy was touched. "This is the place," she exclaimed. To this all agreed, and immediately appointed Agnes and Foster a committee to state the object of their visit to the occupants.

Mrs. Burnet was a little surprised at the request to give up her house and be the guest of the city folks for the day, but asked Agnes and Foster to go with her and talk with Mr. Burnet and her daughter. She was at once interested in the idea, and her father was glad to give his approval to anything that would give his Alice pleasure. So the city folks alighted from the coach and took their bountifully filled hampers to the house.

Mrs. Burnet and Alice were of valuable assistance to the ladies, saving them many references to "The Instantaneous Cook Book," with which they had provided themselves before leaving Richfield. The gentlemen, after looking around a little, also came to the ladies' assistance; yet, had it not been for the practical experience of Mrs. Burnet and her daughter, the gentlemen would have realized their worst fears, for the turkeys were in danger of being blue, the custard thin, and other things of being cooked too much or too little. In spite of Mrs. Burnet misfortune seemed to attend the cake. Harold remarked, as it was produced for inspection: "Let the cake that thinketh it standeth take heed, lest it fall."

Notwithstanding such petty annoyances a bountiful dinner was spread at last, out in the summer house by the lake. Of course they insisted that the Burnets should join them. It would be impossible to relate all the witty sayings and toasts which were given ; but they all agreed that they had never been so gay before.

Often Mr. Burnet's eyes rested upon Harold ; in his face and in his voice, when he spoke, he seemed to see and hear one who had vanished from him years ago. It carried him back in memory, when and where he could scarcely tell. So he thought and pondered even after the party had gone. At length, after staying to tea, the merry city folks returned to the Springs. Alice and her brother Douglas had enjoyed the day quite as much as anyone. A strong friendship had sprung up between Agnes and Alice, and they promised themselves many delightful visits during the summer.

At last, as the shadows of the trees which clothed the western side of the lake were creeping silently across its mirror surface like the dusky forms of the warriors who once dwelt by its shores the Silk Stocking Club returned to Richfield.

Not many days passed before Harold and Agnes drove again to the Burnets, where they received a warm welcome. The two girls on comparing notes found that both were fond of music, and that each had studied abroad. During this visit Mr. Burnet found opportunity to have a little chat with Harold and to speak of the subject which had occupied his mind since the day of the party.

"Was not your father's name William Douglas Bruce?" he asked, "and did he not graduate from Harvard in 1840?" "Yes," answered Harold, "when I was a little boy he often told me stories of his college days; he has been dead now over ten years."

Then Mr. Burnet told Harold how those days had been coming back ever since the first visit ; and how he had seen in him one whom he had loved, and how much he resembled his father.

"Soon after our graduation," continued the old man, "we went separate ways. As boys we grew up together ;

at the village school we sat at the same desk; we roomed together at the academy and at college. When we graduated your father went abroad and I came up here among the Otsego hills to improve the estate left me by my father. We corresponded for several years, then grew negligent and lost track of each other."

Harold told him how that he had occupied their old room at college, which looked out upon the quadrangle and near by were those trees to which the birds always came first in the spring. So the two compared their boyhood until the girls and Douglas returned from a row up on the lake and a visit to Leather-Stocking's Cave. Then it was time to return home.

These visits became quite frequent and the old man lived over again his lost youth in conversations with Harold, his dear friend's son. Foster now accompanied the Bruces on these visits, making as his plea, that he must sketch the scenes made famous by the great romancer and magician, Cooper.

Nothing is so favorable to romance as a "well regulated thunder storm," under favorable circumstances. What it was that drove them all out of doors on this particular day no one could tell; but it was Foster who suggested that they spend the day at Otsego Mountain.

"Oh, what fun!" chimed in Alice, "and, Douglas, no stay-at-home to-day, for they will join us from the rectory and we will all go on a pilgrimage to this Otsego Mountain shrine."

"Boots and saddles at ten!" shouted Agnes with a merry laugh and went to join Alice on the veranda singing as she went,

" Wohl auf Kameraden, aufs Pferd, aufs Pferd !
Ins Feld, in die Freiheit gezogen ! "

Soon a merry party were galloping o'er "moss and fell" to Otsego Mountain.

"Come!" said Foster to Agnes as they were riding in advance of the others, "I know a road by which we can reach the mountain long before the others."

"I know the road, too," replied Agnes, "and will lead you a chase there, 'Wohl auf Kameraden, aufs Pferd, aufs Pferd!'" and she was cantering at quite a lead from Foster before he gathered his wits together. Soon he overtook her, however, and they flew like the wind up hill, down hill and, leaping fences, swept across country arriving at the mountain and the observatory long before the others. After dinner, at the little restaurant which is cosily ensconced among the pines half way up the mountain side, they spent the day in sight-seeing. How beautiful the Catskills and the more distant Adirondacks looked that day, and the lakes which gleamed like pearls and opals amid their mountain setting of onyx and amethyst.

As the afternoon waned the party started leisurely for home; but Foster and Agnes still tarried unmindful of the approaching darkness and the war in the skies. There was a sudden lurid flash and heavy peals of thunder following close upon each other.

"And the storm is abroad in the mountains! He fills
The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. Aroused millions or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud whose reflection leaves vivid the lake."

The storm had come upon them too suddenly for them to reach a dwelling, so the best they could do was to seek a shelter among the rocks. Just as the darkness was deepening and the first great drops were falling, Foster saw a great shelf of rock which would shield them. Hastily assisting Agnes to dismount he fastened the horses to a small pine tree; then quickly he and Agnes clambered up the mountain side to the rocky retreat. In majesty and grandeur the storm rolled by them.

"See! see!" cried Foster, "how the pines and the oaks bow in reverence before the storm king."

"Yes, Karl," murmured Agnes, "but you are the king of the storm after all, for you do not tremble; you are so strong. I am not afraid when with you." The trembling hands which lay in his gave an answering touch as he grasped them more firmly.

"My darling," he whispered so softly, "I will be with you through all the storms of life, and will be even stronger than now if you will be mine, dear; I will shield you and love you forever, till the sun grows cold and the stars grow old, and the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

Unmindful of the storm as they had been of its coming, it had passed before they knew it. In the moonlight which followed they returned to the Bruces. As they were all seated upon the veranda, which looked out upon the lake, Karl took his guitar and sang, with greater tenderness than ever before, that Spanish ballad :

"Long years ago, in old Madrid,
When softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid—
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star.
Then on the casement ledge, when day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid;
A face look'd out as from the river shore,
Then stole a tender serenade!
Rang the lover's happy song
Light and low from shore to shore.
But, ah! the river flowed along
Between them evermore.
Far, far away from old Madrid
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain;
A convent veil those sweet eyes hid,
And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain!
But still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said,
Her white hand ope's the lattice wide;
The faint, sweet echo of that serenade
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide.
Still she lists her lover's song;
Still he sings upon the shore;
Tho' flows a stream than all more strong
Between them ever more.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying,
Love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here, alone, I wait for thee.

On occasion of one of these visits when Harold was obliged to remain at the Springs, Foster and Agnes stayed

to tea in order to return home by moonlight. The two old people were in the parlor where the girls were going over some music together, but Douglas and Foster remained on the veranda to talk. In Douglas the artist found a soul of delicate sensibilities like his own, the love for art and the beautiful fired each. With Douglas the love of music was a passion. He had studied it from childhood. He saw in music not a pastime nor amusement merely, but the language of the soul, the highest and noblest form of expressing thought and feeling.

"You astonish me," said Foster as Douglas had just burst out in eloquence over the divine art, as he called it; "I, too, love music, but I have never before realized the possibilities of which you speak. I had never thought of music as a language."

"It is, though," said Douglas. "Sometimes you can translate the thoughts of music even into our plain English tongue; sometimes you can not, its thoughts being grasped by the heart alone. We may both hear the same music, sitting side by side, and both may grasp the thought and be touched by the spirit of the composer and not be able to express it in words, yet, looking into each other's eyes, we know that each has heard the voice divine; the music is like the pentecostal fire, alighting upon us and enabling us to speak in another and a new tongue; then the moistened eye and the tremulous voice speaks eloquently."

"Yes," said Foster, "I begin to see it; but that is placing music above all the arts."

"Well, I believe it is," replied Douglas. "As an example of those cases when we can bring music into the realm of our practical every-day life and say: 'This chord means this in plain English, and this scale represents this,' let us take the selection Agnes is playing now, Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Just listen to those light arpeggio chords and then look out upon the lake and see the silvery moonbeams playing upon the water. Can you not join the two, and by turning away from the moonlight, would not the music bring it to you again? Or, should the music cease, if you but look out at the moonlight on the waters, would it not call back

the music? Now the music changes, the moonlight fades away, but hark to the voice which comes from the soul of the music. It seems as if it fell from the skies! How soothing and quieting it is. If in the moonlight there was anything of unrest and groping or longing for something yet to come, that voice calms and quiets it. You remember the incident of the composition of that piece. Beethoven had entered the house where a blind girl and her brother were sitting in the moonlight. Beethoven did not perceive that the girl was blind until asking her something about the beauty of the night, she told him she was blind. Then, in sorrow for her affliction, he sat down and composed and played this beautiful Sonata. How it must have brought the moonlight in all its beauty to her spiritual eyes, although the natural ones were darkened. That voice, speaking in the night, must, indeed, have comforted her. It speaks to us both, yet, perhaps, differently, for we may have different needs, but we both are conscious of receiving help."

Agnes had finished the sonata and so deeply affected was Foster by its pathos and melody, aided by Douglas to grasp its real meaning, that he was silent. Then the girls played some duets, among them Beethoven's Egmont, and Douglas pointed out its descriptive passages.

"The heavy, massive chords at the beginning," said Douglas, "represent the oppression of the people before Egmont appeared; these resolve themselves into a lighter air; this represents the ray of hope which Egmont inspires; there is promise of liberty, but now listen!" and the music again became sad, the chords more intricate and all hope seemed dead. "You know," said Douglas, "that Egmont was betrayed, that is what this represents. Now he is taken to the scaffold; the people's hope is lost. Just hear that prayer! the piano seems to sob. That represents the prayer at the scaffold. Those chords seem to suggest despair and hope. This passage always brings back that beautiful character of Dickens before me, Agnes Wickfield, it breathes so much of sorrow, resignation and hope. Now comes the awakening. Just hear the drums and fifes calling the people together. They are now rushing to assert

their own independence and throw off the hateful yoke of Spain. We can even hear their shouts of victory which close the overture."

So they sat and listened. It seemed to Foster as if he had received a new revelation. They continued talking long after the music ceased.

"I think," said Foster, "that in your enthusiasm I see your life work, you are to be the prophet to usher in new ideas concerning music, or in other words, you must interpret the marvelous language and thoughts of music."

"No," replied Douglas, "I have chosen a grander calling than this. I shall become a minister of the gospel and endeavor to make known to the world even grander truths."

"Oh, my dear boy!" said Foster, "you will make a great mistake. You have yourself said that music is divine, the noblest of the arts, and by pointing out to me the beauties you have to-night you have helped me a great deal, your thoughts will help me through life. You are led, in your choice, by a desire to do good, but you must not make a mistake in choosing a field in which to do it. When I was some years younger than now, I was led by the same ambition which is leading you, and I thought of the ministry, but through the influence of a friend I was directed to my true calling, that of art. I hope to accomplish good and make people better through that means. You, so eminently fitted to bring before the world the true meaning of music, must not mistake your true ministry. You must not be unmindful of the divine mission of music and song. Christ's ministry is grand, I would not deny that, but there are many who can preach the gospel who can not grasp those hidden truths which you must find and make known to the world and make it better and more happy."

Douglas sat and thought. For a long time there had been a strife in his breast between music, which was almost the passion of his life, and what seemed to him to be the path of duty.

"Well," said he at length, "you have put this in a different light than I ever saw it in before. I will consider it carefully before I decide."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Foster, "so much I am sure depends upon your choice. Live what is true, and living so be glad."

"Looking at the moon, I declare!" said Agnes laughingly as she and Alice came out upon the veranda.

But Foster only smiled and thanked them for the music which they had rendered. It was time to return to the Springs, and Agnes was ready. Alice had promised to spend the next week with her. So they bade one another a merry good-bye and Agnes and Foster started for home under the bewitching moonlight of that September night.

The next week Alice spent with Agnes as promised. Gaiety was declining, but that was well made up by the Silk Stocking Club in riding and driving. The two girls were indeed the most graceful equestriennes at the Springs. Time was now rapidly passing and the young people made the most of the glorious September days; the older members of the Silk Stocking Club had returned to the city, only Aunt Kate, Agnes, Harold and Foster remained; of course Alice and Douglas had been admitted to that mysterious circle long before.

The day's occupation now consisted of visits to the Burnets. The last of September was settled as the time for departure of those who remained, and Alice had set it down in her mind that on that day the world would come to an end. It did not, however. Somehow it had been understood that Alice was to visit the Bruces in their city home at Christmas time; and why not? A little incident had occurred which made it the most natural thing in the world. During one of those delightful visits to the Burnet homestead, Harold and Alice had gone out on the lake fishing. After a time, in some way their lines became entangled and try their best they could not untangle them. After a little Harold whispered ever so softly:

"Alice, our lives have become entangled just as our lines are, and try as we may, we can not untangle them, they must forever be as one."

What Alice replied, or what more was said, need not be told. The little birds, however, nodded slyly and sang more sweetly as the two walked back to the house arm in arm.

Alice's father was but little surprised when Harold blushing asked to speak with him alone; and when the young man told him of his love for his daughter, as best he could, tears gathered in the old man's eyes and he thought of his boyhood and youth. How this young man's father and himself had talked over their troubles, their hopes and fears together; now his dear friend's son had come with this strange trouble, which affected them both, and which was mingled with joy, hope and fear; and for the sake of his dear friend, whom he knew to have been true and noble, he did not fear to entrust to this young man the happiness of his child. So, then, it was decided that Alice should go to the city in December.

On the morning of the departure of the Bruces and Foster the Burnets were at the station to see them off, and had so loaded them with flowers that they looked like animated bouquets. Harold found a bouquet of Forget-me-nots and Hearts-ease among the rest, and gave it to Alice, remarking that she should keep the flowers as she already had his true heart's-ease.

A few weeks later we might look into a lovely mansion on Fifth avenue, and we should see it trimmed with Mistletoe and Holly. Among the many faces we should see gay Agnes, with her bright face, blue eyes and brown hair, which always found its way in lovely curls, and Alice, with her dark hair and her brown eyes, which always seemed to have a smile tucked away in them somewhere. We should also see aunt Kate, very busy; we should see Foster and Douglas talking over the true mission of life; somewhere we should find Harold; indeed, we might expect to find him in some cozy corner with Alice, talking over the nooks and dells on the shores of dear old Glimmer-glass, and Alice soberly says:

"I believe I would look far better and act more at home, back among those dear old places, and be a wood nymph again, as you called me once."

Then Harold calls her his dear "little wood nymph," the same as ever. Some one is singing Gounod's song, "There is a Green Hill Far Away." It is Agnes; all become silent and listen as the music changes; now low, now swelling, now low again and piteously pleading:

"There is a green hill far away, without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all.
Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved, and we must love Him, too;
And trust in His redeeming blood, and try his works to do."

During the evening Agnes and Douglas are together, and Agnes asks him if he has yet found his true ministry; and he murmurs softly: "You have showed it to me to-night.

'Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved, and we must love Him, too;
And trust in His redeeming blood, and try His works to do.'

Foster, who is standing near, adds: "Live what is true, and living so, be glad."

PAUL PASTEL.

WINGS STRONGER THAN HANDS.

I.

"I JUMP sometimes," laughed Golden Head,
"To try if my wings are grown,"
"Some summer day, mamma," he said,
"You'll find that your bird has flown."

II.

"But we'll hold you down," the mother said,
"As fast as our hands can hold,"—
"Wings are stronger than hands!" laughed Golden Head,
And the mother's heart grew cold.

III.

When the little spirit spreads its wings
To fly at the Father's call,
Oh! vainly, with feeble hands she clings
To the dust that the wings let fall.

IV.

When the young heart wakes like the world in spring.
And life's golden gates unfold,
When Hope's wide heaven wooes the wing,
Can the mother's hands withhold.

V.

Shall we mourn that wings are stronger than hands?
That heaven is stronger than earth?
That what love calls death in these shadowed lands
Is what love in heaven calls birth?

W. R. T., *Genl.* '71.

THE ETHICS OF SOCIALISM.

CLARK PRIZE ORATION.

SOCIALISM is a modern synonym for revolution. Its fundamental principle is the subversion of law and order. It is the historic and practical outgrowth of Communism. Taught by experience, it to-day repudiates much of its false philosophy, but substitutes bad logic. Individual rights, civic principles, ethical relations—these vital results of human progress are ignored. The socialists propose to found an ideal state, to solve Sociological problems, to create an absolute equity in human relations by legislation. Resting on such principles the theories of Socialism must be ethically wrong. The purpose of government, the scope of legislation, the inherent rights of the individual are misinterpreted until the resulting theory becomes an aggregate of fallacies. Proposing universal happiness by legislative force it ignores the primary laws of nature.

No fundamental principle of our government has been more thoroughly misunderstood than that "all men were created equal." In their "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" the principle holds; but in their ability to defend life and liberty and to pursue happiness men are widely different. This is tacitly acknowledged in the very act of forming a government, and the conservation of these inherent rights has been the feigned or true purpose of every ruler. Beyond this point no nation has successfully ventured, short of this none has been able to stop.

Man and man are not equal and legislation can never make them equal. Mechanics, farmers, tradesmen, laborers are just as surely born to their work as are poets, philosophers, statesmen. An equal proportion of brain and muscle is not doled out to each individual with mathematical exactness. Family history, personal experience, medical science deny the assertion. And when the Socialist attempts to change this principle, his quarrel is with the supreme founder of all ethics. Legislation that combats fundamental law, that lays its clumsy hand on relations that Divinity ordained, is worse than futile. In searching for the point

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where all are equal, they find the lowest stratum of human development.

Sweep away social distinctions, and with them go all the incentives that have begotten and fostered civilization. Individual rights, religious freedom, family purity, possession of property—the crystallized products of toiling centuries, are brought to the bar of selfish desire and made to plead their cause. Deprive man of his individuality and the future becomes a Dead Sea of stagnation. History is made by individuals; Science bases itself upon the atom; Philosophy searches for primary cause. The idea of unity pervades creation, dominates human progress. The Pharaohs, not Egypt, built the Pyramids; De Lesseps, not France, wedded the Indian ocean to the Mediterranean; Fulton and Morse, not the common laborer, brought the Indies to our doors and fulfilled the prophecy of Columbus.

If individual rights are ignored, religious freedom will not long survive. The Atheistic Idealism of Hegel will not hesitate as it approaches the house of God. All Socialists may not be Atheists, but the trend of Socialism is Atheistic. That is a most dangerous fallacy which bases Socialism on the Bible. There is not a passage from Genesis to Revelation that, correctly interpreted, commands or even upholds the Socialistic theory. The rights of property, the rights of individuals, the sanctity of family are never denied; they are everywhere sanctioned and emphasized. The commanded year of jubilee is a more rigid law of entail than England ever dared to enact. The words of Peter to Ananias are suggestive: "While it remained was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?" If Christ had denied the right in property the zealous Peter never would have allowed such an opportunity of condemnation to pass. Moreover, Socialism directly antagonizes Christian ethics. Its philosophy desires nothing beyond present happiness, recognizes no laws save those of its own making. The first attack on religion will call to its aid all the hell-born forces of immorality. The family is doomed. Apart from Christianity the family can never stand and,

when it is lost, our republic must follow in the footsteps of Rome.

It has been truthfully said "The magic of property turns sand into gold." The first relative idea of childhood is that of possession. Those are happy moments in the life of man when he first beholds his labor congeal into some tangible result, like home, land, business. This instinct of honest possession has never been condemned; and it never can be abrogated by legislation. Against this just desire of the human heart are the forces of Socialism especially arrayed. The series of propositions that culminates in the bold assertion "Property is theft," that annihilates the individual, that condemns the family, that deprives the Christian of his religion, proves far too much. It destroys human instinct, that it may build a lifeless, soulless thing called government.

Not alone is this principle fallacious and impracticable, but the analysis of civilization has been partial and unjust. It is not true that "The rich are growing richer while the poor are growing poorer." The cause of our widespread poverty is not in the theory but in those who attempt to apply it. The difficulty lies with the individual and is one beyond the reach of legislation. The state can deal only with the physical man, not with the mental or spiritual. It can never eliminate suffering from the world till it strikes out that ever potent factor—sin. The Socialist is too narrow-minded, too ready to accept results as final. He asserts that under our present system a large majority of our people are poor. As a remedy he demands a revolution. Is it of no significance that intemperance, immorality and ignorance are constantly decreasing? that the average laborer receives better wages for fewer hours than a century ago? that his home contains more luxuries than his father's? that his ideal of comfort is regal compared to ancestral ideals.

The error is evident. Neither ignorance, immorality, intemperance nor laziness are primary causes; they are themselves results. Socialism does not recognize this fact. It attempts to regulate the forces of nature regardless of the psychical energy that controls them. To a small degree matter affects mind, but, in general, mind controls matter.

And so long as the controlling mind is selfish and oppressive, crime and poverty must abound. Ask France whence her immorality and she curses the names of Voltaire and Rousseau. The indolent crowds of Italy loudly bespeak a chained Bible and a priest-ridden people. Where are found the rankest ignorance and most brutal intemperance? Where the missionary has not yet penetrated and the name of Christ is unknown. Let us then cleanse the spring rather than attempt to strain the mighty river.

Christianity is the vital element in the development of civilization; and its force operates largely through the individual. Individuality, not society, has made civilization. Individuality develops social power. Socialism destroys it. Individuality recognizes the right of every man to himself and all that his personality means. Socialism is the fabled giant cutting off the legs of all too long for his iron bedstead, and stretching every one that is too short. The first is progress, the second is stagnation. One is the mother of genius, the other of mediocrity. Socialism is the stage-coach and post-boy and canal-boat crying out against steam and electricity. It is a deluded people chanting their "Fuit Ilium" over a dead past.

In view of such facts the philosophy of Socialism becomes one of grotesque impossibilities. The calling of it ethical is a denial of God's beneficence. The Supreme Being never imposed upon humanity labors and achievements that are impossible. Socialism may take occasional and subordinate parts in human progress, but it is never a factor of real prosperity. It finds its most congenial soil in Despotisms; Monarchies recognize it as a possibility, but a free Democratic Republic can never become Socialistic. They are the positive and negative in national history, and can but destroy each other. The ethics of Socialism is without defense. With a foundation of soulless philosophy, a superstructure of perverse misstatements and imbecile logic, Socialism trembles before the demands of natural law, and vanishes like dew in the sunlight of Christian truth.

EDGAR COIT MORRIS, '89.

OUR UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.

I.

There's a Hamilton alumnus who has not yet come to view,
And why he doesn't show himself, we only wish we knew :
The man who at some future time, a future somewhat dim,
Will give to good old Hamilton, that long-felt need—a gym.

II.

We've waited many years for him, we're waiting for him yet,
The graduate who'll give us that on which our hearts are set,
We'll have to wait years more, perhaps, and in the interim,
Be the only college in the state that hasn't got a gym.

III.

There are buildings for each learned Prof. that Hamilton employs.
The only building that we lack, is for ourselves, the boys.
The growing cloud of discontent, will show no silver rim,
Until some good alumnus shall have given us a gym.

IV.

We'll build a monument to him, we'll raise his statue high,
We'll wear his picture in our hats, his image in our eye,
We'll sing his praises loud and long, in canticle and hymn,
That loyal son of Hamilton, who gives to us a gym. BARCLAY.

Editors' Table.

SALUTATORY.

Alumni, trustees, professors, students, friends of the LIT. everywhere, the new LIT. board salutes you.

With the present number of the LIT. we begin our editorial labors. That we may begin under good auspices and that the LIT. may continue to hold her place in the foremost rank of college monthlies, we ask the co-operation of of you all.

The LIT. is the only purely representative publication of the college. It preserves the best literary effort, voices the sentiment of the students in all college matters, chronicles all the leading events of college life. In a word, presents to the institutions throughout the country all the varied phases of our college world.

It is especially necessary therefore that the LIT. should be of as high standard as possible. The accomplishment of this object, of course, depends largely upon the efforts of the editors, and we, on our part, promise to work faithfully during the coming year.

We intend to broaden the sphere of the LIT ; to make changes and additions which are needed to keep pace with and perhaps lead the other college monthlies. A new department is to be introduced which we trust will be of interest to both alumni and students.

Our labors, however, will be of little avail unless seconded by your support.

First, then, alumni, subscribe for the LIT. By so doing you can aid us financially and at the same time derive enjoyment from it yourselves. By glancing over its pages from month to month, you will see what we are doing here in the old college, and so will keep glowing the spark of loyalty for your alma mater. The alumniana, too, will always be of interest to you, replete as it is with references to your college friends and classmates.

But you can aid us still more in other than financial ways. Write for the LIT. There is nothing more enjoyable to us than reading or hearing anecdotes of college life here in the old days. Some evening when the duties of the day are done, and, in dreamy reverie, you are living over again those halcyon days of college life, write down your thoughts and send them to us. We can assure you they will be joyfully received.

Professors, if at times we object to your fiat, do not brand us as "chronic kickers," but remember that we but voice the opinions of the students. If any wrong exists in college or change seems needed we protest or advocate because, as the organ of the students, we consider such action to be our duty.

Students, from you particularly do we require aid. In the first place it is the duty of every man in college to take the LIT. Upper-classmen, you should impress upon the freshmen every year that they must subscribe. '93, you have

a bad record. A very small percentage of your class are now subscribers. For the honor of your class at least, we hope you may mend your ways another year.

To you, students, we must look for our literary matter. If your productions are poor, the LIT. must be poor in consequence. We need poetry and romance as well as essays and orations. There is an abundance of ability in college, if only it is brought forth. Let us show our sister colleges that we have fancy and imagination as well as thought.

Finally, let us all "boom" the LIT. We have a college of which we can be proud, and we want a LIT. of which we can also be proud. In this way as well as any other we can show to other colleges and the outside world what Hamilton College and Hamilton College men are.

WHY WE ARE AT OLD HAMILTON.

Not infrequently the words of the above heading come to the students of our college, suggested either from their own minds or asked by strangers to Hamilton. There has never been a time in the history of the college when it was easier than now for the student to give his reasons for being here. It is not because Hamilton is a perfect college. No college is perfect. It is foolish to seek for one. Hamilton has some drawbacks, some things not altogether pleasing. It is the growing feeling of the students, however, that at present there are valid reasons for being delighted with the condition of things at old Hamilton, and eminently satisfied with the prospects of her future prosperity.

If there is a more wholesome college life now than in the past, it is because there is no lack in the sources which give vigor not only to the tone of college discipline and culture, but to college romantic life. The students, first of all, are proud of the scholarship at Hamilton, that it ranks so high amid the strong competition of other like institutions. The faculty has never been more thoroughly equipped in all departments. There is no greater amount of work done anywhere nor are there better opportunities for broad mental discipline and high rank in culture than at Hamilton. Not alone in this particular are the students pleased, but because the members of the faculty are in hearty sympathy with any effort of the students to throw some spirit into college life. Slow in adopting any but the most approved systems, but quick in making improvements and in satisfying the minds of the students, they display at once the most conservative as well as the most progressive spirit.

There is a new social era in Hamilton. This is one of the most delightful things connected with our college life at present, and does more, perhaps, than anything else to bind the affection of the students to the college. Rev. Geo. A. Hall, State secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work, in a recent meeting in Silliman Hall, congratulated the students on having a broader and more manly Christian life than there was in years gone by. The great change in our social life was apparent to him. Secretary Hall expressed the hope that even a more earnest Christian manhood might be developed. When the old dormitory system was for the most part dispensed with, and the students became more separated by living in the various society houses, it was feared that there would be a loss of the simplicity and sincerity which had characterized the

old life, and that there would be a growth of selfishness. This fear, however, has been proven to be entirely groundless. The day has come when friendships are not confined within narrow limits. If there were benefits in the old dormitory system which we do not have now, the loss is made up in other ways far more pleasant. The new Y. M. C. A. building, the renewed interest in athletics, the foot-ball and base-ball teams, and the musical organizations have been most potent causes in creating the new life, and we are sure they will be a reliance for a vigorous, energetic college life, in the future. The students are not only becoming more aware of the needs of social intercourse and the benefits to be derived from that part of college life, but they pull together more earnestly with their money, time and strength, in supporting any movement which will make college days more cheerful, and which will redound to the good name of the college.

The above considerations, saying nothing about our location and the pleasant surroundings of the college, the interest Hamilton takes in her alumni, the able and brilliant men among them, of whom we may well be proud—saying nothing of these important and most desirable features, the reasons that are briefly outlined above are enough to assure us unmistakably that Hamilton's best days are not in the past but in the future, and that the student will not be sorry who spends four years beneath her classic shades.

INTER-COLLEGIATE FIELD-DAY.

Inter-Collegiate Field-day has again come and gone, and the inter-collegiate pennant still waves in triumph above the time-honored walls of "Old Hamilton," while Syracuse holds in her feeble grasp the doubtful honors of second place. The first event was the Tennis Tournament. This was a contest for the championship between Hamilton and Hobart. The Hobart men played a strong game, but the swift serves and skillful 'landsdownes' of Adams, together with the brilliant returns and volleys of Root, proved too much for their opponents, and after a hotly contested struggle the victory was decided in favor of Hamilton. While the Tennis tournament was in progress, the ball-nine, arrayed upon a ploughed field behind the University, did battle with Syracuse. The game was close and interesting, but our boys played in hard luck and were beaten. Neither side did remarkable work with the stick. Church and Geer took care of that. A feature of the game, besides the extremely gentlemanly (?) treatment accorded the visitors, was the catching of Pat Gallagher, a student of fine art and street paving in the University. In the afternoon a large crowd of interested spectators viewed the struggle for the athletic honors between the rival colleges. To describe the events would be useless. More than half the college were present, and by this time the affair has become an old story to the other half. We will only say that Lee ran and jumped with his old time grace and dash, Coventry ran as only Tom can run, Seavey walked so fast that the watches of the Syracuse judges could not keep up with him and thereby cheated him out of 10 seconds in his time. Chester held the eyes of all the fair spectators by his graceful vaulting and beating easily the Syracuse would-be record breaker. Kittinger in spite of a sprained ankle, was second in the high jump

only to Hobart's representative. And Marquisee and La Rue easily distanced their competitors in the bicycle race. When the events were over, Hamilton stood a winner with ten first and five second prizes. For the second consecutive year the pennant floats above old Hamilton.

In the evening the Hobart Mandolin Club gave a concert, assisted by Mr. Russul, after which the prizes were distributed. The concert was a success, and Mr. Russul's work deserves highest praise. Every one had an opportunity to familiarize himself with college yells, but the Hip-Hobart, and Hamilton zip-rah-boom were oftenest and most enthusiastically given.

Hamilton is proud of her athletes and she may well be ; they have placed her easily in the front of the institutions composing the inter-collegiate league. The faithful work of the men, the skillful training by W. E. Elks, gave us a right to our success. And it is not too much to say that, in the coming contest of next year, Hamilton can hold her place. So much have the students accomplished by themselves. Is it not time that the alumni took some notice of our need of a gymnasium and a regular trainer?

PROFESSIONALISM IN ATHLETICS.

There is nothing which deserves more severe criticism than the practice adopted by several institutions of matriculating as students men who are students only in name, for the sole purpose of advancing the athletic interests of the college. This is done, however, and receives, not only the approval, but the hearty sanction of the faculty in these colleges.

Particularly is this practice in vogue in the Base Ball Association. Union appears this year with a professional battery—one of the men, strange as it may seem, plays pitcher on the Union ball nine and full-back on the Rensselaer Polytechnic foot-ball eleven. Syracuse boasts a seventh ward catcher, a man who probably never saw the inside of the university buildings. Colgate, we are told, also possesses a hired player. Hamilton and Hobart are the only members of the association who play a nine made up entirely of college men.

It is discouraging for a college which endeavors to place a straight nine in the field to find herself opposed by a nine composed of professionals, and it is unfortunate that the members of any institution should stoop to such under-hand means for the purpose of securing an empty honor. However unfortunate it may appear, the evil exists, and is a thing which ought not to be endured. Hamilton, for one, enters a vigorous protest and in the future will use all of her influence to eradicate this objectionable feature.

It may be well to speak of the prize awards at Syracuse under this head. Possibly it is interesting to some to learn that the management at the inter-collegiate field-day so arranged the prizes that the best would in all probability fall to Syracuse men. Syracuse supposed Hamilton would take first in the 120 yards hurdle race. She, therefore, set aside an inferior first prize, while the second prize, which a Syracuse man was expected to take, was one of the finest given. It was the same in the mile race—Syracuse was certain that Hamilton would take it; consequently a poor prize was awarded for that event.

We do not think it necessary to make any comments upon the action on the part of Syracuse—the bare facts are enough for any fair-minded individual.

THE LIT. SUPPER.

Again the banquet hall rings with songs of "Old Hamilton," and the hours fly quickly amid the earnest expressions of love for our Alma Mater. At ten o'clock, June 5, caterer A. L. Owens threw open his dining parlors to the editorial staff of the HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY. For some time past it has been the very happy custom for the incoming LIT. board to give to the retiring board a supper, and once more this custom has been very pleasantly and profitably observed. After lingering several hours over the elaborate menu, Mr. Smith, toastmaster of the evening, in a very pleasant manner, after paying a fitting tribute to absent members, proposed the following toasts: "The 'Alumniana' and the 'Delphic Oracle,'" Mr. Loomis; "The LIT. an Exponent of New Ideas," Mr. Lee; "The 'Weaker' Man," Mr. Garret; "The Old Guard of the LIT.," Mr. Clark; "The LIT. and the Alumni," Mr. Peck; "The LIT., Long May She Live and Prosper," Mr. Frasure.

Mr. Loomis spoke in touching terms of the "Delphic Oracle," Dr. North, and of his great work, the "Alumniana". Mr. Lee spoke earnestly of the enterprising spirit of the LIT. and its worthy aim. Mr. Garret dealt eloquently with his favorite theme and showed a careful study of the subject. Mr. Clark spoke of the grand work of the "Old Board" and its exalted purpose. Mr. Peck showed the dependence of the LIT. upon the alumni, and the great benefits that would accrue to the college through their more hearty literary and financial support. Mr. Frasure prophesied a bright future for the LIT. and that her efforts could not fail to find appreciation.

It was regretted that there were a few who were not able to be present, and that we should not have the pleasure of hearing the "New Board" toasted by Mr. C. O. Gray, and of hearing Mr. Hayden upon "The Faculty the Guardian of the LIT." Two A. M. saw our literary circle broken; but not without lighter hearts and richer minds, to say nothing of troubled dreams, did the "busy editor" return to the calls of duty,

 "SWIPING."

That the growing custom of "swiping," is obtaining an abnormal development is patent to every student of the college. As a means of teaching a freshman to be careful of his property, there may be some good in the custom when the ransom is demanded in a healthy class spirit by a sophomore for a "De Senectute" lost by a careless "fresh;" and it may be productive of good when the rule is reversed. While the LIT. would refrain from saying anything in criticism of this, beyond it we believe a halt should be called, especially when an upper-classman must keep his eye continually on his property to avoid the offering of a reward for its return, and when one's property is not safe even when left in the Christian Association Hall. Of course, these are the actions of thoughtless persons, who believe in practical jokes rather than in a thoughtful regard for others. Their spirit is not what history says has been the spirit of Hamilton in the past; we hope it is not the spirit of the present. It is but a development of this custom of liberty with another's property, that compels us to mention a piece of villainy in Hamilton, corresponding to the recent vandalism

at Harvard. When it is so well known that the *Hamiltonian* board incurred personal loss in issuing the best annual ever published in Hamilton, we refuse to believe that it was any student of our college who was guilty of breaking open a large and heavy box of books left in the south hall of north college, and of pilfering as many *Hamiltonians* as he wished. If the guilty be students or not, we hope steps will be taken at once to make public the names of those base enough to commit such an act. The police court should have jurisdiction of such persons and such acts.

CENTRAL NEW YORK REUNION OF HAMILTON ALUMNI.

The first annual banquet of the Central New York Association of Hamilton Alumni was held at Bagg's Hotel, in Utica, Tuesday evening, June 3d. It was a very enjoyable and auspicious gathering of cultivated and scholarly men; and they are heartily grateful to the officers, whose courage, enterprise and generosity brought about such fortunate results. At the business meeting preceding the banquet, the following alumni were enrolled in the order of graduation:

Thomas W. Seward, '33, Utica; Prof. Edward North, '41, Clinton; Col. R. M. Richardson, '43, Syracuse; Hon. Joseph M. Avery, '48, Clinton; Charles C. Kellogg, '49, Utica; Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Hudson, '51, Clinton; Hon. Milton H. Merwin, '52, Utica; Dr. S. N. Webb, '53, Utica; Hon. William M. White, '54, Utica; Rev. Dr. Samuel Jessup, '54, Princeton, Oneida; Prof. A. P. Kelsey, '56, Clinton; Prof. Oren Root, '56, Clinton; Rev. Dr. W. J. Beecher, '58, Auburn; George M. Weaver, '60, Utica; Rev. Dana W. Bigelow, '65, Utica; Prof. A. G. Hopkins, '66, Clinton; Rev. Isaac O. Best, '67, Clinton; Hon. Henry J. Cookinham, '67, Utica; Prof. Andrew McMillan, '67, Utica; Rev. Charles D. Barrows, '69, Oswego; Charles H. Searle, '69, Utica; Frederick H. Gouge, '70, Utica; Delos M. White, '70, Rome; Rev. Dr. W. R. Terrett, '71, Williams, Clinton; Prof. A. G. Benedict, '72, Clinton; Daniel G. Dorrance, '72, Camden; Prof. A. S. Hoyt, '72, Clinton; R. C. Briggs, '73, Rome; Rev. Charles F. Goss, '73, Chicago; Edward D. Mathews, '73, Utica; John D. Griffith, '73, Utica; James W. Rayhill, '74, Utica; Emmett J. Ball, '75, Utica; William E. Lewis, '75, Utica; Dr. Frank F. Laird, '77, Utica; Hon. James S. Sherman, '78, Washington, D. C.; George E. Dunham, '79, Utica; Dr. Fayette H. Peck, '79, Clinton; Lotus N. Southworth, '79, Utica; Willard D. Ball, '81, Utica; Theodore L. Cross, '81, Utica; Prof. Clinton Scollard, '81, Clinton; Frank S. Williams, '81, Utica; Fred M. Calder, '82, Utica; John D. Cary, '84, Richfield Springs; Channing M. Huntington, '84, Utica; Kees G. Pugh, '84, Utica; Henry Darling, Jr., '85, Utica; Prof. Edward Fitch, '86, Clinton; Rev. William H. Squires, '88, Churchville; Prof. Hiram A. Vance, '88, Nashville, Tenn.; Arthur M. Scripture, '88, Clinton; Edgar C. Morris, '89, Clinton; Edward L. Stevens, '90, Malone; Henry Platt Osborne, '91, Clinton.

Letters of regret were received from Rev. L. A. Sawyer, '28, Whitesboro; Rev. Dr. A. J. Upson, '43, Glens Falls; Rev. M. E. Dunham, '47, Whitesboro; Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, '42, Auburn; John S. Sheppard, '60, Penn Yan; Hon. W. H. H. Miller, '61, Washington, D. C.; M. H. Northrup, '60, Syra-

cuse; Rev. James A. Skinner, '57, Rochester; Hon. Willard A. Cobb, '64, Lockport; Hon. Frank Rice, '68, Albany; Prof. F. M. Burdick, '69, Ithaca; Hon. F. B. Arnold, '63, Unadilla; H. C. Maine, '70, Rochester; Hon. George G. McAdam, '83, Rome.

After the protracted discussion of a sumptuous menu, President William M. White called for responses to the following toasts: "Our Alma Mater," President Darling responded in a letter read by President White. "How to Help Hamilton College," Prof. Edward North. "What Hamilton College Has Done for the Pulpit," Rev. Dr. W. J. Beecher. "Divine Law the Foundation of Civil Law," Rev. Prof. W. R. Terrett. "The Doctor—M. D., D. D., LL. D., As You Make It," Dr. F. F. Laird. "The Bench," Judge M. H. Merwin. "The Bar—Protective Tariff of Civil Life," Charles H. Searle. "Hamilton College, a Preparation for Political Life," Hon. James S. Sherman. "The Press," John D. Cary. "Post-prandial Rhyme," Prof. Clinton Scol-lard. "The Old Boys," Rev. Charles F. Goss. "The Boys of To-day," E. L. Stevens. "The Lassies, Oh!" Col. R. M. Richardson. "Hamilton College, a Good Preparation for Any Life," Prof. Oren Root.

With a vote of thanks to President White and his associates in office for the generous feast they had provided, both for body and soul, the voices of revelry ceased at 2 o'clock A. M., and a special train started for Clinton and morning prayers in the college chapel.

AROUND COLLEGE.

- Warm !
- Not much bohning !
- Sub-freshmen appearing !
- The Senior class tax is \$13.25.
- June 4, Senior examinations end.
- Chapels are a drug in the market.
- May 20, Prof. Oren Root was in New York.
- May 30, Decoration day, college was deserted.
- June 6, LIT. banquet held at Owens' café, Utica.
- June 1, Dr. Edward Hamilton occupied the college pulpit.
- May 17, Edward Charles Stringer, '76, visited Alma Mater.
- May 17-19, J. A. Seavey, '90, visited his parents at Saratoga.
- June 5, S. C. Brandt, '89, visited his uncle, Prof. H. C. G. Brandt.
- May 27, Chas. F. Wells of Saratoga, was the guest of Jas. A. Seavey, '90.
- Stuart and Edwards of the junior class have been appointed chapel moni-tors.
- May 28, Dr. Darling gave a pleasant reception to the members of the senior class.
- May 24, Rev. M. D. Edwards, '70, St. Paul, Minn., visited Prof. Edward North.

—May 18, Prof. Geo. P. Bristol sojourned in Clinton. He will spend the coming summer abroad.

—June 7, J. H. Hopkins, '72, delivered a lecture on the "Army of Mercenaries," in the college chapel.

—May 14, Rev. Prof. Oren Root, was formally installed as pastor of the Reformed Church in Utica.

—June 3, the commencement exercises of Cottage Seminary were held in the chapel of the Stone Church.

—The seniors are busily preparing for their exodus. Clothiers, liverymen and florists are reaping a glad harvest.

—May 21, the spring field-day was held. The records and attendance, considering the rainy weather, were good.

—May 28, Professor and Mrs. A. H. Chester returned from a pleasant and healthful sojourn in Atlantic City, N. J.

—May 21, Rev. Geo. A. Hall, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of New York state, addressed an attentive audience in Silliman Hall.

—May 24, C. E. Button, '89, of Clayville, N. Y. looked in upon us. Next year, the "Colonel" will teach in Angelica, Allegany Co., N. Y.

—Students armed with Kodaks have endangered the composure of the young ladies of Clinton to such an extent that they threaten to take the veil.

—May 28, Rev. Chas. F. Goss, '73, of Chicago, with his wife and child returned from a European tour. They are the guests of Mrs. Dr. J. C. Gallup.

—May 16, Miss Alice Gordon Root, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Oren Root, returned from a pleasurable and extended visit to Kansas City, Mo.

—May 14-16, Rev. Alfred H. Morrent, D. D., Pastor of Westminster Church, Brooklyn, and daughter, were the guests of Dr. Edward Hamilton.

—The commencement invitations are the work of T. A. Bradley & Co., Philadelphia. They are handsomely engraved, and each event is assigned to a separate card.

—May 24, Charles W. E. Chapin, '89, of Union Theological Seminary, delivered an instructive and thoughtful lecture on the "Songs of the Civil War," in the college chapel.

—May 31, the college *en masse* celebrated its victory at inter-collegiate field-day, by a grand parade and fire-works. Rev. C. A. Hawley and Dr. Edward J. Hamilton made witty addresses and Houghton responded with the college yell.

—May 28, Geo. E. Dunham, '79, editor of the *Utica Daily Press*, delivered an entertaining lecture on "Newspapers," in the college chapel. His address contained many valuable suggestions for those contemplating journalism as a profession.

—May 24, the *Hamiltonian* appeared. Rich, good and wholesome, it is attracting much attention. Its leatherette covers enclose a handsome as well as useful publication. It contains a catalogue of the alumni of the several fraternities, and sketches of Professors Brandt, Terret and Fitch.

—The following is a summary of the ball games played by Hamilton: May 16, at Rochester, Hamilton-Rochester University; May 17, at Geneva, Hamilton 13, Hobart 4; May 21, at Schenectady, Hamilton 4, Union 12; May 29, at Clinton, Hamilton 10, Rochester University 4; May 30, at Syracuse, Hamilton 4, Syracuse University 5; June 5, at Clinton, Hamilton 9, Hobart 3.

—The thirty-sixth Clark Prize Exhibition was held in the Stone Church, Wednesday evening, June 4. The program was rendered as follows: Prayer; Music; 1. Charles O. Gray, Ogdensburg, The Touchstone of *As You Like It* and the Fool of *King Lear*; 2. Robert J. Hughes, Remsen, Victor Hugo, Poet and Patriot; Music; 3. Samuel D. Miller, Washington, The Military Career of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan; 4. Walstein Root, Clinton, Victor Hugo, Poet and Patriot; Music; 5. Delos DeW. Smyth, Clinton, The New West and Its Bearing on Our National Destiny; 6. Edward L. Stevens, Malone, Individualism and the State; Music. The faculty awarded the prize to Robert J. Hughes.

—The McKinney Prize debaters have been announced as follows: Lincoln A. Groat, Franklin; George H. Minor, Deposit; Marco Nikola Popoff, Banskó, Macedonia; Walstein Root, Clinton; Delos DeW. Smyth, Clinton; Edward L. Stevens, Malone. The prize speakers are: *Juniors*—Omar M. Abernathy, Leavenworth, Kan.; Thomas L. Coventry, Deerfield; George H. Feltus, Auburn; William H. Kelly, East Weymouth, Mass.; Frank B. Hathaway, Rochelle, Ill.; Bradley Sheppard, Penn Yan. *Sophomores*—Thomas W. Chester, Clinton; John B. Hooker, Fly Creek; Strother W. Rice, Syracuse; Henry S. Verrill, Franklin; Frederick W. Welsh, Binghamton. *Freshmen*—Daniel W. Burke, Oxford; Nathaniel McGiffen, Fair Haven; Charles E. Orsler, Auburn; Alexander Wouters, South Hammond.

—The faculty have announced the following prizes and honors: High Honor—James Burton, William D. Crockett, Lincoln A. Groat, Marco N. Popoff, Walstein Root, Delos DeW. Smyth. Honor—George H. Minor, Alfred A. Moore, Clayton H. Sharp, Edward N. Smith. Credit—Clarence J. Geer, Frank Gibbons, Charles O. Gray, Robert J. Hughes, Harry D. Kittinger. By election of faculty from high honor group: Valedictorian, Lincoln A. Groat; Salutatorian, Walstein Root. Department Honors: In Greek, Edward N. Smith; in Latin, James Burton, Lincoln A. Groat, equal; in Mathematics, George H. Minor; in French, Walstein Root; in German, James Burton; in Rhetoric and Literature, Walstein Root; in History and Law, George H. Minor; in Philosophy and Ethics, Marco N. Popoff; in the Sciences, Delos DeW. Smyth.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

- Greek letter fraternities have been started at Wellesley.
- The course in journalism at Cornell is to be abandoned after this year.
- A law library of 15,000 volumes has been presented to Williams College.
- Smith College expects to have a new gymnasium building within a year.
- The athletic grounds of Johns Hopkins are three miles distant from the university buildings.

—The Freshman class at Princeton have chosen class caps, canes and monogrammed writing paper.

—Of Cornell's ninety graduates, ten per cent. were women, yet they won sixty per cent. of the honors.

—The statue of Ex-President Woolsey, which it is proposed to erect on the Yale campus, will cost \$14,000.

—It is stated that a Latin play will be given at commencement by students of the University of Michigan.

—The Senior class at Dartmouth has decided to omit all commencement exercises because of the expenses incurred.

—Amherst College has received \$15,000 from F. B. Pratt of Brooklyn, to purchase and equip a new athletic field.

—The Fiske will case has finally been decided against Cornell. By this decision the university will lose \$1,750,000.

—The Western man who runs an oration factory is said to have done a \$1,000 business with Cornell alone last year.—*Wesleyan Argus*.

—The third annual geological expedition from Johns Hopkins is making extensive collections at different points along the Potomac.

—Brazil, with a population of fourteen millions, has no college worthy the name. Graduates there fail to pass higher than a prep. class here.

—The Freshmen at Ann Arbor have adopted the regulation mortar-board for their class hat and have chosen slate and light pink, class colors.

—In the University of Cambridge, England, there are twenty-one different colleges each one of which has its individual boat crew and cricket team.

—The Babylon explorers sent out last year by the University of Pennsylvania have secured 3,000 tablets, which will soon be brought back to the university.

—The University of Pennsylvania is one of the very few institutions of learning which has a professorship and a course devoted to the History of the United States.

—The University of Oxford, England, has decided to admit to its honor examinations without further conditions all women "who are graduates of colleges in the American Association of Collegiate Alumniæ."

—During the past year Lake Forest University leads the list of colleges as having received the largest endowment, \$500,000. Syracuse follows next with \$365,000, then Yale with \$275,000, Cornell with \$265,000, Vassar, \$222,000, Pennsylvania, \$225,000.—*Ex.*

—Brown has been requested to be one of the six colleges to bear the expense of the Northfield Bible School next summer. Efforts are being made to raise the required amount. The other five colleges will probably be Williams, Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Wesleyan.

—Bishop Hurst of Washington, a short time ago made the first payment on the property selected as the site of the new Methodist University. The location of the university will be just outside of Washington, D. C. It is intended to raise about \$2,000,000 to be used in the erection of buildings and the establishment of an endowment fund.

—The Juniors of Brown University have decided to let their celebration this year take the form of a dinner the evening before class day. Representatives have been invited from the Junior classes of Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Yale, Harvard, Wesleyan, Trinity, Tufts, Colby, Bowdoin, Maine State College, Middlebury, University of Vermont, Boston University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—The *Interior*, a Presbyterian paper of Chicago, has taken pains to prepare a careful report of the endowments of the educational institutions of the various denominations, with the following result: Baptist, \$11,867,181; Methodist Episcopal, \$11,572,920; Presbyterian, \$9,282,000; Congregational, \$7,911,257; Episcopal, \$3,309,733.—*Ex.*

—The Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Columbia College, at a late meeting decided upon a standard of admission to correspond with the new marking system. Hereafter, any senior who has received an honor in any subject, at any time during his college course, will be eligible to membership, but the number elected from any class shall not exceed one quarter of the total membership of that class at the time of graduation.

—The athletic meeting held at the Berkeley Oval on Saturday, May 17, was the most successful on record. Five new American records were made, four world's records equalled and one broken. Sherrill, of Yale, won the hundred yards dash in 10 seconds. 220 yards hurdle race: Lee, of Harvard, took first place in 25 2-5 seconds, making the world's record. 120 yards hurdle race, scratch: Williams, of Yale, won in 16 sec., equaling the world's record.

—In conformity with the report of the judges, the American Protective Tariff League announces the award of prizes to senior college students of 1890 for essays on the subject: "The Application of the American Policy of Protection to American Shipping engaged in International Commerce," as follows: The first prize of \$150 has been awarded to John Ford, Cornell University, N. Y. The second prize of \$100 to Carrie R. Gaston, Swathmore College. The third prize of \$50 to Thomas A. C. Spillane, Bowdoin College. A silver medal for a meritorious essay to W. H. Young, Brown University.

EXCHANGES.

—We gladly welcome the *Brown Magazine*, which gives promise of ranking among our best exchanges, as does its sister publication, *The Brunonian*.

—The April number of *University Magazine*, published 70 South street, New York city, contains a very finely illustrated sketch of Hamilton College prepared by Chas. E. Allison.

—The June number of *Lippincott's* has for its opening a complete story by Mary E. Stickney, "Circumstantial Evidence." It is an exciting tale of love and peculiar in its portrayal of character. Among the other articles in this number are: "The Origin of Chinese Culture and Civilization," by Robert Kennaway Douglass; "George Henry Baker," by R. H. Stoddard, and "A Popular Topic," by Julian Hawthorne.

—*Harper's Weekly*, for May 24, contains an interesting article on Amherst College, together with several views of the campus and the different college

buildings. The location of the college and the matter of discipline are described. Many reasons are stated showing that Amherst should be classed in the first rank as an American educator. Mr. Fred B. Platt of Brooklyn, a graduate, has presented the college with a large tract of land to be used for athletic purposes. These grounds, when completed, will be one of the best equipped athletic fields in this country. Amherst is to be congratulated upon her new acquisition.

—*The Statesman* is one of the most interesting and instructive magazines which finds its way to our table. Through its pages the important problems of the day are discussed in an able manner. The May number contains articles on "The Standard Oil Trust," "Sufrage, Can it be Demanded as a Right?" "National Government vs. Confederation," "A History of Labor, The Era of Machinery," and "A Parliament of the Three Americas." Each of these is worthy of the attention of the student. This number contains also an article upon "Mental Discipline in Education," which is a strong argument against the prevalent college curriculum, but is not an exhaustive treatment of the subject.

—The May number of the *University Magazine* gives as a result of recent research in regard to the tariff views of college Seniors as follows:

	Protection.	Tariff Reform.	Free Trade.
Amherst	15	23	7
Columbia.....	9	7	12
Cornell.....	20	28	12
Hamilton.....	20	9	1
Harvard.....	35	142	43
Princeton.....	35	22	15
Smith.....	3	36	12
Vassar.....	4	15	9
Williams.....	12	28	24
Yale.....	37	56	32

UNDER THE POPLARS.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES CHAPIN.

LET us loiter lingeringly, longingly, lovingly, under the poplars. May has glided into June, the breezes whisper a soft and happy tune among the poplar twigs and leaves. With leisure step we pass beneath the shade of these singing trees; at our feet is the delicate tapestry which waving sun and shadow weaves. We have come quite a distance, all the way from the town, and, having climbed the steepest part of the hill, let us loiter here lingeringly and catch our breath. What if the chapel bell is tolling, that does not matter, we are Seniors, and privileged characters. Oh, how hot these June days are! If we are late it won't matter; this is the coolest spot on the hill, right here under the poplars; we will miss it, Jack, really, when we get out; and then there is Dan's lemonade, oh, gracious, how we will miss that!

Longingly! Yes, Jack, that's the word; it makes something come in my throat when I think that these are the last days on the old hill. It seems queer,

but a fellow isn't in half so big a hurry to get away as he thinks he is going to be. Four years, how quickly they have gone! Come to think of it, Jack, you and I climbed this hill together, the first time, do you remember that? And we stopped right by this grand old poplar to gaze at those hills across the Oriskany, and you said: "They look like home!"—"this is like home now!" Yes, fact, so it is, we shall always look longingly back. What a blue tint that is over on the hills; do you remember that song "Across the Far Blue Hills, Marie?" I always think of it when I get here,—there, the bell has stopped, let's cut.

Do you know, the funniest thing happened last week. I was late to chapel, and as I came to the arbor Tom and Judge were sitting there, late, like myself; so we all three strolled up together, we did not hurry. Just as we reached the old poplar in front of "Greek's," Tom said: "Let's cut to-day." "All right," said Judge; but at that moment he looked around, "Jocks," he exclaimed, "here comes Political Economy, but he hasn't seen us yet;" so we all dodged around the tree, and, guided by the sound of his footsteps, we kept slowly going around the tree as he came up, and he passed by and never saw us; but I nearly busted trying to hold in and not laugh. "Cut?" oh, yes, we cut all day on the strength of that, but it will be the "cold world" soon now, we shall never find so jolly a place again; hang that root! I always stub my toe on that. Yes, this is a dear old place, and we will always think of it lovingly; but dearest of all, Jack, are these poplars; that stone up there at the top of the row says they were planted in 1806; that is a long time ago; a good many fellows have tramped up and down this hill, between that time and this, just as we are doing to-day. Do you remember those lines of Gray's:

" Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
 Ah, fields below'd in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 'A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring."

These poplars stand like sentinels, guarding yon "distant spires and antique towers." I always think of these lines in connection with them:

" These spirit-haunted trees
 That to the wintry blast and summer breeze
 His deathless deeds make known,
 Morning and evening chant their symphonies,
 Majestic peans of triumphant tone."

I often wonder if these trees have not ears; they hear lots of things if they have. "Nonsense?" not a bit. I always unbosom myself under these trees; somehow, if a fellow has time, he always feels more inclined to talk alone under the poplars, than further up on the campus. I have told you more of my troubles here than anywhere else, except in my room; and how we have laughed over the jokes and squibs of the boys. Yes, Jack, these are dear old trees; some-

how I loiter here lovingly, and to think it will all so soon be over; all the gay days and the sad days. Let's turn in here and take this path under the pines and the hemlocks. I like to take this walk, we get such a good view of the town and the valley. How dark it is at night here; it seems like an opening in a pine forest. I used to stroll about these paths when I was a Freshman when the nights were dark and dreary, and I was just a wee bit homesick, then those lines of Longfellow's would come to me:

"I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul can not resist."

And down there, Jack, is where Mack rests; poor fellow, we leave him behind; he was the gayest and jolliest of us all, but the years will come and go unheeded by him now. Then there is another of our number who rests 'neath India's skies. You remember what the preacher said that day, "He has given his life, his all, and that is really a life's work." These memories will be among the links to bind us here, and we shall think of the dear old spot, campus, poplar trees and all, lovingly.

These thoughts may or may not have been expressed by Jack and his friend; it does not matter, they have been felt; and other thoughts and the day's events have been whispered under the poplars, while the stately trees sung their sweet song. So, as the months go by, we who remain will loiter here *Under the Poplars*. One of Hamilton's gifted sons lingered 'neath this pleasing shade and caught the song the poplars sung:

"We lift our hands above the lands
Where peace and plenty reign;
We bare our brows to winds that rouse
The dwellers on the plain,
Content to know both sun and snow,
Each season's loss and gain.

The winter's pass; the verdal grass
Again renews the earth,
And summer yields from bounteous fields
Her grains of golden worth;
Whate'er betide, we tower in pride
Unmoved through death and birth.

The cannon roars on alien shores,
And bolts of battle fly,
But here no din of culverin
Disturbs the placid sky.
Calm learning thrills our listening hills
With sounds that sanctify."

CLIPPINGS.

—"Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like the best, Mr. O'Flannigan?" "Well I like the Irish ones the best." "And which may those be, Mr. O'Flannigan?" "Are you as ignorant as that, my son? Sure your edication has been sadly neglected. Why O'Thello, Corry O'Lanus, Mike Beth, and Katherine and Pat Ruchio."—*Ex.*

—Q. What remedy does the Tutor take for a naughty co-ed?
He takes an e-lix-er.

AN EPITAPH.

This student trod the road of life
In the straight and narrow ruts;
But he could not pass the golden gates
On account of his chapel cuts.

—*Brunonian.*

BEREFT.

"I have loved and I have lost,"
Words so full of grief and woe,
Telling yet of wild, sweet passion,
Only those who love can know;
Words by white lips whispered faintly,
From a heart surcharged with grief;
Ah! can memories of the "love-time"
Give the afterward relief?
Can the rapturous, vanished kisses
Still the quivering, grieving lips,
Robbed of all the precious nectar
Love so wantonly oft sips?
Can the joy of that fair spring time,
When love newly born was king,
Satisfy the heart's wild craving
Now when winter's vespers ring?
Lonely now the heart, and empty
Are the tender, loving arms;
Sweet eyes droop no more in shyness,
'Neath the thrill of Love's alarms;
Eager ears are never greeted
With Love's step as oft of yore,
For the king's sweet reign is over,
And the dead return no more.

—*Tuflonian*

A KITCHEN IDYL.

CHAPTER I.

Puella ex Erin
Laborans for hire,
Festin at eagerly,
Accendere the fire.

CHAPTER II.

Petroleum handy
Vetus, vetus story,
Puella blown skyward,
Etiam ad glory.

—*Ex.*

—Irate Wife—Oh, you mean wretch! You promised to be home at six o'clock last evening, and here it is six o'clock in the morning.

Intoxicated Husband—Zat's all (hic) right, my dear, zat's six of one and half-dozen of z'other. Same thing.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.—*Lawrence American.*

THEIR CRUEL FATE.

A crowd of pretty Vassar girls met just one week ago,
And talked so fast,—but then, you know, they never do talk slow,
Till finally the chairman fair "rapped order" loud and clear,
And then they calmly settled down with minds intent to hear.

The prophet of the class arose, a saucy, black eyed miss,
With quite bewitching dimples, too, and lips just right to kiss.
She said, "Oh girls! I have some news I fain would not divulge,
On hearing it, I know you all will soon in tears indulge."

"Next summer is the fated time when this shall come to pass.
We're doomed to suffer torture, such as will 'La Grippe' surpass.
I speak not of the lightning and the thunder's awful roar,
Nor of the 'yellow fever scare' which roams from shore to shore."

"Mice black or brown is not my theme, though they are dreadful things,
The very thought of which e'en now cold terror to us brings.
Oh no! 'tis worse, 'tis far, far worse, for girls! the papers state,
That ice cream won't be sold for less than *forty cents a plate*."

—Brunonian.

THE REASON WHY.

With tender care he her embraced,
And pressed her to his beating heart.
"Your image shall be ne'er effaced,"
He said, and then, "How fair thou art."

The maid looked down with glances coy;
She listened to his story pat,
And then she asked with timid joy:
"Oh, Gus; where did you get that hat?"

He turned, and she was left alone;
She thought at first that she must die.
Ten years have passed; she can't atone:
"They never speak as they pass by."

—The Red and Blue.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND——"

The rain is pouring down
And muddy is the street.
There seems no one in town—
But a watchman on his beat.

As on my window-seat
Ennui I try to drown,
The rain is pouring down
And muddy is the street.

But ah! a form in brown!
A crossing she must meet;
She coyly lifts her gown,
Two daintiest of feet—
The rain is pouring down
And muddy is the street.

—Yale Record.

There is music on the zephyr and an odor on the breeze,
But the music comes in snatches, and the odor smells like cheese.
Ah! we knew it was too early for the birds and balmy spring;—
'Tis the organ and Italian and the monkey on a string.—*Ex.*

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Much we argued, much contended,
 How man's knowledge first begun.
 She was one of Boston's fair ones,
 I was Harvard's favored son.

She with Herbert Spencer sided,
 From experience all we knew ;
 I protested, hotly argued,
 Man had intuitions, too,

Never mind what proof I brought her,
 She, exploding fallacies,
 Said, "experience the foundation
 Of all knowledge surely is."

As we walked the beach by moonlight,
 Bolder and more bold I grew,
 Till I asked her "Should I kiss you,
 What then, think you, would you do?"

Bright she blushed and glancing downward
 At the foam's white brilliancies,
 Said, "experience the foundation
 Of all knowledge surely is."

—Ex.

TWILIGHT.

Shadows slowly stealing
 O'er the dusky waters cool ;
 Corydon is kneeling
 By the idle, listless pool.
 Far beneath its placid surface
 Shines the sand-bar's yellow gleam.
 Nothing in the mirrored image
 Mars the beauty of the dream.

Breezes softly stirring,
 In the willows come and go,
 The waters gently furring
 With a foam as white as snow.
 Through the spray is seen no gleaming ;
 Drifting clouds obscure the light ;
 Dimmer grow the tiny ripples
 At the coming of the night.

—Williams Lit.

MEAN.

The meanest man that I ever knew
 Was on old astrological jay,
 Who so fond of fraud and deceiving grew
 That he watered the Milky Way.

—Brunonian.

A THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

Way back in those archaic days when time for man got ripe,
 A tailless ape sat on a tree and smoked a penny pipe.
 And as he smoked, lo, thought began. He knew that he enjoyed.
 (Be not surprised at this. You see that ape was anthropoid.)
 Thus thought began, and thought is all that makes a man a man.
 So be it known that thus in smoke the human race began.
 But mark how in a circle move all sublinary things.
 Events, like smoke, resolve themselves into expanding rings ;
 And as the monkey's pipe made thought, and thought created man,
 The cigarette shall take him back to just where he began.

—Pulse.

WOODLAND SPIRITS.

The gods have left Olympus ; now no more
 Upon that lofty height sits Zeus enthroned.
 No longer gleams the crown which once he wore,
 The symbol of the empire that he owned.

The days of old, when heroes lived with men,
 And when immortals joined in human strife,
 Have long departed ; nevermore again
 Shall fabled gods invade the walks of life.

The mountains where the choral dance was held
 In solitude their lonely summits rear ;
 The fauns and nymphs the forest glades beheld,
 No longer start in chase the timid deer.

And yet methinks in some untrodden way
 There linger still some forms almost divine ;
 And oft a fitting shadow may betray
 Their presence, as they pass without a sign.

So though from hills and vales the gods are gone,
 And forests echo to their tread no more,
 Yet still the woodland spirits, all alone,
 May bear our fancies to the days of yore.

—*Brown Magazine.*

STILL THE SAME.

[AT ONE YEAR OF AGE.]

Push away the little chair,
 Carefully undo his bib,
 See, our little Charlie there,
 Pointing, wants his little crib.

[SIXTEEN YEARS LATER.]

One keen glance of deep despair,
 One sly dig in next man's rib,
 See, our little Charlie there,
 Wants again his little crib.

—*Phillips Exeter Lit.*

ALUMNIANA.

Μεγα νομιζομεν κέρδος, εἰν ἀλλήλοις φίλοι γινώμεθα.

—Hon. JOHN COCHRANE, '31, is one of the Sachems of Tammany Hall, New York.

—Principal JOHN D. BIGELOW, '80, will remain for another year in Moravia, on an increased salary.

—Principal C. E. BUTTON, '89, of Clayville, has been appointed principal of the public school in Angelica.

—Rev. CARLOS H. STONE, '78, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, will spend his summer vacation in Westminster Park.

—Rev. JOHN G. BLUE, '77, of Marinette, Wis., has declined a call to the Presbyterian pastorate in Oshkosh, Wis.

—Hon. WILLIAM H. DEWITT, '75, of Butte City, has been elected associate justice of the Supreme Court of Montana.

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—Prof. CALVIN N. KENDALL, '82, for four years superintendent of schools in Jackson, Mich., has accepted a similar position in East Saginaw, Mich., where his salary will be \$2,400, with the oversight of one hundred teachers. The departure of Superintendent Kendall will cause deep regret in the city of Jackson. Five years ago he began his work there as principal of the high school, and in one year was promoted to the office of superintendent. His organizing and executive gifts have proved to be of the highest order.

—Rev. DANIEL A. FERGUSON, '71, of Hammond, preached on May 18th, a sermon in review of his fifteen years of labor in that church. Death had reaped a large harvest, but others had come to fill their places and carry on the good work. The discourse was a very impressive one. The local paper says: "Hammond is Mr. Ferguson's first pastorate, and it only remains to be added that in the long list of able and successful pastors that have served this church none have held a higher place in the affections of his people and the community generally than the present pastor."

—The illustrated sketch of Hamilton College, by Rev. CHARLES E. ALLISON, '70, in the *University Magazine* for April, is much commended by a correspondent, who writes that "the shadows of the faces of these good men are all the more attractive because the men themselves have passed within the veil, or are rarely seen on the outer side of it. And with me, at least, the pleasures of memory are quite equal to the pleasures of imagination, and partake of charms that are not always experienced in the pleasures of hope. The words of Webster are well known: 'The past, at least, is secure.' To look upon the faces of ALBERT BARNES and JOEL PORTER renews the past of fifty years ago."

—President CHARLES E. KNOX, '56, of the German Theological Seminary at Bloomfield, N. J., reports a gradual increase of students. The seminary opened with four students in 1869, had less than twenty up to 1873, an average of twenty-four from 1873 to 1885, increased to thirty in 1888, and has now reached thirty-six. The prospects are good for further increase. A Bohemian and an Italian have applied for admission during the year, and the question of admitting foreign nationalities other than the German is under consideration. The current expenses of the year have been met without deficit and the floating debt of \$7,000 paid off. It has a Theological and an Academic Department and a seven years' course of study.

—ELIA S. YOOTCHOFF, '77, one of the many who were generously aided by the late WILLIAM D. WALCOTT, while students in college, writes from Sofia, (capital of Bulgaria) to the *Utica Herald*:

"Without regarding my nationality or my religious convictions, Mr. Walcott was pleased to help me in my efforts to finish the courses of study in Whites-town Seminary and Hamilton College, and thus to prepare myself for usefulness in my country. The noblest feature of his benevolence was his fatherly conduct and counsels. Though a stranger he made me feel at home in his home, and the memory of good will and kindness I have received from him and his family was my greatest consolation and joy during the thirteen years since I have returned to Bulgaria. Among my eight years experience in the United States of America his Christian spirit and life have ever stood before me as standards of high character and most worthy incentive."

—In the *Rome Sentinel*, ALBERT R. KESSINGER, '88, tells the truth about athletic sports in college:

"For two years Hamilton College has taken the pennant of the New York State Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. Her success at Syracuse on Friday is the second reward of careful training and vigorous effort in athletic matters. Within the past few years there has been an increased interest in such sports and, whatever may be the cause, it is conceded that the standard of average scholarship has, at the same time, been raised. There are those who consider athletics an unimportant factor in college life, but their number is lessening. The Hamilton base-ball nine has made a good record, and one in which it can take a great deal of just pride from the fact that it allows no hired professional players, matriculated for the sole purpose of ball-playing—players who are students only in name, to carry off undeserved honors for the institution. The practice of securing this outside aid is in vogue in several institutions, and serves to place athletics in disrepute. It is even true that such deceit is sanctioned and aided by members of the faculties of some colleges. However, the honors so gained are empty, and can carry with them little satisfaction to the winners."

—Hon. WILLARD A. COBB, '64, of the *Lockport Journal*, speaks the words of sober wisdom that are becoming to one of the University Regents:

"While there may be a prompt and superficial endorsement of the Harvard proposition to shorten the higher educational course to three years, we doubt if it will meet with favor upon reflection and especially with those most competent to properly judge. Undue haste and breaking down of old lines and methods; too great leeway to the student in eclectic directions and a general subordination of scholarship to the misnamed athletic craze of the hour, is working harm to our educational interests. This is doubtless an age of progress, but that is no valid argument why it should be also made an iconoclastic age for the mere sake of seeing how far destruction may be carried. The colleges and universities that have the good sense and stamina to resist the present deluge which can only result in sweeping away all the old and valued landmarks; that cling to their prescribed courses and lay the educational foundation strong, deep and enduring—such institutions may not shine just now but they will by and by when their position is better appreciated through results. A good many commendable things are unfortunately quite taken off their feet nowadays by tidal waves which ebb only to flow disastrously back. Our educational system should not be thus jeopardized."

—At the Auburn-Hamilton reunion, held in Saratoga, Thursday evening, May 22, the Hamilton Alumni were represented by Rev. Dr. HENRY KENDALL, '40, of the Board of Home Missions; Rev. Dr. H. A. NELSON, '40, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. A. J. UPSON, '43, Glens Falls; Rev. Dr. HENRY DARLING, Amherst, '43; Rev. CHALON BURGESS, '44, Silver Creek; HORACE B. SILLIMAN, Un., '46; Rev. Dr. F. F. ELLINWOOD, '49, of the Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. E. R. DAVIS, '51, Chicago; Rev. Dr. T. B. HUDSON, '51, Clinton; Rev. A. L. BENTON, '56, Montrose, Pa.; Rev. Dr. HERRICK JOHNSON, '57, Chicago; Rev. Dr. ALBERT ERDMAN, '58, Morristown, N. J.; Judge A. J. NORTHRUP, '58, Syracuse; Rev. T. F. JESSUP, '64, Boonville; Rev. D. W. BIGELOW, '65, Utica; Rev. O. H. ELMER, '65, Crookston, Minn.; Rev. H. H. KELLOGG, '66, Windham; Rev. Dr. W. B. LUCAS, '66, Meridian; Rev. Dr. M. D. KNEELAND, '69, Titusville, Pa.; Rev. D. E. FINKS, '70, Brooklyn; Rev. E. W. ABBEY, '71, Hamilton, O.; Rev. C. F. GOSS, '73, Chicago; Rev. J. J. COWLES, '75, Adams; Rev. C. H. VAN WIE, '74, Melrose; Rev. ROBERT MCLEAN, '76, Grant's Pass, Oregon; Rev. E. P. SALMON, '78, Knowlesville; G. T. CHURCH, '80, Saratoga; Rev. S. E. PERSONS, '81, Boulder, Col.; Prof. E. N. JONES, '82, Saratoga; Rev. M. H. GARDNER, '84, Gloversville; Rev.

THOMAS TURNBULL, '84, Pomeroy, O.; Rev. JAMES ELLS, '87, Saratoga. A good number of the Honorary Alumni were also present, viz.: Rev. J. S. BACON, Corning; Rev. Dr. JAMES GARDNER, Gloversville; Prof. DARWIN G. EATON, Brooklyn; Col. DAVID F. RITCHIE, Saratoga; Prof. N. T. CLARK, Canandaigua; Rev. Dr. J. J. PORTER, Phelps.

Prof. T. G. Darling, D. D., of the Auburn Seminary filled the chair of toast-master to perfection, and was especially happy in the introduction of the speakers. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the roll-call by Dr. Kneeland. Each gentleman as his name was called rose, gave his class, present residence and occupation.

Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, secretary of the board of foreign missions, responded wittily for the seminary, holding that his training in three seminaries, Lane, Auburn and Princeton, made it possible for him to judge fairly of the advantages of Auburn.

President Darling of the college, who had come on especially for the banquet, brought a greeting hearty and cheery, for all of old Hamilton's sons and for the sons of that cherished sister, Auburn. He held, with a western judge, that the peculiarity of Hamilton and Auburn men is that they have something to say and always say it well. The relation of Hamilton College to the ministry of the Presbyterian church is close and extensive. The great majority of the clergy to-day come from the smaller colleges. During the past year Hamilton's graduates in the theological seminaries numbered thirty-one, proportionately more than the combined representations of Harvard, Yale, Amherst and Williams. Hamilton College has given more clergymen to the synod of New York than any other college in the country, and is yearly preparing more men for the church than any other, with barely one exception. In conclusion he paid a warm tribute of praise to Auburn Theological Seminary.

Colonel Ritchie responded for "Wicked Saratoga" in a humorous vein. His satire was both trenchant and entertaining. He closed by a happy reference to the agreeable relations existing between Saratoga and Hamilton College. The clerical listeners showed their appreciation of the good points made by frequent and generous applause.

It was a source of regret to all that Dr. Herrick Johnson, who was down on the program for a talk on the "Relation of College and Seminary," was obliged to withdraw to attend another meeting and the fruitful theme was left untouched. A letter from Prof. Beecher of the seminary was read by Dr. Kneeland. He held that the two institutions, judged by their fruits, must arouse the pride of every alumnus.

M. D. Edwards of St. Paul, spoke eloquently of the "Seminary in the West," and was followed by the Hon. H. B. Silliman of Cohoes, on the "Honorary Alumni." He told why he, a graduate of Union, had become a trustee and warm supporter of Hamilton. It was because the latter institution had done so much for Presbyterian education. The facts stated by President Darling were sufficient to compel the respect and support of every Presbyterian.

Dr. Upson who has been in ill health for three years, spoke to the toast, "Looking Backward." None who heard him will soon forget his feeling and felicitous remarks. Certainly no alumnus could escape the contagion of the professor's abounding enthusiasm. Other speakers were Dr. Kendall, secretary of the board of home missions, and Dr. Charles F. Goss of Chicago.

—Thus far no end has been reached of the inflow of classical books to the library of Hamilton College from Judge CHARLES H. TRUAX, '67, of the superior court of New York city, and they are books of perennial inspiration, that bring joy and helpful strength to the classical student. One of the rarest of the valuable books presented by Judge Truax is a well-preserved copy of the famous Aldine edition of the Idyls of Theocritus, published at Venice in 1495, as indicated by this Latin inscription at the end: "Impressum Venetiis characteribus ac studio ALDI MANUCII Romani, cum gratia, &c., MCCCCXCV. Mense Februario." This is the oldest printed edition of Theocritus, and though the type is more heavily faced than that now used, it makes a handsome page. "Good glory comes to men from the Muses," and the Aldine Theocritus gets a generous installment of good glory from the prolific muse of Prof. CLINTON SCOLLARD, '81, singing in a land but newly discovered by Columbus, while Manutius, the enterprising scholar, was setting his newly invented Greek type in the printing office of Venice.

In the New York *Independent* for April 17 we find these rhymes, "On a Copy of Theocritus:"

Theocritus, we love thy song,
Where thyme is sweet and meads are sunny;
Where shepherd swains and maidens throng,
And bees Hyblean hoard their honey.

Since ancient Syracusan days
It year by year has grown the sweeter;
For year by year life's opening ways
Run more in prose and less in meter.

And than this quarto, vellum-clad,
You could not wish a rarer setting;
Beholding, you must still be glad,
If you behold without forgetting.

Manutius was the Printer's name—
(A *Publisher* was then unheard of)—
A fellow of some worthy fame,
If history we take the word of.

Think when its pages first were cut,
And eager eyes above them hovered;
Our proudest dwelling was a hut—
America was just discovered !

Then Venice was indeed a queen,
And taught the tawny Turk to fear her;
Now has she lost her royal mien,
And yet we could not hold her dearer.

Betwixt these covers there is bound
A charm that needeth no completion;
A golden atmosphere is found
At once Sicilian and Venetian.

So, while our plausive song we raise
And hail the bard whose name is famous,
Let us for once divide the bays,
And to the Printer cry: *Laudamus !*

NECROLOGY.

CLASS OF 1855.

Andrew Shuman, son of Jacob and Mary [Whistler] Shuman, was born in Manor, Lancaster Co., Pa., Nov. 8, 1830. In 1845 he entered the office of the *Union and Sentinel* of Lancaster, Pa., as a printer's apprentice. At the age of 18 he removed to Auburn, N. Y., and was associated with Thurlow Weed Brown in publishing the *Cayuga Chief*. In 1849 he began his preparation for College in the Clinton Liberal Institute, of which Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer was principal. While in college he worked as a printer during his vacations and holidays, in Auburn, Syracuse and Utica. He won a prize at the end of his freshman year for an essay on "The Relations Between Elocution and Oratory," and a prize at the end of his sophomore year for an essay on "The Comparative Advantages of the Pulpit and the Bar as Fields of Oratory." Previous to graduation he was invited to take the editorial management of the *Syracuse Daily Journal*. This position he held until July 1, 1856, when he accepted a call to the editorship of the *Chicago Evening Journal*. In March, 1878, Mr. Shuman was made president of the *Evening Journal* Company, and held this office until his death, May 5, 1890. In 1864 Mr. Shuman was appointed Penitentiary Commissioner for the state of Illinois, and held this office for five years. In 1878 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Illinois, when Shelby M. Cullom was elected Governor. Mr. Shuman was married in 1855 at Ovid, N. Y., to Lucy B. Dunlap, the daughter of Joseph Dunlap, a prominent farmer of that place. The family residence has been at Evanston since 1867. Aside from his editorial labors, Mr. Shuman had, at various times, contributed to different publications. In 1875 he wrote a tale of some length as a continued story for the *Journal*. As soon as the last chapter was published W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co. asked his permission to publish it as a book, and issued it in neat form with the title: "The Loves of a Lawyer." A third edition of this little book has recently been printed. The last effort from his pen, outside of the *Journal's* editorial pages, was a paper read before the Evanston Philosophical Association on "The Conflict Between Science and Religion," and subsequently published in the *Tribune*. He had a modest man's dread of appearing in public, and rarely accepted an invitation to lecture. In 1857, however, he delivered a lecture before the Chicago Commercial College on "Newspaper Life." In 1864 he addressed the graduating class of the Northwestern Ladies' College of Evanston on "After-College Life." In 1871 he gave a public lecture on "Crimes and Criminals," before the Evanston Philosophical Association. The last article that Mr. Shuman wrote was printed in *The Journal* of Monday afternoon. It was signed by him, and was on the death of Senator Beck.

Two years ago last January Mr. Shuman ceased active editorial work on *The Journal* and confined his attention mostly to his duties as president of *The Journal* Company.

MARRIED.

JONES—BAKER.—On Wednesday, June 18, 1890, in St. John's Church, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, by the Rev. E. FOLSOM BAKER, '52, of Cold Spring Harbor, Mr. JOHN HENRY JONES and Miss HELEN FOLSOM, daughter of the officiating rector.

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+ OCTOBER, + 1890. +

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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91

Its aim is to furnish a Review of our College Literature, a faithful representation of our College Life, and a medium for the communication to the Alumni of items of interest.

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No. 2

FREDERICK II. AND FREDERICK III.

CLARK PRIZE ORATION.

“UNIVERSAL history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men.” Nowhere is this fact more clearly illustrated than in the history of Germany. Her condition in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, can be written in two sentences: Prussia for Frederick II., Frederick III. for United Germany. These were the policies of the two rulers: The one conservative, the other liberal; the one despotic, the other constitutional. Frederick II. aimed at the aggrandizement and glory of Prussia for his own fame. Frederick III. planned and strengthened a united Germany in which self and Prussia were swallowed up. Great is the conqueror, but greater the patriot; great are the Caesars and Napoleons, but greater the Gambettas and the Washingtons.

“The princes of the house of Hohenzollern become soldiers almost from the cradle.” Frederick II. and Frederick III. were both great generals. Rossbach, Leuthen, and Liegnitz; Sadowa, Weissenburg and Worth have placed them foremost among military leaders. Yet, in their notions of war they differed. With Frederick the Great war was a passion. His

impetuosity, his ambition, his craving for fame, kept this passion alive demanding its gratification. The weakness of his neighbors aroused his covetousness; their hatred of him kindled his desire for revenge. These circumstances together with a tireless energy and almost super-human activity, created in him a thirst for war, akin to the lion's thirst for blood. Frederick III. was a man of peace. To him war was a necessary evil; but when the welfare of the fatherland demanded war, he was the first in the field. Quick in action, firm of purpose he led his armies to battle and to victory. The campaigns in Bohemia and France planned by the great "Silent Strategist," executed by the energetic crown prince, could not but be successful, and to these Germany owes her present unity. Such were the contrasts and similarities in the two characters. Both were rigid disciplinarians: yet the authority of the one found response in fear and terror; the other inspired his followers with love and devotion.

The superior quality of statesmanship is marked in the two rulers. Both were profound students of politics, both keen observers of the times; but the political record of the one is a model of upright policy; that of the other is marred by intrigue and selfishness. As a statesman Frederick II. showed the greater tact. The recently published diary shows him to be the directing power in the negotiations between Prussia and the other German powers: negotiations which resulted in the unification of Germany. Skilful in diplomacy his travels and special missions established the friendliest international relations. Frederick the Great's reign was despotic. A suspicious watchfulness of all about him shattered the confidence of his subordinates, weakened the government in all its branches, aroused the ill-will of his neighbors whom he made no attempt to conciliate. His breach of treaty with Austria's Empress has left an ineffaceable stain upon his political career.

As rulers, the ability of the one was proved by years of administration; three short months were allotted to the other. Yet the latter's policy, his influence upon the government, his popularity among his people together with his strength of character and executive ability, presaged for him a brilliant future. Frederick the Great considered only the people's duty

toward himself; the crown prince considered only his duty to the people. Both were independent rulers; the independence of the one sprang from an opinion of his own greatness; that of the other was the independence of a firm and skilful administrator. King Frederick cramped the governmental system of Prussia. Being his own premier, treasurer and minister of justice, the chiefs of departments became mere figure-heads. Emperor Frederick gathered about him trusty counselors, vested authority in able officials and to-day Germany is reaping the benefit of his wise policy.

In their personal characteristics the two men stand in marked contrast. Look first, at their outward appearance! It attracted the attention of all observers. Frederick the Great—so bent and deformed that they called him "Crooked Fritz," gait shambling and awkward, voice shrill and rasping, shrewdness, suspicion and unrest expressed in his features, garments threadbare and untidy, became the ready subject of caricature. Frederick III.—of straight and stalwart figure, manly and noble bearing, his countenance beaming with generosity and frankness, was the object of universal admiration.

In tireless energy, in firmness and decision, in their faith in the divine right of kings, both possessed the traditional qualities of the house of Hohenzollern. Beyond this they differ. Their early training directed their minds in different channels: moulded their natures into different forms. Frederick the Great, reared under the narrow system of a military education, lacked intellectual broadness. His father's severity made him the impetuous man that he was. Calmness and deliberation were unknown to him, and had he not been gifted with wonderfully keen and accurate judgment, his impulsiveness would have been his ruin. Unmannerly, ungenerous, misanthropic, he kept himself aloof from his most trusted subjects. His unrelenting sarcasm and malicious delight in ridiculing others, made wounds that never healed. His domestic life was unpleasant. Married to a woman he did not love, the home-circle exerted no softening influence over his harsh and stern nature. One of his greatest failings was his lack of national spirit. He was wholly French in his

considering the limited areas of the Old World, when the scene shifts to the mighty realms which embrace America's choicest part, the problem increases in difficulty.

We are not a people of the sea, a people of the plain, nor a people of the mountains. We are all of these. We have a Scandinavia in our north-east; and some drops of Viking blood still swell the veins of the New Englander, who is as adventurous as his Norse and Saxon ancestors. A score of Switzerland's nestle among our great mountain systems. The milder beauty of Southern Europe finds its equal in the western slopes of the Sierras. Empires of wealth might be formed from the Mississippi valley alone; and neither Turk nor Cossack ever roved through realms less broken by natural barriers than do our rangers and cowboys of the far West. But while the magnitude of our area and the variety of our topography must cause endless differences within our borders, there are certain elements of position and geography which concern the whole, and which must in some measure determine our history.

Our relative position is in itself an earnest of future glory. The poet gave birth to no mere fancy when he sang of the westward journey of the Muse. The star of Empire follows the heavenly bodies in their course; and although it has stood still over various favored spots between the Euphrates and the Thames, yet the trend of events indicates that it must eventually fade from the skies of the Old World, to shed its kindly beams upon the New.

Again, we are on what may be called the line of greatest progression. We are in the North Temperate Zone, which holds in her ample embrace well-nigh the entire culture and advancement of humanity. Across the Atlantic, slightly deflected northward by the gulf stream, yet in exactly the same latitude in regards climate, lie the powers of Europe,—the powers of the world; while over the broader sea to the west, an older civilization pursues an unbroken course.

Not only are we in the zone of power and progress, but in the zone of freedom as well. Throughout the early ages, the centers of civilization were favored localities where luxuriant nature supplied the wants of man, and gave him leisure

for culture and reflection. Egypt and Assyria, Mexico and Peru have each witnessed the rise and fall of a peculiar civilization, but in every instance it was a civilization based upon absolutism,—a civilization whose corner stone was slavery; for the very conditions which promoted a life of idleness and ease made humanity cheap and the masses servile.

The United States lies in that fortunate medium where the energies of man are not wholly exhausted in his conflict with nature; nor yet where plenty makes his labor of little account. Her soil will plentifully reward the tiller's toil; yet it is kindly rather than prodigal. Her summer season fosters the harvest with almost tropical fervor; while her winter teaches frugality and foresight in the consumption of nature's gifts. As a result, the land should breed a race of men as numerous as her vast resources would indicate, and cultured through a leisure resulting from honest labor; a race free and independent, rich in natural endowments, hardened by contact with nature's sterner moods, wise in nature's teachings, and above all confident in their own abilities; a race with brains to conceive and strength to execute great designs, able to bind the country into a closer union with bands of steel and to erect noble edifices for the worship of God, but unfit to build palaces or heap up pyramids,—monuments to royal ambition and popular degradation.

In this clime, man learns independence through trust in his own endeavors. In the tropics, the mind of man is enervated by the heat of an equatorial sun and awed by the vastness of his surroundings. Physical features, terrible in their might, overpower in him the faculties of reason and analysis; thus teaching him to ascribe every unusual occurrence to the machinations of an unknown, super-human power. Mountain ranges of stupendous magnitude, fathomless rivers which even sight cannot span, impenetrable forests where the very abundance of nature proves a curse, fill him with a crushing sense of his own weakness. In the terrible beasts of prey, the serpents, and all monstrous forms of animal life, in the awful blast of the hurricane, in the glare of the lightning and the roar of the thunder, he sees the power of an invisible, malig-

nant genius. Before the dread approach of the earthquake, he is paralyzed with terror. All these features tend to debase man's intellect and give undue prominence to the imagination.

Amid far less imposing scenes is born the child of the north. But nature, if less luxuriant, has proven more kind. She teaches man to rule, not to cringe. Here in the United States she has worked on no puny scale; yet her rivers may be bridged, her mountains scaled, her forests penetrated. Her wondrous beauty and richness, far from overawing, only incite to exploration and conquest. She developed in her red children a wonderful fertility of resource, a keenness and firmness unsurpassed; she gave to the pale face pioneer that spirit of dauntless energy and restless adventure for which he became famous the world over. The rock-bound coast which received the Pilgrim Fathers proved a fit school for the work of the future. Nature and man alike seemed hostile to the band of settlers. The soil was poor, the winter cold, the means of subsistence scanty. But stony soil and harsh climate, fierce beast and prowling savage gave the New Englander a battle for existence, which sharpened his faculties and prepared him for the leading part he was to play in the struggle for American freedom. That inventive genius, that hardihood and self-reliance, that hopeful courage and iron constitution which made him at once such a power in Colonial councils and such a firm opponent to British regulars, all were fostered and developed by that stern-miened parent on whose bosom he was reared.

The New Englander was not the only one who drew vigor from his surroundings. The phlegmatic Dutchman found mighty rivers to explore, vast empires of wealth to wrest from savage owners, wonderful opportunities for traffic and commerce; and awakening to the needs of the hour, his sluggish pulse quickened in accord to the wild music of the wilderness. That product of English luxury and ease, the Cavalier of "Old Dominion," threw off his cloak of leisure and indifference, to grapple with and overthrow the obstacles around him. The Scots and Huguenots of the Carolinas learned new lessons of hardihood and self-denial, while the fugitives who had gathered around Oglethorpe felt their spirits rise again to meet the demands of the New World.

A people who had conquered for themselves homes against such odds, would not tamely submit to the dictations of a foreign foe. When France attempted to draw the infant colonies into the folds of her Empire, she met with a response which ruined forever the hopes of Catholic supremacy in America. No appeal from England was needed to arouse Colonial patriotism. The farmers and hunters of the country easily adapted themselves to the exigencies of war, and proved a match alike for savage cunning and European discipline. A few years later, that spirit of promptness in action and perseverance under difficulties which the Colonists acquired through generations of American life, was made manifest, when a narrow minded Parliament, and an obstinate king attempted to violate the laws of justice and inherited right. There was no hesitation when hesitation would have been fatal; no discord when discord might have meant death. Submission to the Stamp Act, the landing of tea in Boston harbor, would have changed the history of America, and the modern world.

But the men to whom the management of affairs was entrusted, were trained in a mighty school of courage; taught to recognize a danger and to cope with it. That same spirit of the soil animated the Colonists for the struggle. It sounded in the voices of Adams and Otis under the very shadows of the British standards; it pointed the keen wit of Franklin on the floor of the British Parliament; it thundered at Philadelphia in the shout of a new born nation. Its strengthening influence was felt all through the war. It helped to raise up the commanders and statesmen from the ranks of the people, whose heroism and wisdom were worth armies to the patriot cause. It showed itself in the "Minute Men," in the "Green Mountain Boys," in the "Virginia Riflemen." It prompted a fiery enthusiasm on the day of battle, and inspired a hopeful courage in the hour of defeat. It was active on the march to Quebec, during the winter at Valley Forge, wherever seemingly unsurmountable obstacles were to be overcome, or a seemingly invincible foe was to be vanquished. The American orator was more fearless, the American soldier more enduring, because of the struggle which physical conditions had imposed

on the American settler. Thus plainly do we see the influence which their warfare with nature's forces had upon the characters of our ancestors and upon the early history of our country.

Throughout all the agitations and convulsions of the Revolution, there was present the inflexible hand of nature's law. Man sought to overturn this law, wrestled with it, and his vain hopes were shattered. Parliament, sitting in state in an Island Kingdom, claimed the right to make laws and levy taxes, as a representative of a part of the British nation three thousand miles away. Its leaders designed for the Colonies a position with regard to the mother country similar to that of Ayrshire or Cornwall. But the Great Architect of the globe had decreed otherwise. Between America and her oppressors rolled the Atlantic, a thousand-leagued barrier to the British might and British tyranny. Parliament could no more legislate for the Colonies than bridge the broad ocean which lay between them. For the United States was destined to a separate and individual growth, unhampered by the restrictions of any foreign power. Sooner or later the land must be free; and the English Lords only hastened the crisis by their harsh and unjust laws.

The influence of our geography did not cease with the war of independence, although its effects are there, perhaps, most evident. Through all subsequent history the same spirit of self-reliance can be traced. It presided at the convention of 1787, when our constitution was framed; it is manifest in all the trials and dangers of later years. It fired the eloquence of Clay and Webster; it made possible a complete reconciliation after the country had been convulsed by a great civil war. It is felt even now all over this great land; and it will be felt as long as the United States continue a nation.

A most potent element of strength to our country lies in its comparative dimensions; in its great longitudinal extent compared to its width, north and south. Man tends to homogeneity along certain parallels of latitude; while the traveler from north to south finds a marked diversity of character and custom. This is the natural result of different extremes of food, soil and climate. Her dimensions have been claimed as one of the primary reasons for the permanence of the Roman

Empire. The United States has even a greater longitudinal breadth than Rome. While the variety of our climate necessitates some variety of character, nature has seemingly striven to off-set this tendency to diversity, by the location of our rivers and mountains,—the own means of communication and separation. The Rockies, the Alleghanies, the Sierras, all have a like direction from north to south, dividing regions similar in salient features, but cementing sections which difference of climate, soil and occupation tend to separate; and counteracting the disintegrating forces which threaten all extended nationalities.

It is a significant fact, that but one great internal convulsion has menaced the integrity of our country; and this can be traced to the diversities of life and occupation which the magnitude of our territory occasions. The North and South are separated by no natural barriers of rivers or mountain ranges. They differ only in climate and soil, and the resultant diversity of habit, occupation and character. The one could utilize servile labor; and slavery became its cornerstone. The other found it unprofitable; and seeing only its evils, abandoned and condemned it. But the wisdom of a higher Power had so planned the physical formation of the country, that when the cause of liberty had triumphed, a reconciliation became possible between the opposing sections. Had a great mountain range extended along Mason and Dixon's line, the United States might now be a union of the past; and two rival nations threaten each other across its barrier.

In all our history, this same happy result of our geographical conformation may be traced. Had the snow-capped mountains of the Pacific coast, with their rich mines of silver and gold, been placed on the eastern shore of the continent, our forefathers would have lacked their early hardy training. The eager, absorbing pursuit of wealth would have made them sordid and avaricious. An aristocracy would quickly have been formed; the lower classes of the people would have become the slaves of the higher; and this land would have been not the refuge of liberty, but the home of tyranny and oppression. Again, had the colonists reached the vast plains of the Mississippi valley, before their habits were formed and their con-

stitutions hardened by generations of toil and battling with nature's forces, they might have become an agricultural and bucolic race, without ambition to conceive great ideas, or physical or mental energy to carry them into effect. But the same Divine Being whose mighty hand moulded the mountains and plains, foresaw the advantages to result from a century's struggle with a rocky soil, a rigorous climate, and a savage Indian foe; and trained them through their geographical environments into an earnest, sturdy race.

Among all the grand systems of lakes, rivers, and mountains which have contributed to the formation of the nation's history, none have produced a deeper or more lasting effect upon every part of its social and military development than the Hudson river and its tributaries.

Along the eastern shore of the continent the Alleghanies present an almost unbroken barrier between the Atlantic and the Mississippi valley. At one point, however, the mountains have been cleft asunder by some giant force; and through the narrow gorge thus formed, the waters of the Hudson find their way to the sea. Had but a single one of the beetling cliffs which overhang the river on both sides, been thrust across its channel, the course of events might have been as completely changed as the course of its waters. The Mississippi and St. Lawrence rivers would have become the natural channels of communication with the interior; and the nations who controlled these streams would have been masters of the continent.

But the mission of the Hudson does not end in simply forming an outlet for the waters of New York state. On the north, it stretches an arm far up towards the St. Lawrence and Canada. On the west, the Mohawk, its chief tributary, leads through fertile plains almost to the great lakes; and forms an easy route to the prairies of the interior; Moreover, the tablelands of Central New York are one of the most remarkable water-sheds in the world. From their outward slopes, diverging valleys and rivers furnish means of access to almost every part of the union. The water-ways of New York made the Iroquois the most powerful of Indian confederacies; the same water-ways in later years and under more civilized conditions, have made New York the Empire State. Up the Hudson,

along the banks of the Mohawk, has swept the stream of humanity which the nations of Europe have sent to our shores; and there it has divided; following the valleys, and has penetrated every portion of the land. The unbroken stretches of level country are peculiarly adapted to the building of railroads and canals to accommodate travel and facilitate the transportation of merchandise. These advantages of position and geography have made New York state and the Hudson river the central point of control in both savage and civilized times.

Not only in peace, but in war as well, have the mountains and valleys of New York exercised a controlling influence. They are the forts and redoubts, the trenches and outposts of nature's own handiwork, which dwarf, by comparison, the highest efforts of the genius of man. They taught the Iroquois the advantages of union; led to the foundation of that mighty confederacy; brought about the subjugation by piecemeal of the neighboring tribes; and finally caused the complete conquest, by the six nations, of a large part of the country. In later years, during the war of the revolution, Central New York became the pivotal battle field. Patriots and British alike realized that on its possession depended the fate of the Colonies, and when St. Leger abandoned the siege of Fort Stanwix and Burgoyne surrendered his sword to Gates on the heights of Saratoga, the independence of the land was virtually decided.

There is another river which has played no mean part in forming the nation's history,—the king of all rivers,—the Mississippi. Like a mighty giant emerging from the sea, like the spirit of liberty brooding over the land, it embraces in its far-reaching arms the most distant portions of the country. Within the grasp of its sinuous fingers lie Pennsylvania and Montana, Minnesota and Texas. It cleaves a continent in twain, and at the same time binds it in a closer bond of union. Dividing, it yet unites. The nation owes it no small debt of gratitude for assistance rendered during the civil war. This river formed a pathway by which the nation's troops pierced the heart of the confederacy; and its gunboats, following the rivers tortuous course, cut the Southern states

in two, and conquered them separately. At the close of the rebellion, the Mississippi once more became the generous friend of the North and South alike; and is even now enriching many a southern city through the commerce carried on by means of its waters.

The geographic isolation of the United States, which has been her salvation in the past, will, we believe, prove her safeguard in the future. Far distant from the so-called great powers of Europe, uninfluenced by the broils and contentions of the Old World politics, she will continue in a growth proportionate to her natural advantages. With no dangers to menace her from without, she is free to grapple with and overcome any internal troubles which from time to time may arise to threaten her peace and prosperity. No mushroom growth will be hers. Uniting in her population the various branches and families of the great Aryan race, with a government whose corner stone is liberty, with a geography superior to that of any other nation, it would seem that a glorious future is in store for her. Judging from nature's standpoint, her future will be one of wealth and power, of virtue and equity, of self-reliance and independence; a future where all men are equal, where tyranny and oppression find no harbor, where God and the spirit of freedom rule supreme.

GEORGE M. WEAVER, '91.

VICTOR HUGO, POET AND PATRIOT.

CLARK PRIZE ORATION.

In the old town of Besancon, amid the remnants of Roman architecture and the romance of the troubadours, in the year of grace 1802, a child was born, weak "nigh unto death" and christened Victor Hugo. This child, destined to a life of toil and glory, lived to advance and illustrate the loftiest ideals of humanity and patriotism. Victor Hugo, admired by the world and idolized by his people, was a poet of the nations and a patriot of France.

In letters, he is among the foremost men of our century. Perhaps no bard so young has wooed and won the muse or so long her favor kept, with songs as sweet and grand in age, as

in the romance and vigor of youth. For more than fifty years, his splendid genius illuminated the pages of French literature and placed its possessor with "the immortals" of the world. At fifteen a successful poet, at twenty-eight the leader of French Romanticism, at forty an academecian and at death supreme over all antagonism, his whole life was a continued battle against traditional restraint in literature. Possessed of a boundless imagination and an irrepressible longing for liberty, with daring hand he cast aside the rules and traditions of centuries and made the impulse of his poetic genius the law of its expression.

The classicists and the court fiercely opposed him; but neither calumny nor prejudice could deter the unbending purpose of his will. "Young France" inspired by the spirit of the great poet, flocked around him. Gautier and Sainte Beuve echoed and emphasized the mandates of their leader. From the genius of Hugo, poetry and prose received new life and France a new literature.

But freedom in poetic forms and choice of subjects was not all Victor Hugo longed for, nor was it entirely his end. There was all around him sin, and sorrow, and suffering. The people—his people—were in misery and want. His great heart went out to them; and his great genius told their story. He sought to make "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" more than the rallying cry of an oppressed people; he strove to make them real, to teach the lesson, that human weakness needs human sympathy and that God blesses those who bless their kind with human love. "*La Légende des Siècles*" traces the development of man "from darkness to the ideal" and clothes him in the glory of celestial light. "*Les Contemplations*" weeps for the want of the weary and lowly, and throbs with the passion of aching hearts.

The denouncer of selfishness and the scorner of avarice, he gave his verse in the aid of benevolence and philanthropy. The people were nearest his heart; he always sought to lift them to a higher plane; and Socialist though he became, his is "a verse which sets a crown on the head of a people and a brand on the face of a mob."

But his poetry never reaches its full grandeur until his literary genius is fired by his love of country, then it rises to the grandest heights of pathos and sublimity, of patriotism and of scorn. Even when an exile, he frightened the usurper on the tottering throne of France and kept alive the sinking hopes of millions.

His patriotic poems proved that he who had been called the poet of women and of lovers was of a nobler type; that when "indignation added a brazen string to his lyre," he could make an Emperor writhe and rouse a people for a struggle to the death. "Les Châtiments" with righteous indignation branded a rōue's machinations against the liberties of France, as the selfish schemes of personal ambition; and "L'Anñe Terrible" told the story of the awful vengeance on the nation he misled.

To-day at the mention of Victor Hugo's name, we tread the realms of romance and of poetry; and we forget the part he played as a patriotic hero. Yet all France knelt before him, not in homage to his genius, not because he seemed a second Shakespeare, but because the same love of country that thrilled the heart of the peasant was mighty in his soul and because for the integrity of his nation he was willing to do and die.

While Hugo was always intensely loyal to France, his political activity began only when he had attained supremacy in letters. The royalist sympathies inculcated by his Vendean mother had slowly faded. His own nature had become more dominant and his love for liberty more positive and aggressive. For a time he upheld Louis Phillipe; but when his people rebelled, he joined the forces of the Republic. Then, foreseeing the coup d'etat of Louis Napoleon, he raised his warning voice, but in vain. The people were blinded by the glamour of a name; and Victor Hugo was a fugitive with a price upon his head. Stripped of his fortune, slandered and exiled, his devotion to France never faltered. Driven from Belgium and Jersey, he at last found a resting place on the Island of Guernsey. Here almost within sight of his beloved country, he awaited the day of reckoning. At last it came. The iron heel of Germany crushed the government of Napoleon the Little; and the Republic was proclaimed. The

patriot could return. France bleeding and torn called him; and the poet-patriot came. Again he trod the streets of Paris, rejoicing that once more his feet touched native soil and sorrowing that France was trodden in the dust.

Unsuccessful in his overtures for peace with the Germans, he issued a battle cry that rang through Paris from end to end. The citizens were strengthened by the heroism of their citizen leader. Encouraging the despairing city, giving the fruits of his genius to the starving poor, with touching consideration he born a manly front, even while sorrow for his country was whitening his hair and furrowing his brow. No patriot has struggled more devotedly or sacrificed more freely than did he: banished from the land he loved, he thundered from his exile home; and bidden to his country's rescue he risked his all to save it from a foreign foe.

A few more years of service and Victor Hugo's active life was done.

Elected again and again to the legislative bodies of his country, he ever kept before him the interests of all and boldly spoke his convictions no matter what the cost.

After all the vicissitudes of a remarkably eventful life, Victor Hugo stands in the vision of the present, illumined by the magnificence of his transcendent genius and the glory of his patriotic heart. He was a man who put his faith in the people and never faltered. He let his hopes become his beliefs from the very intensity of his longings. He was ever a child, simple and confiding, and yet a man in the scope and tenacity of his mental grasp.

A great poet, he yielded constantly to the sway of his imagination. He was so much a poet that his prose whether romance or history was infused with poetic imagination and his patriotism felt its influence. Yet it is the imaginative element fresh, vivid, which gives vigor and charm to his prose; and his patriotism was none the less lofty and true because it was poetic.

Striving by different methods for human liberty, he has been taunted with inconsistency. His methods doubtless were erratic, but every word he has spoken, every deed he has done, has been for the emancipation of the human race. His

motives were right; the means used legitimate; his achievements are blessings.

Republican France to-day believes that no nobler name than Victor Hugo's adorns the history of letters or of patriotism; and all the world recognizes his genius.

In the last days of the May of 1885, through the thronged streets of Paris, there moved from the Arc de Triomphe to the Pantheon of France, the modest "hearse of the poor" and on it a plain and simple coffin. Before that coffin, marched the army of the Republic; and chariots laden with flowers bore the final offerings of a grief-stricken people. Behind it, in almost interminable array, were a thousand civic and political organizations and thousands upon thousands of the citizens of Paris, deputations from every city and department of France, representatives from every continent and of every civilized nation; while hundreds of thousands thronged to gaze upon the solemn spectacle.

No such assemblage ever mourned for statesman, conqueror or king. All France wept: the world was in sorrow—for Victor Hugo, poet and patriot was dead.

After more than four score years of song and sacrifice, with more than royal pageantry, in the city of his choice, by the people that he loved, the frail child of Besancon was laid at rest, never more an "Exile from France."

WALSTEIN ROOT, '90.

BROWNING'S SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE MATERIALISM VERSUS IDEALISM.

It has been said that every form of government contains within itself the elements in the germ of its own destruction. Equally but more profoundly, true is this of man. A being of wondrous complexity of nature, with a thousand tendencies the most contradictory, he is the greater enigma of the universe, the sphinx-riddle of the ages. Viewed on the most obvious side he is the noblest of the animal creation, endowed with great desires and capacities for sense-enjoyment, and with abundant means for their gratification. In another aspect he

is greater than his present position, possessing desires and aspirations not to be satisfied by things of earth, but pointing to a future and higher stage of existence for their fulfillment. We must exclaim with Hamlet, "What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! * * * in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a God !" How shall these fundamental contradictions be accounted for and reconciled into anything like a perfect, symmetrical whole ?

The solution of this riddle has been the work of man in all lands and all ages. Always more or less has consistency been sought at the expense of comprehensiveness, by crowding out some factors from their due place in the account. Some cry, "What can we know of aught better than earth ? Let us make the most of to-day while it is ours. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die !" And we have the Epicurean. Others feel that in the realm of spirit are the only objects worthy of pursuit, that things of sense are in their nature base, and will, if tolerated in the least, end in destruction; and looking down in pitying scorn upon the great crowd of pleasure-seekers, they exclaim, "This multitude which know not the law are accursed !" From the following of these extreme idealists come the ascetic, the mystic, and the puritan.

Poet, philosopher, and scientist have each contributed their share to the ultimate solution of the problem. In this age none have been more helpful to many earnest truth-seekers than Robert Browning. With human sympathies broad enough to embrace all mankind, with eye keen to see clearly into the heart of things, and with utterance strong in intensity and boldness, he has betokened himself to the task of lifting men to a higher life. In his philosophy both matter and spirit have a place, each equally good in its own sphere. This life is but preparatory to a higher one to come. Man, the spirit, has been placed here, circumscribed by flesh, not as a hindrance, as say the idealists, but as a necessary means of highest development. He should rejoice, as being more allied to God than to the brutes, and make it his highest end to rise nearer to Him, always assured of success in the striving, for

'Tis not what man
Does that exalts him, but what man
Would do."

In this task nothing should be rejected as base, but all reverently accepted as holy. Spirit and flesh should mutually uplift and ennoble each other.

"Let us not always say,
Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more
Now than flesh helps soul!"

Thus he holds whatever of truth there is in the creed of both idealist and materialist. With the one he says, "Make the most of earth," but as a means, not an end. With the other he says, "In spirit is the only good," but in spirit made perfect through material tools. Not by casting down our weapons as too mean, fleeing to the security of the battlements, and thence calmly viewing the conflict; but by seizing whatever weapon comes to hand, however seemingly inadequate, and boldly taking our place in the battle;—thus is wrong overcome and right enthroned.

AURELIAN POST, '91.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILEY.

In the list of absconders printed in the *Police Gazette* over twenty years ago is this entry: "No. 9843 Imperial Convict sentenced to twenty years, 9th of July 1866. Absconded from Convict Road party Bunbury 18th of September 1869."

The man to whom this entry refers died five weeks ago and the tears of a nation that mourn him are as yet scarcely dried. An exile from the land of his birth and his love, a felon because he hated the oppressor, a true and loving son to the land of his adoption, a poet and a patriot, John Boyle O'Reiley is dead. With mighty aspirations unfulfilled, with mighty hopes unrealized, with his life-work barely begun, he has gone to meet the eternal Judge and Father.

John Boyle O'Reiley was one whom not only the nation but the world may well mourn. As a patriot many are the hardships that he suffered for the land of his birth. As a poet he sang songs that won the hearts of men and turned their thoughts upward toward a higher ideal. As an orator he poured forth true natural eloquence drawn from a noble soul. As a journalist he was strong in his own convictions yet always recognized the truth that sincerity of thought and expression rather than pride of opinion or pride of statement should take the first place. But as a christian man is he especially to be admired. Never intolerant of other beliefs he was a strong adherent of the Roman Catholic Church. In every detail of his life he was the same,—honest, brave and pure.

Though his whole soul was bound up in the cause of Ireland, he was too great-hearted not to hate wrong and injustice whenever he saw them and his sympathy and aid were ever for the oppressed. When the silent crowd passed before O'Reiley's coffin in reverent awe they saw beside the shamrocks that lay upon his heart a wreath of palms, the tribute of the colored people of Boston. A fit tribute from an enslaved race to him who was ever the foe of the slave-driver.

From men of every race, every creed, every rank comes a wail of grief for the beloved dead. America mourns her son not less loyal because his heart was with his mother country. The English speaking people mourn the brilliant light of their literary firmament thus extinguished ere it could reach its full brilliancy. But to Ireland, wronged, down-trodden Ireland the loss is bitterest.

Weep, oh Erin, that Boyle O'Reiley has gone with his life work yet unfinished. Weep that while thou art yet under the yoke thy patriot strong to uphold and defend thee lies dead in a foreign land. Weep for thy loved son—and for thyself.

But listen from himself come the words that shall comfort thee.

"True singers can never:

Their life is a voice of higher things unseen to the common eye

The truths and the beauties are clear to them. God's right and the
human wrong

The heroes who die unknown and the weak who are chafed and scorg-
ed by the strong.

And the people smile at the death-word, for the mystic voice is clear
The singer who loved is always alive: we harken and always hear."

P. M. WARD, 91.

Editors' Table.

OBITUARY.

Died July the 19, 1890, Dr. Christian Henry Frederick Peters, for thirty-two years Director of Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College. The funeral tribute of one of his associates on the College Faculty strikes a sympathetic chord in the heart of every student and alumnus, and we offer no apology for its appearance in the pages of the *LIT.*


"It is not the time to attempt a formal analysis of Dr. Peters' character, or to make an estimate of his work and influence. We bring simply the tribute of our affection. He was our friend, simple and natural, true and affectionate. Born of another race and language and land, he made our land his home. Trained in foreign schools, the habits of his youth and early manhood formed under different models and associations, he cherished this place, the memories and fellowships of this college life, with all the fervent love of the most loyal son of Hamilton. He was a welcome guest in our homes, not a sick one but called forth his kindly interest, not a child but received his kindly notice.

We shall miss him. Yonder look out of the heavens will know his form no more; no other to this generation can take the place of him whose life among us has been the history of the Litchfield Observatory, and whose labors have made the name of Hamilton known in all civilized lands; but most of all we shall miss him in the closer ways of friendship the communings of heart with heart, the common daily ministries that make the sweetness and the worth of this earthly life. In the quiet and secluded atmosphere of College Hill, our roots and our branches have intertwined; and this sudden departure is a rude shaking of our life. To some of us life can never be the same again. Patiently and cheerfully and courageously we shall take up its duties; but the heart is filled with eager longings reaching forth to the gathering up of severed friendships.

Beneath a frank and at times brusque manner Dr. Peters had a nature that combined to a singular degree gentleness with strength. He was strong in his local attachments. The observatory, the campus, the college hill had gathered the atmosphere soft sanctity. To him it was holy ground. He was deep and tenacious in his personal likings and attachments. Having but a brief and formal contact with the students in the way of instruction, few realize the personal interest that has followed the men who have left these walls the last thirty years. He had a manly shrinking from sentimentality, which lead him to a singular reticence as to his profoundest feeling. But not long ago at an alumni ban-


quet, where he was received with special honor, he used the most significant word in his vocabulary, in speaking of the sons of Hamilton:—he called them his stars.

Dr. Peters had the simplicity of true greatness, the humility of genuine scholarship. He was patient with ignorance, willing to give minute information to honest inquiry, but he despised and abhorred with all the intensity of his manly nature any pretension of knowledge, any assumption of vain and superficial scholarship. He had the child-like spirit. Familiar as he was with universal truths, laying his touch daily upon the limits of human knowledge, he was cautious in the expression of belief, often refusing acquiescence to common religious dogma; but in his inmost heart I feel sure that he was reverent. He was ever open-hearted to new truth. He was teachable under all the messages of God in the sphere of his work. He loved beautiful and simple and innocent things. He made the flowers his daily companions and our little ones went freely to his arms. He carried a certain unworldly spirit into his work. His nightly peering into the trackless spaces made him in a true sense a citizen of the universe, extended the narrow limits of the earthly years into the limitless life of the eternal one. He therefore took no low and vacillating and compromising course in his work. He could not stop to flatter and gain the praise of unworthy men. He was careful and conscientious, and sincere and courageous. He was not impatient for results or feverish to grasp the rewards of discovery. His thought was lofty and far reaching and he worked to his thought. He never seemed to think that the allotted "three score years and ten," were barely sufficient to begin the work that filled his mind. "How long will it take you to finish your work?" asked a friend to whom he was kindly showing his plan. "Oh! about two hundred years" he said with a quiet smile. His work shall go on. The last posture of our honored and beloved teacher, co-laborer and friend is prophetic of the future. We do not believe that the trained capacity, the absorbing passion for larger truth, the treasures of knowledge have gone to perish in the narrow house of the grave. If God wills with clarified vision with purified love, with faculties that shall never limit or hinder or pervert, but be the perfect instruments of the immortal spirit within, shall he study the works of God; and find more delight in the higher companionships and the wider unfoldings. And may God grant, that when our final summons comes, it may find us equally devoted to the work he has given us,—in the same obedient, eager, expectant attitude."



FOOT BALL IN COLLEGE.

Foot-ball is now one of the live interests of the College. The work of last spring has developed into a permanent association, which gives every promise of an active, vigorous life. The men who are candidates for



positions on the Eleven, have been doing hard work and shown a commendable spirit since College opened. The College itself has shown she is in earnest from the way in which the first call for money was met, and by an interest and enthusiasm which goes almost as far as good financial backing. That the Association may be self-supporting or nearly so, most of the games, both League and practice, will be played in Utica. Plainly it will be the duty of every college man to attend, if possible, all the League games and as many others as he can. Besides this, he should see that all his friends in Utica and vicinity are made acquainted with these facts, that they may take advantage of this opportunity for pleasure and profit. While we enter the race with confidence and hope, we must remember that this is our *first* season, and that the game cannot be mastered in a few weeks.

Should the "Eleven" meet with defeat at first, do not stand, hands in pocket, with wisdom written on your brow and drawl "I told you so."

Each man on the "team" will do his best, and if that fails to win; then he deserves your praise and needs your sympathy a thousand-fold more than when successful. It is no pleasant thing to do the fighting, and if defeat come as it must come to some one, to get the kicking.

Let every college man be loyal to himself, his college and the men who represent them, and Hamilton must lead.

THE discussion concerning a governing board for the student organization, which arose through the pages of the LIT. during last year, seems to have brought about a more liberal feeling and produced broader ideas in the College. With the entrance of a good freshman class, simultaneously came the call for a coördinate faculty-student body that might draw nearer together the faculty and students and have a general oversight of all matters pertaining to the general and common interests of faculty, students and College.

That this plan met with the unanimous approval of the student body was seen in a mass meeting to which the matter had been referred. Since we are awaiting further developments, we cannot say just what will be the most feasible plan upon which to organize this body. However, it seems to be the prevailing opinion that the body should be thoroughly representative and have advisory jurisdiction only. This would be a marked advance toward the bettering of the College and yet could not in any sense be called self-government. What is wanted is something that will bridge the chasm which certainly exists, and render the students less liable to be misunderstood by the faculty and the faculty more appreciated by the students. We deny that the students would so misuse their limited power as to lose sight of the original intent of the organization. They desire advisory powers simply, and it is hard for the LIT. to see how this can work any harm. On the other hand, we know that it can bring about much good. Now is the time to formulate plans: the College stands with open arms ready to welcome everything that will make

Hamilton a more complete place for a liberal culture and development.

While we are planning in this line, let us not forget that the good of the College still demands a change in the general management of its athletic interests, as recently advocated by the LIT. To insure confidence in the management and free the different managers from criticism and censure, we must have a more business-like plan for the governing of our athletics, now assuming so broad a field. We need a governing board. What shall be the nature of this board, is the question under consideration. Shall we have the officers so arranged that the associations may have a continuous head? This plan is worked elsewhere with great success and on a small scale may be illustrated by our reading room management, in which the Junior director who is collector, becomes manager the following year. Thus is the management continuous and thus do the benefits of one year's good work accrue to the next year or succeeding years. Applying this to all our organizations in College, a Senior manager of any association would be prevented from leaving College with a balance of money belonging to his respective association. Shall we adopt this plan which seems feasible and able to cope with the great difficulty now present, or shall we have an overseeing committee, representative of students, faculty and alumni, to control and advance the athletic interests of the College. Some plan must be adopted at once. The thought of a month will doubtless produce a plan acceptable to all.

THE longer a student is in College the more does he realize how the class room work occupies his time to the utter neglect of the happenings of the day. Many of us read hurriedly the headings of a newspaper. But how many get more than a superficial knowledge of what is transpiring on all sides. When we are graduated, we are expected to discuss ably all the leading questions of the day, home and foreign. The reason so many of our college men cannot do this, is due to the fact that we find so little time to devote to outside study and reading, when we keep up our class-room work. To crowd and cram is our great tendency, and the growing spirit among us is that we must attain such and such a "group" mark or our course is a failure. We do not, nor will we deny excellent and superior work in the class-room, for we know that this must be the foundation of a true college education, and, as a rule, is the reflection of an accurate and zealous student; but we will welcome, along with this, a spirit that will say, we must get something from the outside, too, let us not be hermits. There is a world about us, let us live in it now as well as when we are graduated. Why is it not possible for us to keep up with the times and the general current literary and political discussions, as well as the business man? There is no reason why it is impossible. It is quite practicable, we believe, for reading clubs to be formed among students best able to affiliate. These small clubs could meet say once a week—Saturday night,—to review the record of thought and action

during the week, and two hours thus spent at that time would bring greater dividends than we can imagine,—greater, possibly, than they do now to the student body. Many of us will go through College and into life, and not till perhaps fifty years glide by will we realize that the man of the hour in some great political, religious, or literary question, was one of our own classmates, who, while in College, might have led more than one person to thinking, or opened up new channels for thought to many, had he but been given the opportunity. Why not cultivate these latent, undeveloped talents by a more general association and discussion? We will never be well-read men, unless we read. Let us have something practical along with our mind training. Let us have reading-clubs or other means to supply the lack of knowledge of current news and literature. We invite discussion.

THROUGH every department and sphere of our College, there is now coursing the healthy blood of an earnest and enthusiastic student life. The mental, physical and financial resources of the student have never been more liberally afforded for the building up of the College through its various organizations. We congratulate you, students of Hamilton, that your spirit is such as not merely to desire the supremacy of your College in every line, and rejoice when such supremacy is allowed, but that you are willing to put your shoulders to the work and to push Hamilton ahead by whatever strength of mind, muscle, or money you may possess.

Your support is needed in every department of the College, but more especially in that department which is of the most vital interest to the College. This honor and this due we claim for the LIT. This is the only means by which we are known to the outer college world and our alumni. We possess a magazine, the peer of any published by the smaller colleges in the United States, and very few magazines in any college have attained the high standard of literary excellence reached by the HAMILTON LIT.

An aggressive spirit has been ever a characteristic of Hamilton's sons, and it will not allow us now to rest upon our oars. There is work to be done to keep the literary standard high and to raise it higher. We must push on toward perfection.

To accomplish this end, we are introducing new departments, improving the old and sparing no trouble or money to accomplish our purpose. But with our efforts your support must be united, and by support we mean the earnest, hearty support which you know so well how to give. Not only become a subscriber, which is expected of every one who has literary taste or love for Hamilton, but give us your best thoughts in prose and verse and try to enlarge the influence of the LIT. In after years, a bound volume upon your shelf will bring back the young blood to your cheeks, and the College days and faces to your eyes, as you read their words and thoughts. Then will you long to be again, though but for one short hour, beneath the old poplars and classic walls of Hamilton.

AROUND COLLEGE.

- College opened September 18.
- Mr. J. D. Ibbotson, Jr., '90, is the librarian.
- There are forty-two men in the freshman class.
- Professors Root and Fitch spent the vacation abroad.
- Professor Clinton Scollard is abroad on his wedding tour.
- Mr. P. L. Wight, formerly '90, has joined the class of '91.
- L. D. Brainard, '92, was at the Chi Psi House, October 4.
- The weather during the first week was exceptionally fine.
- Mr. S. C. Brandt, '89, was at Professor Brandt's October 5.
- There has been much talk about forming a College Senate.
- No longer can the students obtain "horses" at the college book store.
- Mr. M. G. Dodge, '90, is the assistant to Professor Chester in the "Lab."
- Messrs. Conklin, Covell, Crockett and Burton, of the class of '90, have been on the Hill.
- Professor G. P. Bristol, '79, of Cornell University, was in town during the first week of the term.
- Mr. E. B. Root, '84, spent the first week of the term at the residence of his father, Professor Root.
- Saturday, September 20, the usual base-ball game and row between Sophmores and freshmen took place.
- On the second Friday night the freshmen had the usual "walk around" and "horning" at the "Sems."
- The Brockway entrance prizes have been announced as follows: first, Arthur W. Payne; second, John J. Ward.
- The customary three weeks of rowing was reduced to ten days, much to the pleasure and happiness of the freshmen.
- During the long vacation new seats were placed in the college chapel, through the kindness of Dr. Horace B. Silliman.
- Professor A. G. Hopkins and family are spending the year abroad. Mr. E. C. Morris, '89, is carrying on the work in Latin.
- The subject of President Darling's sermon, on the second Sunday of the term, was "Spiritual Truths to be drawn from the life of the late Dr. Peters."
- The Rev. A. R. Evans, '82, and wife, on their return from a European wedding tour, spent a few days at the home of the bride's father, Professor Kelsey.
- On the first Sunday of the term. Junior—"Freshman; have you bohned out your Greek Testament?" Freshman—"No. Where can I get a "horse" on it."

—Sophomore conversing with freshman. Sophomore—"How do you like college life?" Freshman—"Very well, but I don't like going to school on Saturday."

—The Y. M. C. A. reception tendered to the class of '94, on the evening of September 24, was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair. Refreshments were served by caterer Stone.

—Foot-ball is taking the time of the athletes and the fellows are making a good showing. The trainer, Mr. J. L. Mowry, '88, Princeton, is putting the elevens onto the "fine points."

—Mr. H., a freshman, who is anxious to get on the Glee Club, is reported to have said to manager of Glee and Banjo Clubs: "Mr. manager, my father sings and my mother sings, and I don't see why I can't sing."

—At the beginning of the term the Y. M. C. A. distributed among the students the first issue of the "Student's Hand-book." It is a very handy and convenient article; it is so small as to be carried in one's pocket; besides a calendar and several cuts of the college buildings, it contains much information worth knowing.

—The following are the officers of the freshman class: President, Mr. W. A. Hersey; vice-president, Mr. T. F. Collier; secretary, Mr. Howard Naylor; treasurer, Mr. W. H. Freeman; manager of base-ball, Mr. H. D. Hayes; captain of base-ball, Mr. A. W. Payne; manager of foot-ball, Mr. Oren Root, Jr.; captain of freshmen eleven, Willis H. Mills.

—Following are the officers of the various college organizations for the ensuing year: *Athletics*—President, Mr. E. N. Northrop, '91; inter-collegiate director, Mr. D. C. Lee, '91; senior director, Mr. James S. Wilkis; secretary and treasurer, Mr. J. G. Clark, '92; junior director, Mr. T. W. Chester; sophomore director, Alexander Wonters; freshman director, Mr. L. F. Ostrander. *Base-ball*—Manager, Mr. Bradley Sheppard; senior director, Mr. Thomas E. Hayden; junior director, Mr. F. W. Welsh. *Foot-ball*—Manager, Mr. Thomas L. Coventry, '91; secretary and treasurer, Mr. D. C. Lee, '91; senior director, Mr. S. H. Adams; inter-collegiate director, Mr. George F. Wood, '92; junior director, Mr. George S. Budd; sophomore director, Mr. J. R. Baker. *Tennis*—President, Mr. S. H. Adams, '91; vice-president, Mr. George V. Edwards, '91; secretary and treasurer, Mr. George B. Swinnerton, '92; junior director, Mr. Henry S. Verrill; sophomore director, Mr. Charles E. Orsler. *Glee and Banjo Clubs*—Manager, Mr. Omar M. Abernathy, '91.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

—There are 122 men in the freshman class at Dartmouth.

—The Yale and Harvard foot-ball teams will meet the Saturday before Thanksgiving.

—Rochester University has four new professors and a larger freshman class than ever before.

—At Harvard, Cornell, Ann Arbor and Johns Hopkins, attendance at recitations is optional.

—A resolution has been passed by the Cornell faculty to abolish athletics from the campus.

—Princeton has the largest freshman class in her history. Great is the drawing power of a foot-ball victory!

—A daily newspaper, entitled the *University of Michigan Daily*, has been started at the University of Michigan.

—The board of overseers of Harvard have made seventeen the age required for admission instead of nineteen.

—An examination in gymnastics is now required of Johns Hopkins' under-graduates before a degree is conferred.

—The attempt to bring over a team of foot-ball players from Scotland to play the best American teams has failed.

—Bowdoin has opened her ninety-sixth year with a freshman class of fifty-two, the largest number in ten years.

—The finest college building in America is at Syracuse University. It was the gift of John Crouse and cost \$700,000.

—Charles M. DaCosta bequeaths \$100,000 to Columbia, and Samuel P. Avery gives a very valuable architectural library, accompanied with \$15,000.

—The Rev. Sam Small has become a college president, having been elected to that office in Utah University, the new enterprise of the Methodists, at Ogden, Utah.

—The foot-ball season opens most auspiciously for Harvard. Nearly all of last year's team are in College, while Yale has but six of her old players and Princeton but five.

—By the will of Mrs. F. B. Holand, a daughter of Bishop Brownell, Trinity College has received a bequest of \$50,000 for the founding and maintenance of three scholarships.

—Smith College is to have a large gymnasium, supplied with swimming baths, a bowling alley, a running track and all other appliances which will make it a first-class gymnasium.

—Harvard now offers a three years' course, for which the degree A. B. is conferred. Columbia proposes to accomplish the same end by opening professional courses to Seniors as electives.

—The president of the United States, four members of the cabinet, every member of the supreme court, forty-four of eighty senators and 164 of 329 representatives are college graduates.

—The Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., began in 1855 with \$1,000 and ten students. The institution now has an endowment fund of \$3,000,000 and an attendance of 1,700.—*Exchange*.

—The contracts for the construction of a new gymnasium, at Brown, have just been awarded. The building will cost \$50,000 and will be equip-

ped with rowing tanks, ball cages, baths and all the other appliances of a model gymnasium.

—A pledge of \$1,000,000 to the new Baptist University of Chicago was conveyed to the trustees of the institution in a letter from John D. Rockefeller, who has already given to the University \$600,000.

—For the first time in many years the chairman of the *Yale Lit.* board has failed to obtain an election to Skull and Bones. He is said to be popular, but a personal enemy in the society kept him out.

—Bishop Vincent, the famous founder of Chautauqua, laid the cornerstone, August 5, with appropriate ceremonies. The buildings are to cost \$500,000, and to maintain them there is said to be a vast endowment.

—At the University of Wisconsin the entire excuse system is abolished. All students not reaching eighty-five in study and ninety per cent. in attendance must take two term examinations, at middle and close of term.

—It is rumored at Harvard that a new dormitory is to be erected on Oxford street, Cambridge, by western capitalists, which is to excel any of the present buildings in the elegance and convenience of its appointments.

—Amherst's new class, like that of Williams, is smaller than that of last year, thus proving exceptions to the general large increase in other eastern colleges. The new president of Amherst, Dr. Merrill E. Gates, will assume his new duties in October.

—Both Amherst and Williams have adopted the custom of allowing no student, unless he be a member of some of the college teams, to wear the college initial on his blazer or sweater. This is intended to make the honor of being one of the college athletes more valued.—*Brunonian*.

—Syracuse University has raised over \$300 for its foot-ball team and has for a trainer, Robert Winston, who last year trained the Amherst men. He is to stay only about two weeks, however, with Syracuse, and will then go to Williams College where he will remain for the rest of the season.

—The University of Berlin, with its 6,000 students and scores of famous professors, has a capital of but \$750,000. Its largest endowment, that of the Countess Bose, is only \$150,000. Nevertheless, it is the seat of the highest German learning and claims to have the ablest corps of instructors of all the world's schools.

EXCHANGES.

—*College and School* for October, contains many interesting and instructive articles.

—The September number of the *Hobart Herald* is very creditable.

—The *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* begins its fifth volume with an excellent number. The article on Robert Browning is well written and cannot fail to bring pleasure to all who delight in that poet. The two

departments, "The Chair" and "By the Way," are filled with bright scraps of news, interesting to all Dartmouth men. The new department "The Chronicle," begun in this number is a move in the right direction and will help to make the publication more newsy.

—*The University Magazine* gains greater popularity with each issue. The articles from William R. Baird's book on "American College Fraternities," published in the last two numbers, will be continued in November. The sketch on "Cornell University" and that on the "University of North Carolina" together with the accompanying illustrations, are pleasing features of the October number. Professor F. M. Burdick, of Cornell, formerly of Hamilton, contributes an interesting biography of the Hon. Samuel D. Halliday, a student in Hamilton College in 1866.

—We are pleased to receive the *Statesman* as we are always sure of finding in it fair and unbiased discussions on all the leading political problems of the day. The first article in the September number, "Who elected President Harrison," by the Hon. Albert Griffin, is an answer to a previous paper written by M. J. Fanning. It sets forth all the forces and influences whereby the last political campaign was won. The October number of the *Statesman* will contain Mr. Fanning's reply to Mr. Griffin. The Rev. L. J. Templin writes an interesting discussion on "The Probable Tenure of Human Life," which he will continue in the next issue. Among several other able contributions are: "The Election Bill," by Charles A. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill. "Federal Government, vs. Centralization," by John Cameron Simmonds, and "A History of Labor," by David D. Thompson, A. M.

The October number of *Lippincotts* contains an exciting story by W. Clarke Russell, author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," entitled "A Marriage at Sea;" it is somewhat out of the customary order and excites wonder chiefly because it is unusual. Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland presents a paper on "My Florida," in which she tells of the delightful climate in Florida and recommends it strongly to health seekers provided only, they come and depart at the proper time. "Electric Lighting," is an interesting article, which explains clearly and minutely the method of illumination by electricity.

CLIPPINGS.

AN EXPLANATION.

"Why art thou here?" A stern sire quoth,
To a youth whose face blushed red;
Removing his arm that circled her form,
"I was *waist*-ing a moment," he said.

—*The Cornellian*.

"How's speculation?" asked the bee. "Bad," said the fly. "I got pinched in a sugar corner last week, and my father is so deep in molasses I'm afraid he'll never get out again."

CORK OR COLLATERAL.

Just as people use life preservers
 To keep above ocean's brim,
 It takes distended pocket-books
 To float them "in the swim."

—*Buchlelite.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

What's in a name? The poet asks.
 I'd add in this relation;
 There's penury and affluence,
 In one abbreviation.

For, in my seedy student days,
 Whene'er I had a letter,
 'Twas sure to be addressed,
 To "Jonas Snelling, Dr."

But now I drive a dashing pair,
 I own a handsome dwelling,
 And letters come with checks addressed
 To "Dr. Jonas Snelling."

—*The Ægis.*

—"Whom do the mermaids have for beaux?" asked Matilda. "The ocean swells, I suppose," replied Augustus.

THE HERO.

But little he knew of Latin or Greek,
 Mathematics were quite out of reach,
 The sciences too, were a stumbling block,
 He was awkward and halting in speech.

His eye had a lifeless and lustreless look,
 But his muscles were solid as steel.
 The envy of men, by the ladies adored,
 To young and to old, the ideal.

He was wine'd and was dined from morning till night,
 The glory and pride of the town.
 On the college eleven, at foot-ball he played
 The half-back who never said "down."

—*The Dartmouth.*

A MUSICAL CONUNDRUM.

A flute from a fiddle
 Did once get a riddle ;
 The question was put in this way :
 "Pray can you tell me
 Why inconsistent we be ?"
 "Because we work most when we play."
 Then the fiddle with glee
 Laugh'd loud, "Te, he, he,"
 As if it some smartness had showed ;
 Meanwhile the poor flute,
 With astonishment mute,
 Said, "If I play again I'll be blown."

—*Texas Siftings.*

The maiden at sweet seventeen,
 Bewails her chaperone,
 And wonders if she'll e'er be seen
 Entirely alone.

* * * * *

This maiden fine at thirty-nine
 Is utterly alone,
 And now she'd give her head to live
 With one dear chap-her-own.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

The flowers that bloom in the summer,
 The swallows that skim through the air,
 The music of locusts and tree-toads,
 The hum of the bees everywhere,
 The bobolinks rollicking medley
 That thrills as he floats on the wing,—
 Yes, all the bright glory of summer,
 Its sweetness and joy would I sing.

But no! for no longer the accents
 Of merry winged songsters I hear;
 No more shall the tree toad and locust
 Chant monotones harsh to the ear.
 The summer has merged into autumn,
 The roses have blossomed and gone,
 And fast on the heels of each other.
 The seasons are hurrying on.

The meadows gleam white in the frost-light,
 The forests in scarlet are clad.
 And all is in beauty around us,
 And Nature seems winsome and glad.
 But though we may long for the summer,
 And wish for its beauties once more,
 Remember the way to its treasures
 Lies only through winter's closed door.

—*Brunonian.*

EVOLUTION.

'Tis seven o'clock on a summer's eve,
 And the summer's sun is low,
 An empty hammock beneath the trees,
 In the sweetly scented evening breeze
 Swings listlessly to and fro.

'Tis eight o'clock and the sun is gone,
 And the darkness grows apace,
 In the hammock sits a maiden fair,
 While seated near her in a chair,
 Is a youth with a handsome face.

The clock strikes nine—but what is this?
 In the gloom of the moonless night
 Two figures, which like one appear
 Swing in the hammock,—hark! and hear!
 "Now Jack, who said you might?"

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

AN IDYL.

While strolling down the village street
 I met a maid of face so sweet,
 Whose dress was pretty and so neat,
 I stopped : now wouldn't you ?

With a gentle sigh did I entreat
 That she a kiss to me would treat,
 And thus my happiness complete.
 She did : now would'nt you ?

But turning 'round, with glance discreet,
 Saw I her dad, with club to beat,
 And as I wished not thus to meet,
 I ran : now wouldn't you ?

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

AT EVENING.

The sun had kissed the western wave
 And bade the world good-night,
 While in the sky the little clouds
 Hung blushing at the sight.

The little waves came laughing in
 From out on the rolling sea,
 And paused a moment on the sands
 And kissed them merrily.

The evening breezes gently played
 About the boulders bare
 And kissed their loneliness away,
 And lingered fondly there.

A youth and maiden walked the while,
 I tell no wondrous deed,
 When twilight's shadows kissed the shore
 He followed Nature's lead.

—*Williams Weekly.*

LEGAL POETRY.

"Fee simple and Simple fee
 And all the fees entail,
 Are nothing when compared to thee
 Thou best of fees—fe-male."

—*University of Missouri Argus.*

—"No, thank you, Cleopatra," quoth Antony that happy Sunday afternoon at dinner. "I'll not partake of that delicacy. It was a Roman punch that killed my good friend Caesar."

—"All hands to the pumps!" was the cry in the shoe shop, when those peculiar feet coverings were the fashion.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Civil Government in the United States" by John Fiske (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a volume that cannot fail to be of the greatest value to any intelligent reader, of whatever age or class he be, for it deals with a question of universal interest in a manner simple enough to be within the range of all, yet sufficiently profound to make it worthy the study of the scholar and political scientist. But it is to the younger student of history that Mr. Fiske particularly addresses his words. He is the man who has something to teach and he writes to the man who has something to learn. The key-note of the book is struck in this sentence from the preface: "Government is not a royal mystery to be shut off, like old Deisker, by a seven-fold wall from the ordinary business of life." Therefore the author attempts in this work, to teach those who are the basis of the Government, from whence that Government is derived, and how it is carried on.

The first chapter "Taxes and Governments" is an exposition of the necessity of a government and of the reason and use of taxation.

Beginning, in the second chapter with the township, "in principle, of all known forms of government the oldest as well as the simplest" he goes on in succeeding chapters to the county, the city, the state, written constitutions, and finally the Federal Union.

The clear, strong style of the author not only makes the book interesting, but impresses forcibly on the memory, the information given.

The one feature of the book which is at all liable to adverse criticism, lies in the "Questions on the Text" by Mr. F. H. Hill, which are interpolated at the end of each section. These questions, while pertinent to the text and well arranged, give to the volume an unpleasant flavor of the catechism. They seem to demand intrusively if the reader has grasped all that he has read: if not—hadn't he better read it over again?

Taken all in all no short volume of civil government could be more valuable to the student of American Political History than this, and it is earnestly recommended to the study of all college men.

In "Studies in Letters and Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. George F. Woodberry has given to the public a book that will be read with interest and profit. The volume is composed of essays that have appeared from time to time in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Nation*. Mr. Woodberry has taken as the subjects of these essays, some of the great literary lights of this century, among them Lauder, Shelley, Browning, Keats and others. The manner of treatment is careful, scholarly, and—considering the shortness of the essays,—wonderfully comprehensive. Although the work is of necessity condensed to such a degree as to make rapid reading impracticable, the style is clear and even. The particular value of the book lies in the fact that the personality of the author discussed in the essay is closely linked and identified with his writings. As a collection of critical and analytical literary treatises in condensed form, this volume is of the first rank.

ALUMNIANA.

Μέγα νομιζομεν κέρδος, ἐὰν ἀλλήλοις φίλοι γινώμεθα.

—Seth C. Adams, '87, of Utica, was admitted to the bar on examination, at Binghamton, September 12.

—Harry P. Woley, '87, has received the degree of M. D., from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

—Hon. Joseph H. Durkee, '61, Jacksonville, Fla., has been appointed receiver of the Tavares, Orlando & Atlantic Railroad.

—Stephen Sicord, Jr., '86, formerly engaged on the *Evening Union*, of Albany, is now one of the local editors of the *Utica Morning Herald*.

—The trustees of Boonville Academy have voted to add \$200 to the salary of Principal James D. Rogers, '89, and he will receive \$1,200 for the coming year.

—At the sixty-sixth commencement of the Prattsburgh Academy, Principal Levi D. Miller, '72, of Bath, delivered an address on the question, "What will you give?"

—The Seneca Falls Saving Bank, organized in 1870, has Hon. Gilbert Wilcoxon, '52, for its president and William M. Wilcoxon, '83, for its secretary and treasurer.

—It is reported that Hon. E. P. Kisner, '67, of Hazleton, Pa., has decided to retire from the position of chairman of the Democratic State Committee, of Pennsylvania.

—*The Homiletic Review* for September has an article on "The Possible Federation of the Evangelical Protestant Churches," by Rev. Dr. Willis J. Beecher, '58, of Auburn Theological Seminary.

—At the September meeting of the presbytery, of Troy, Rev. William Reed, '71, of the Memorial church in Troy, was elected a commissioner to Auburn Theological Seminary for three years.

—Rev. James M. Craig, '64, of Holyoke, Mass., has accepted a call to a church in Newport, R. I., and Rev. William A. Beecher, '74, of Middleport, has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Wyoming, Pa.

—Mrs. Mary Mc Master, widow of the late Hon. David McMaster, '24, died at the family residence in Bath, September 11, aged 77 years. She was married to Judge David Mc Master in 1843, and was the mother of five children.

—Last July, Judge Amos M. Thayer, '62, of the United States District Court, at St. Louis, Mo., granted a decree ordering the sale of the St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas Railroad, for which no bids less than \$2,000,000 could be received.

—Rev. N. B. Randall, D. D., LL. D., '62, pastor of the East Avenue Baptist Church at Long Island City, N. Y., recently entered upon evangelistic service. He has had experience and success in this work. He will continue to reside at Long Island City.

—As president of the Cook County Board of Education, Dr. A. H. Champlin, '65, is closely connected with the Normal School at Englewood, in South Chicago, and is doing substantial service for the improvement of primary schools in the state of Illinois.

—The fourth year of the Buffalo Law School opened September 29, with thirteen lecturers, including Hon. Le Roy Parker, '65, vice-dean and lecturer on the law of contracts and municipal law. Abraham L. McAdams, '88, and Frank Gibbons, '90, are students in the Buffalo Law School.

—An Athletic Association has been organized at Saratoga Springs, of which J. Arthur Seavey, '90, is secretary and treasurer. During the summer months, in keeping with a habit previously formed, he has edited the *Saratoga News*, with the versatile and graceful skill of an experienced journalist.

—Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, '73, for five years dean of the law school at Ann Arbor, Mich., has been elected president of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill. Dr. Rogers holds a prominent position among the laymen of the Methodist church. He has been a frequent contributor to the higher periodicals on legal subjects.

—At the September meeting of the Cayuga presbytery, the opening sermon by Rev. Dr. W. J. Beecher, '58, the retiring moderator, was followed by the election of Rev. C. C. Hemenway, '74, as the new moderator. Professor Francis M. Burdick, '69, of Cornell University, was elected a commissioner of Auburn Seminary for the term of three years.

—With all his classical and legal lore, Judge Charles H. Swan, '67, of the New York Supreme Court, sometimes allows his good sense to take refuge in a home-bred, extra-judicial idiom. This he did when he remarked to a very youthful couple who came before him with a suit for a limited divorce, that what they both appeared to need was "a good spanking."

—Miss Pauline A. Halbert, of Middlebury, Conn., adopted daughter of the late Norton A. Halbert, '42, has bought a suit for damage against the town of Waterbury, Conn. Mr. Halbert died last December, in Middlebury, from injuries received in being thrown from a carriage while riding on the road from Waterbury to Middlebury. She claims that her father met with the fatal accident through a defect in the roadway.

—Principal William W. Miller, '89, of the Avoca Union School, in Steuben county, has declined the Democratic nomination for school commissioner. His reasons for declining are manly and commendable: "I was hired to build up the school and I have no right to introduce into it any influence which will disturb its harmony, hinder its prosperity or detract in the least from my efficiency and usefulness as its Principal."

—At the September meeting of the presbytery of Steuben, the opening sermon of Rev. Leigh R. James, '66, Andover, was followed by the election of Rev. George R. Smith, '70, of Campbell, as moderator for the coming year. Rev. George W. Warren, '84, was ordained and installed

as pastor of the church in Prattsburgh. Rev. William Y. White, '85, was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Cuba, Allegany county.

—The *Boston Journal* announces that Professor Albert L. Blair, '72, of Troy, has been elected president of Colby Academy, at New London, N. H. President Blair is a man of broad culture and large experience in practical affairs. His wide scholarship and thorough manliness give a good assurance of success in the new position to which he has been called. For eleven years he has been connected with the *Troy Times* as one of its editorial writers, and his vigorous pen has added to the power and prestige of that prominent journal.

—March 20, 1870, Rev. William H. Allbright, '76, exchanged farewell greeting with the friends of his boyhood, at Northampton, England, and started for America. Twenty years later he was with them again, and told them the story of his college life and his work as a Presbyterian pastor in New York, Minnesota, and Massachusetts. He surprised them a little by telling them that in America it is very uncommon for a christian not to be a teetotaler. Mr. Allbright has returned with his American wife to his new pastorate in Dorchester, Mass.

—The German Theological School at Bloomfield, N. J., holds sturdily and steadily on its course, under the guidance of its president, Rev. Dr. Charles E. Knox, '56. It aims to do the work of practical importance at the present time, in reaching a large and worthy class of those who are already, or are soon to become, our fellow citizens. Many will hence be glad to learn of an admirable addition to its teaching force in the person of the Rev. William A. Niles, D. D., who will instruct in Bible History and the Shorter Catechism for the year to come.

—At the July conference of Christian Workers, held at Clifton Springs, a paper was read by Secretary William M. Griffith, '80, which was declared by those who had attended previous conferences to be the best presentation they had ever heard of "The Difficulties and Dangers in Association Work." Secretary Griffith acted as precentor at the sessions of this conference, and revealed a remarkable aptitude for conducting the service of song. In other directions, his labors have been signally successful. During the past year he has been instrumental in collecting about \$50,000 for the Y. M. C. Associations of this state.

—General Joseph R. Hawley, '47, of the United States Senate possesses, in handsome binding, George Washington's own copy of the statutes of the first congress, which met in New York in 1789. The book is printed by Francis Childs and John Swaine, of Philadelphia, printers to the United States. It has a large, handsome page, but the paper has changed color with curious irregularity in the hundred years of its existence. The most interesting point about the book is the fact that the first statute (except that which prescribes the oaths of office)—the first act of general legislation—passed by the first congress was a protective tariff.

—Nine members of the class of '94, have a splendid chance to illustrate the laws of intellectual heredity, viz: Samuel J. Miller, son of Hon.

Sameul F. Miller, '52, North Franklin: David H. Mc Master, son of Rev. Arieo Mc Master, '56, Cherry Valley; Oren Root, Jr., son of Rev. Professor Oren Root, '56, and grandson of Dr. Oren Root, '33; Charles T. Higby, son of John C. Higby, '61, Prattsburgh; Le Roy F. Ostrander, son of Rev. Dr. Luther A. Ostrander, '65, Lyons; Alexander C. Soper, Jr., son of Alexander C. Soper, '67, Chicago, Ill.; Arthur D. Swan, son of Judge Charles H. Swan, '67, New York; Winslow Judson, son of Eben Winslow Judson, '68, St. Joseph, Mo.; Lewis N. Foote, son of Rev. Dr. Lewis R. Foote, '69, Brooklyn.

—During his ministry of forty-three years, the Rev. Dr. William DeLoss Love, now at Clifton Springs, has received into the Congregational communion nearly 1800 new converts. His six pastorates were held in New Haven, Conn., New York city, Berlin, Conn., Milwaukee, Wis., East Saginaw, Mich., and South Hadley, Mass., where he aided as a trustee in raising Mount Holyoke Seminary to the rank of a classical college. Amid urgent pastoral duties, Dr. Love has found time to prepare three volumes of great value, viz: "Wisconsin in the War for the Union," "Christ Preaching to Spirits in Prison," and "Future Probation Considered." The design of the last work (published by Funk & Wagnalls) is to examine the theory of probation after death by the light of Scripture and religious literature during the three centuries next preceding Christ, and the three centuries next after Him.

—From classes earlier than 1890 the following appointments have been recently made: Henry W. Callahan, '78, formerly of Penn Yan, principal of Kingston Academy; James W. Morey, '79, formerly of Brooklyn, principal of Lakewood Heights Academy, Lakewood, N. J.; James B. Hastings, '84, formerly of Franklin Institute, principal of the Academy at Wellsboro, Pa.; Rev. Robert A. King, '85, professor of German and French in Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ia.; Henry D. Hopkins, '87, principal of Trumansburg Academy; Frank B. Severance, '87, formerly of New Hartford, principal of Mexico Academy; Charles W. E. Chapin, '89, teacher of English literature in Rutgers Female College, New York; William M. Collier '89, formerly of Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, teacher in New York; Edgar C. Morris, '89, assistant professor of Latin in Hamilton College; William S. Steele, '89, formerly of Delhi Academy, principal of Presbyterian Academy at Salida, Col.

—The following engagements for teaching have been made by members of the class of 1890 in Hamilton College: James Burton, teacher of mathematics and science in Delaware Literary Institute, Franklin; Melvin G. Dodge, assistant in the department of chemistry in Hamilton College; Clarence J. Geer, teacher in Clinton Grammar School; Charles O. Gray, principal of Heuvelton Union School; Lincoln A. Groat, principal of Unadilla Academy; Robert J. Hughes, teacher of modern languages and science in Mexico Academy; Calvin L. Lewis, teacher in St. John's Military Academy, Manlius; Fred H. Mead, teacher in Catskill Academy; George H. Minor, professor of mathematics in Park College, Parkville, Mo.; Robert B. Perine, assistant principal of Lansingburg Academy;

Albert H. Rodgers, tutor in Robert College, Constantinople; Clayton H. Sharp, teacher of science in Lyons Union School; Edward L. Stevens, principal of Chateaugay Union School; William W. Wallace, tutor in Jaffna College, Ceylon.

—The election of Rev. Dr. David R. Breed, '67, of Chicago, to the Chair of Homiletics, in Auburn Theological Seminary, is a timely return to the theory of pulpit eloquence so grandly illustrated in the teaching and preaching of Rev. Dr. Anson J. Upton, '43, and Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, '57, now of McCormick Theological Seminary, in Chicago. The coming of Dr. Breed means a larger prosperity for Auburn Seminary, and new accessions of youthful power for the Presbyterian pulpit. The people of the covenant, in Chicago, will deeply regret the loss of Dr. Breed. Among the clergy of Chicago he has gained a high rank by his marked intellectual power in the pulpit. His intellectual brightness is happily united with all the personal qualities which most endear a clergyman to his congregation. Dr. Breed is beloved by his people with a depth and unanimity of feeling which are rare in churches. It is the blending of the general admiration with the warmest personal attachment. In feeling, still a young man himself, with all the sympathetic joyousness of youth, perhaps his warmest friends are the young men of his congregation, unless it be the children. For no one knows better than he how to hold the hearts of children.

—The sermon preached by Rev. Professor Oren Root, '56, in the Utica Reformed Church, as a memorial of the late Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory, closed with these words :

"Dr. Peters was as simple minded as a child. In looking over his effects it is beautiful to note how he has cherished and treasured simple gifts from his little friends. He loved little children and was painstaking in gathering stamps, books and pictures for their delight. He would roam with them in the woods and took pleasure in teaching them nature's beauties. As he loved children so he loved God. Years ago he put on record in an earnest speech at a meeting of the faculty of Hamilton College, his reverence for the house of God. I find carefully put among the certificates of the highest honors he has received, the record of his confirmation as a member of the Lutheran church in the little German village in which he was born, and so I know he remembered his early teachings. I have heard him say he never went to his chamber at night but what he thought of how he had passed the day. He could not formulate a prayer he said, because he did not think he could talk to God. Such was his truth-seeking life."

—In a vacation sermon preached at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Rev. William H. Bates, '65, of Clyde, took for his text the Book of Philemon. In his introduction he drew a vivid portraiture of the characters in the Book of Philemon, the circumstances under which it was written, and also of the Roman civilization in its social, economic and political aspects at that time. This led to the Christian remedy for strikes. Am I a capitalist? My employe is sacred in his humanity. I must not wrong him. He is

my brother. I must treat him and his interests with protecting and fostering love. Am I a laborer? My employer is my brother. I must treat him and his interests with a fostering and serving love. Why should capital and labor, their real interests one, stand glaring at each other as enemies and trying to clutch each other by the throat—capital with grinding power trying to get all it can out of labor with least compensation—labor trying to get all it can out of capital with least service? The speaker confessed that his sympathies were most with labor, on the principle that his sympathies were always with "the under dog in the fight." But he could not help seeing that there are conspicuous and inexcusable wrongs on both sides that Christian principle, if accepted, would instantly cure.

—The *Elmira Gazette* has found out, and makes it known to the public that Dr. Dwight M. Lee, '63, of Oxford, N. Y., was born at Georgetown, Madison county, N. Y., in 1843. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, and the early education of the son was obtained at Cincinnatus Academy. In 1863 he graduated from Hamilton College. He read medicine with Professor Ormsby, and in 1864 he graduated from the Albany Medical College. His first course, however, was taken at the University of the City of New York. During the war he also served as assistant surgeon in the United States army. He located after the war at Smithville, but since 1867 has been in practice at Oxford. During the past five years Dr. Lee has made a specialty of diseases of the eye, ear and throat. He has taken a course of study at the Post-Graduate College in New York, and twice a year usually goes to that city and spends a month or so in hospital work. He is a member of the Chenango County Medical Society, of the Medical Association of Central New York, and of the New York State Medical Society. In the county society he has held all the offices except that of treasurer. He was one of the original pension examiners and is president of the board now. For six years he was president of the village. He was married in 1866 and his oldest son, C. D. Lee, is a court reporter at Grand Rapids, Mich. Dr. Lee is one of the foremost physicians in his part of the state, and though a specialist, stands well with his professional brethren.

—Never before has the hegira of trans-Atlantic tourists been equal to that of the past season, as will be indicated by the following sample list: Rev. Dr. David A. Holbrook, '44, Sing Sing; Hon. John Jay Knox, '49, president of the Bank of the Republic, New York; Rev. Dr. William A. Bartlett, '52, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Professor Oren Root, '56, Clinton; Dr. A. Norton Brockway, '57, New York; Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, '57, Philadelphia, Pa; William B. Goodwin, '59, Waterville; Major Harlan P. Lloyd, '59, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. Myron Adams, '63, Rochester; Professor W. B. Rising, '64, University of California; Rev. Henry M. Simmons, '64, Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. Professor A. G. Hopkins, '66, Clinton; Hon. E. A. Davis, '67, Maysville, Cal.; Rev. Dr. Rufus S. Green, '67, Orange, N. J.; Rev. Professor H. A. Frink, '70, Amherst, Mass.; Rev. John McLacklan, '70, Buffalo; Professor A. G. Benedict, '72,

Clinton; Rev. Charles F. Goss, '73; Rev. Edgar A. Enos, '74, Troy; Professor B. Dwight Holbrook, '75, Clinton, Conn.; William E. Lewis, '75, Utica; Professor George P. Bristol, '74, Ithaca; Rev. William H. Allbright, '76, Dorchester, Mass.; Rev. A. L. Love, '76, Putnam, Conn.; Rev. George Hodges, '77, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dr. Howard S. Paine, '78, Albany; Professor Clinton Scollard, '81, Clinton; Rev. A. H. Evans, '82, Lockport; R. S. Maynard, '84, Ithaca; Rev. Professor Robert A. King, Wabash, Ind.; Dr. Emory W. Ruggles, '85, Oneida; Professor Edward Fitch, '86, Clinton; Henry F. Gilt, '87, Auburn; A. H. Rodgers, '90, Albany; with more to follow, if thirty-five names are not enough.

—The *Passaic Daily News*, of Passaic, N. J., reports that Henry H. Thompson, '43, now of that city, is a native of Pompey, Onondaga Co., N. Y. He served an apprenticeship as teller and book-keeper of the Whitestown bank in central New York, and in August, 1861, through the recommendation of Roscoe Conkling, in whose Congressional district he resided, was appointed by Secretary Salmon P. Chase to a temporary clerkship in the first grade in his office. He was later transferred to the office of the United States Treasurer, General Francis E. Spinner, and became his chief paying teller. His position was one of very great responsibility and severe labor, as may be judged by the fact that in the last six months of 1863 and first six months of 1864 the payments of currency over his counter to the disbursing officers of the government averaged over \$220,000 a day. Not a single dollar was lost to the government during his incumbency of the position. Soon as the war was over he resigned to organize a National Bank at New Berne, N. C., which he conducted successfully as cashier for three years, when his health compelled him to return to a northern climate, and soon after he entered the service of the Erie Railway Company, becoming cashier under President Watson and assistant treasurer under President Jewett. He took a leading part in organizing the State Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Passaic, and was the unanimous choice of all the stockholders for the position of treasurer. Mr. Thompson is genial, affable and capable of turning acquaintance into friendship without any effort.

—During the past year Rev. Dr. Heman D. Jenkins, '64, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Sioux City, Iowa, has received eighty-three new members, and the church now has upwards of 500 members. Dr. Jenkins knows his people individually, and is a faithful pastor. Yet he has been known to preach a German sermon to a German audience: he finds time to write scholarly articles for the higher periodicals, and he has even been guilty of resuscitating enough of his undergraduate Latin to put into Horatian verse Charles Wesley's familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." And here it goes :

JESU, ANIMI AMATOR.
 Jesus, animi amator,
 Mei spiritus Salvator,
 Tuum sinum veniam :
 Dum s'attollunt alti fluctus

Sub procellæ mei luctus,
Porta tuto jam inductus
Salvus, Christe, lateam.

Heu, asylum non habeo
Sine te, O Nate Deo,—
Auge et adjuva me :
Mea spes in tua lege:
Mea pax in Christo, rege;
Caput mi inerme tege
Umbra alac, precor, te.

Christe, omni egens ego,
Plus quam omnia te lego,
Tu es vita, sanitas:
Liberos fac omnes captos;
Reddiluros omnes raptos;
Duce caecos; tolle lapsos;
Nomen tibi Caritas.

In te gratia inventa;
A te venia ducenda;
Sursum mea lumina !
Vitæ Fons, fluentum lene,
Corde mi orire bene:
Ad eternitatem plene
Fluant grata flumina !

NECROLOGY.

CLASS OF 1842.

The last day of July, 1890, was also the last day in the earthly life of Rev. Dr. Eurotas Parmelee Hastings, of Manipay, Ceylon. In a group of fourteen children, he was the seventh son of Dr. Seth Hastings and Hulda [Clark] Hastings. He was born in the village of Clinton, April 17, 1821. He united with the Congregational church of Clinton, in 1838. His preparation for college was made in the Clinton Grammar School, under the instruction of Rev. Salmon Strong. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1842, in a class to which honorable distinction is given by such names as Col. Edwin L. Buttrick, Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, Rev. Dr. Addison R. Strong, and Hon. A. Parsons Willard, formerly Governor of Indiana. He was also graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in May, 1846, and in October, 1846, was ordained to the work of a foreign missionary. He arrived in Jaffna, April 15, 1847, and after laboring about five years in Batticotta Seminary, he made a short visit to America and married Anna Cleveland, eldest daughter of Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, and a sister of Ex-President Grover Cleveland.

For forty-three years Dr. Hastings was a laborious and successful missionary of the American Board in the island of Ceylon, where one of his predecessors was Dr. D. Poor, whose son, Rev. Dr. D. W. Poor, a native Ceylon, is now Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education. Jaffna College was established in 1871, as the outgrowth of Christian schools, to satisfy the pressing demand for higher education in Ceylon, and it fell to Dr. Hastings, as its first President, to organize a course of advanced studies, in science, languages and literature, after the best American model. The work was wisely accomplished. Jaffna College is a Christian institution, but not denominational. Its Trustees represent the Church of England Mission, the Wesleyan Mission and the American Board. An unconverted instructor has never been employed in Jaffna College. Hamilton College has furnished three instructors, in addition to President Hastings, viz: Rev. Richard C. Hastings, '75, now in charge of a Girls' Seminary at Oodooville, Irving F. Wood, '85, now in Yale Divinity School, and William W. Wallace, '90, who is still a member of the Faculty. During his last visit in America, Dr. Hastings received \$30,000 from Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in response to appeals for Jaffna College, and this amount now belongs to its permanent endowment. A larger effort has been undertaken by the missionary sisters, Mary and Margaret W. Leitch, natives of Vermont, who, after seven years of consecrated labor in Ceylon, have secured \$85,000 in England and Scotland, and hope to collect \$75,000 in America. Should this heroic undertaking be crowned with success the friends of Dr. Eurotas P. Hastings could ask for no grander monument to the memory of its first president.

In the history of evangelized Ceylon, Dr. Hastings will be always honored as an impressive preacher, with social gifts that commended his pulpit utterances, as a competent, earnest, patient, unselfish teacher, who won the hearts of his pupils, as a thoughtful, far-seeing organizer, who laid right foundations broadly and deeply, as an attractive example of what is best in religious and scholarly culture. He died in Manipay, July 31, 1890, and was buried in the Mission Cemetery at Oodooville on Friday, August 1. His surviving children are Miss Mary L. Hastings, of Houghton Seminary, Rev. Richard C. Hastings, '75, of Ceylon, Miss Caroline E. Hastings, of Toledo, Ohio, Charles E. Hastings, '88, of Hartford, Conn., and a daughter in Ceylon. His surviving brothers are Dr. Panett M. Hastings, '38, of Hartford, Conn., Frank H. Hastings, of Rochester, and Edward A. Hastings, of Clinton. Mrs. James W. Sibley, and Miss Caroline Hastings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, are surviving sisters.

MARRIED.

EVERY—POMEROY.—In the Central Presbyterian Church, of Auburn, Tuesday evening, June 24, 1890, by Rev. Charles C. Hemingway, '74, Mr. Charles Irving Avery, of Auburn, and Miss Lillias Pomeroy, daughter of Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, '42, of Auburn.

HAWKINS—CANDEE.—In Grace Church, Waterville, June 18, 1890, by Rev. F. B. Cossett, Watson Seymour Hawkins, editor of the *Waterville Times*, and Miss Lucia Clarke Candee, daughter of the late William B. Candee, '52, and sister of Henry N. Candee, '80.

ALLEN—STAPLES.—In Winona, Minn., October 9, 1889, Seward D. Allen, '78, Duluth, Minn., and Miss Gertrude Staples, (Wellesley, '85,) of Winona, Minn.

PRESCOTT—FERLINGS.—At Little Rock, Arkansas, March 15, 1890, Walter R. Prescott, '78, and Miss Anna M. Ferlings, of Little Rock, Arkansas.

GARDINER—DRIGGS.—On Thursday, June 26, 1890, in Grace Church, Mexico, N. Y., by Rev. A. H. Ormsbee, Mr. Charles Alexander Gardiner, Ph. D., '81, of New York city, and Miss May Alice Driggs, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Driggs, of Mexico.

SCOLLARD—BROWN.—In Jackson, Mich., Thursday, July 3, 1890, Professor Clinton Scollard, '81, of Clinton, N. Y., and Miss Georgia Brown, daughter of Mrs. George D. Brown, of Jackson, Mich.

WHITE—LANGWORTHY.—In Utica, on Wednesday, June 25, 1890, Professor Andrew Curtis White, '81, of Cornell University, Ithaca, and Miss Minnie Langworthy, daughter of Rev. J. M. Langworthy, of Utica.

EVANS—KELSEY.—On College Hill, Thursday noon, July 31, 1890, by Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Hudson, '51, Rev. Anthony H. Evans, '82, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Lockport, and Miss Ethel Kelsey, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Ambrose P. Kelsey.

ALDRICH—LOUCKS.—In Potsdam, N. Y., September 3, 1890, Mr. Herbert G. Aldrich, '84, of Gouverneur, and Miss Jennie A. Loucks, of Somerville.

BLACK—MCKEE.—At the home of the bride in Grove City, Pa., Wednesday, August 20, 1890, Rev. James T. Black, '84, of East Boston, Mass., and Miss Decima A. McKee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David McKee.

KNAPP—SKINNER.—On Thursday, September 11, 1890, Professor George A. Knapp, '84, of Olivet College, Olivet, Mich., and Miss Margaret Skinner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Skinner, of Prattsburg.

BUTTON—DAVIS.—At Potsdam, N. Y., July 8, 1890, Principal C. Ellsworth Button, '89, of Angelica, N. Y., and Miss Flora M. Davis, of Canton, N. Y.

BALABANOFF—MOORE.—In New York City, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Stilwell, Tuesday, July 15, 1890, by Rev. Isaac O. Best '67, of the Clinton Grammar School, Dr. Christo P. Balabanoff, '85, and Miss Ella A. Moore.

VAN HOESEN—GROSS.—At McLean, N. Y., July 23, 1890, David W. Van Hoesen, '86, of Cortland, and Miss Libbie G. Gross.

ROBSON—CRANE.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Clark, at Elizabeth, N. J., Monday evening, June 23, 1890, Professor Frank Huson Robson, '87, of Blairstown Academy, N. J., and Miss Alice Lisle Crane, of Elizabeth, N. J.

SEVERANCE—SCOTT.—In Bridgewater, August 14, 1890, by Rev. Charles N. Severance, '85, of Hutchinson, Kansas, Principal Frank B. Severance, '87, of the Mexico Academy, and Miss Charlotte L. Scott, '86, Houghton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard S. Scott, of Bridgewater.

HOLLISTER—BOWKER.—At the Presbyterian church in East Springfield, N. Y., July 9, 1890, Principal Abram Mortimer Hollister, '87, and Miss Cora Louise Bowker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bowker, of East Springfield.

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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91.

Its aim is to furnish a Review of our College Literature, a faithful representation of our College Life, and a medium for the communication to the Alumni of items of interest.

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HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY,

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COUNTRY LIFE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," AND "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

SHAKESPEARE has summed up in himself and handed down to us in completest symmetry the growth of four hundred years of English thought. Whether he was madman, genius or philosopher, as in turn various critics have tried to prove him, the common people and the scholar have found in him food for deepest contemplation and springs of pleasure as varied as the sympathies of the human heart. His spirit animates and fills each word and character as water takes upon itself the form of the enclosing vessel.

As no other author, Shakespeare in his comedies has happily united gleesom frolic with sound common sense, the little things of life as they affect the larger, the follies and foibles of mankind as they link together great and small, and make the whole world kin.

The "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "As You Like It," are the most popular representatives of his comic powers. Each stands for a different period of the author's mental growth; each marks an epoch of his life.

Tradition would have the "Merry Wives" written at the command of Elizabeth, who desired to see the "East cheap Jester," Fat Jack Falstaff, play the part of lover. However this may be, in this one work and only here, has Shakespeare given us a picture of contemporary English life. In other plays he has touched a characteristic of that life, but it was only a passing notice, a glance but not a completed view.

The scene of the play is laid in Windsor village, within reach of the whisperings of court gossip and court splendor. Yet these were only distant sounds, whose echos rose and fell, but neither made nor marred the rustic village life. The comedy expresses the home life of the English yeomanry as Shakespeare knew it. It has no apparent plot, for any intricate plan would have been at variance with the spirit of plain, informal country life. Instead, action is everywhere.

No time is given for contemplation, no occasion calls it forth. It is one constant movement from the time when Justice Shallow, Cousin Slender and Sir Hugh walking along the shaded street, come before Page's house; until Fenton at the close brings Anne Page forward saying,—“The offence is holy that she hath committed.” Through it all runs a continuous current of incident and intrigue, of sport and frolic, of artless good nature and old time hospitality. It is the country village dramatized; where a fair share of prosperity dwelt and want was unknown. Its burghers found time to go “a birding” or to follow the fallow grey hound on “Cotsal” run. In the Inn waiting-room, gathered the solid citizen, the village wit, the rustic booby. Over “burnt sack” they laughed and gossiped at their neighbor's frailties, laid wagers on the morrow's run, or told anecdote and legend of a by-gone age. Under such conditions the artificial could not exist, great knowledge would be wanting, but everywhere kindness, earnestness and good nature stand out in striking manner.

In the persons of Falstaff, Page and “Merry Wives” town and country manners are contrasted. The “greasy” knight with his arrogance, knavery and lust represents the looser morals of the city, while the open, simple honesty of Page and the virtues of the “Wives” are the genuine product of country influence. That Falstaff in love must differ radically from the Falstaff of Henry IV has been rejected with good reason; yet this is by no means the all, which has overcome the brilliant wit, so that he fails to answer the “Welsh flannel,” or that forces him to ask himself,—“Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that I am thus overreached?” His former life, the structure of his mind, the very fiber of his being, forbids a full appreciation of the changed scenes. The lack of formality, the easy, good natured hospitality, the kindly welcome and friendly smile find in his nature but one interpretation. He reads the outward sign as indicative of easy conquest for himself, but he cannot see the purity, the love, the truth, lying beneath, which makes the honest, kindly man God's noblest work. He could not understand how,—“Wives may be merry and yet honest too.” In the knight's discomfiture Shakespeare has given to simple honesty and country morals a final triumph.

Around these central figures the author has gathered a group of characters, each the representative of a separate side of middle English life. And in the throng which crowds on the scenes, not one but adds a something; lacking which the play would not be what it is, a perfect picture of rural life. The world has echoed Johnson's opinion of it, "Its general power is such, that it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at an end."

In this group, Slender is the clearest cut, and from an artistic standpoint, the most admirable figure. In his person Shakespeare has satirized the country gallant, or village beau, of the time when communication with the outside world was made by stage coach or through the weekly post. Slender is the exponent of that life where muscle, trials of strength, coarse jests, and night carousals were the boasts of those who vied for favor. Thus Slender in his wooing of Anne Page boasts of his "playing at sword and dagger," bear-bating and the anecdote of his father, who stole two geese. And after being robbed when drunk, says,—"If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those who have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves." These are all good old country customs, and in them we see the rougher side of this village pastoral.

How sadly incomplete would have been that life without the country parson! "Who taught Christ's love and his Apostles twelve, but first he followed it himself." He was father, brother, schoolmaster, friend. Equally at home with every class, taking an active part in the simple sports and homely fun of his people. No gathering was complete without him. "Mine Host of the Garter" adds to the country flavor already noticed, the ruddy glow of his genial smile, his large presence, his hearty, boisterous laugh, and over all that conceit so richly seen in,— "Am I politic?" "Am I subtle?" "Am I a Machiavel?" A model host, the product of that country life in which he lived and moved and of which he formed so large a part.

The joyous, active life so prevalent in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," has its being in the open air, bright sunshine, forest, stream and English meadow, which are so clearly set forth, and in whose presence and under whose charms the action of the play is carried on. "Datchet Lane," "The stile on

the way from Frogmore," "Herne's oak in Windsor Forest," the silver Thames, whose mere mentioning means so much to Englishmen, and the laundry women washing in the old time fashion on its banks, give a present picture of the quiet beauties of England's country scenery, whose lights and shades have formed a perfect setting for this play.

To most critics, "As You Like It" seems the best product of Shakespeare's comic powers. In situation and surrounding it possesses all the light and fanciful beauties of Fairy land, and yet through the sentiments expressed and the actuality of its characters, it keeps firm hold upon the real. This intimate interweaving of the real with the ideal gives to the play its peculiar charm. Here we approach, as near as human affairs can approach that summit, the ideal which Hugo maintains to be the place of meeting between God and man.

We may easily believe this play to have been the sportive creation of a mind seeking rest from wearying labor, and recreation in the country about Stratford-on-Avon. It seems to be the breathing place of the author's genius, before struggling with the passions of humanity in his tragedies. Here the maturity and youth of the author touch hands and walk together in harmonious union as in no other play. Self-banished from the toils and cares of city life, a place of rest was sought, where he could "fleet the time carelessly as in the Golden World," and where imagination could roam unhindered. This he found not in meadow land and village, but in the far freer air of the wild-wood. And at once we are within the most exquisite forest spot of literature. The language of such a place must be poetic. We walk beneath those "melancholy boughs," enchanted by the babbling of the brook, and see the "oak whose antique roots peep out," and with the flavor of wood and earth and sky renew our soul in peace and restful pleasure.

Once again we have a view of the life at court with its attendant evils. We see deceit, treachery and unholy ambition triumph over justice and honesty. The banished seek safety in the "Forest of Arden," and with the coming of Rosalind and Celia, Orlando and Touchstone, a representative company is collected, with whom must be studied the country life of this play.

The first scene in the forest strongly contrasts the new life with the old. "Here feel we not the penalty of Adam." So speaks the exiled Duke, finding in this solitude relief from "painted pomp" and cares of state. And still more deeply is the spirit of the new life in him, when he thus moralizes,— "Sweet are the uses of adversity;" "And thus our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." Left to his own pleasure and nature's varying moods, the Duke shows himself a man of sterling worth, and never nobler than when in his forest home, he stands serene, unmoved by his changed fortune except to kinder deeds, and bearing cheerfully "Winter and rough weather." His soul reveals itself as it never could while hedged round by the artificial bulwarks of society.

In no one character has the forest life caused so much apparent change as in Rosalind. She whose quiet dignity and gentle manners aroused her uncle's jealousy, has now become a creature, gay, light-hearted, bubbling over with mirth and brilliant wit. A wild flower, she has now found her native soil. She is the opposite in all essentials of her cousin Celia, who in the forest life has become the "weaker vessel," and her quiet, gentle bearing forms a setting for Rosalind's more vivacious manner.

Jacques and Rosalind are the extremists of the play. As the former has been styled "compact of jars" so with equal justice might the latter be called "compact" of graces. Rosalind is the positive, Jacques the negative force. In his person Shakespeare has portrayed the critic of mankind; but even he is under the spell of the life in which he moves. His melancholy takes on a gentle hue, his spirit never becomes malignant. He only sees the darker side, the faults of mankind, the suffering of the innocent. Rosalind is the fairy spirit of the wood, the embodiment of the warm sunshine, of the sweet, fresh fragrance of the scene in which has come the true unfold of her charms. Rosalind's laugh and mirth and spirits, however, often reveal a minor strain of sadness running through it all; for under her constant show of gaiety she hides a true, womanly nature capable of deepest feeling.

Touchstone, the court fool, is in the highest degree a product of court life. He had lost his identity; by long practice

his words and thoughts came to him in queer, distorted forms. His business was to make the aristocrats laugh. But his occupation gone, in the pure, free life in "Arden," Nature works in him; and again his manhood asserts itself, not fully nor yet constantly, but enough to mark a complete change of character. Through him Shakespeare passes judgment on the relative merits of town and country life. And the clown finds, with Sir Roger de Coverly, that much can be said on both sides. As when in conversation with the shepherd Corin, "Truly, shepherd, in respect to itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life."

In "As You Like It" we have an idyllic country life, apart from the world, and free from its cares and strifes. Those who enter the wood, find a charmed circle where reign happiness and contentment, disturbed only by the occasional rumor of outside evils. Minds thus at ease are open to all the ennobling influences there at work, and feel with keenest pleasure,

"The Power, the Beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts in dale, or piny mountains,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring."

Then in this new found freedom, all the purity and goodness of man and woman bear golden fruitage. In such a life the elders enjoy the sweets of contemplation, the youths and maidens, the sweets of a pure, unselfish love. Shakespeare has so idealized this play, so enlivened this forest scene with his own spirit, that although its beauties are merely suggested, they yet steal in and out and through it all, in forming every thought, encircling and disclosing every character as if to show us how,

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach one more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can."

The "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "As You Like It" portray two phases of country life,—the real and the ideal. The former catches and holds before us a picture of contemporaneous English manners; of village, meadow land and river. In this setting is placed the product of these influences,—the genuine, indigenous English yeoman. Pure instinct guides every

movement of his body, originates every impulse of his heart. He has an unsuspecting nature, a confiding disposition, an over-weening confidence in his own strength and judgment. Such are the characteristics of the English yeomanry everywhere. In this comedy of the actual, we see Nature as she influences the physical first, and through the physical the moral man. The one striking lesson which this life impresses on all who come within its reach is the wisdom of good nature.

In contrast is the ideal life in "As You Like It." Here, those suffering from the evils consequent upon real life seek for themselves a place where they can throw off bondage and follow out their soul's inclinations, "just as they like it." It is ideal in its separation from the world; life within this Arcadia is not in sympathy with that without; between these two phases of life there is no point of contrast. Its poetic imagery and coloring heighten the ideal, when in wilderness and solitude a chosen few are brought into harmony with God, and all the nobler qualities of the soul are influenced by the sublimity of nature. But despite all the charms in which Shakespeare has clothed this forest scene, whereby he gave to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name," he does not make this sort of life the end toward which mankind should strive. He means it only as a place of rest, where wearied humanity can renew its strength and draw fresh inspiration for the better working out of life's mission. This primitive life has ever seemed to man a place of refuge from the evils of society. But how impossible a purely idyllic life would be, is seen in the gradual change wrought by each new member of the group upon the aims of all, until the family ties are formed by marriage rites, then, through the family come the need of state, and at last, purified and strengthened, they emerge again into the struggling world.

Country life in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" shows the effects of pure air, bright sun and green meadows upon the characters in developing their physical and mental traits. The beauties of the landscape are not dwelt upon by the citizens native to the scene; this is a part of their existence and although in a way it gives enjoyment, they never rhapsodize it. In this comedy the serious part of life finds little room; the pleasures and desires are physical rather than mental.

There is no poetry, no pathos, and little of the sentimentality of love.

In "As You Like It" all this is changed. The enjoyment is of the mind, as it communes with Nature, drinks in the matchless beauty of the forest glade, or imbues itself with the poetic spirit of the whispering boughs. Seriousness is here in the thoughts on life, Nature, and "man's inhumanity to man." Love blossoms in tropical splendor; the woods are so witched by the goddess Love, that all the youth who enter there, can never more emerge heart-whole. This is the native home of sparkling wit, of purest poetry and deep philosophy. It is fairy land in its spirit, peopled with men and women of idealized truth. The views of country life in these comedies are almost complementary. They differ in those qualities necessarily peculiar to the life each portrays. The honesty and simplicity of "Windsor" life bring happiness unknown to the corrupt of court; while the life of the banished Duke plainly demonstrates that the direction of human progress cannot be reversed.

The one abounds in activity, common-sense, and rough frolic; the other is filled with beauties of expression, noble sentiments and love. Prose and life's actualities are the language of the former, while the latter speaks in the language of romance, and poetry. The one is a plain face lighted by a cheerful smile, and ennobled by eyes looking out from a simple, honest nature; the other is a face beautiful, enhanced by Nature and a pure and lofty spirit shining over all. They are aptly termed the "sunshine" of romantic and domestic life.

THOMAS E. HAYDEN, '91.

A STUDY AND A TRIBUTE.

ASTRONOMY is, in truth, the science of sciences. Nowhere can be found such possibilities for the human intellect; such a field for the imagination. Chemistry can analyze and classify but must halt at the barrier of the element. Geology can delve into the depths of earth and read on rocks the story of past ages but the past and not the future is its realm.

To the astronomer, infinitude and eternity are the only bounds. Nightly he reads in characters of gold on scroll of blue, the history of the universe in that dim past before our little earth was formed, and, with prophetic vision, draws aside the gauzy curtain and gives us glimpses of a future.

The giant truths and methods of such a science only the greatest minds can fully grasp; only the greatest imaginations fully enjoy. Thus the most noted astronomers have ever been and ever will be a peculiar people. As our own Dr. Peters once said: "The true astronomer is a citizen not only of the earth but of the universe. He is lifted above the petty trials and tribulations of his life." Poor little man, with his three score years and ten, is lost in the immensities of time and space. When, the shades of evening closing around him, "the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," and Dr. Peters with his beloved glass, began his search in the gilded canopy of Heaven, then was he most at home. Freed from the fetters of worldly cares his fancy would

"Wing its flight from star to star;
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall."

But the "law of compensation" is as true in this as in every condition of life. The path of the astronomer is by no means always strewn with roses. What is true of all sciences is particularly true of astronomy. She is an exacting mistress. The truly great astronomer must devote a lifetime to his task. Mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology, in a word all sciences lead to and are parts of this, the grandest science.

Its history is in every tongue, and for its perusal there is need of great linguistic talent.

Utility is the watchword of the age. Of old, men fought life's battle for honor or for learning more than now. To-day the young man, starting out in life, asks "where, or how, can I gain riches?" In the astronomer, we find a great exception to this rule. Earth's treasures come not to him save the gold and gems that fame and wisdom can bestow; but these he values most.

To the astronomer, the history of his chosen science is a source of pride and pleasure. Like alchemy and chemistry, the early history of astronomy is largely that of astrology. But all minds were not slaves to superstition and credulity. Down from the remotest past, out of all the darkness of the middle ages, there come flashes from those great minds which read aright the story of the stars.

On yonder hillside there lies a new made grave. Amid the beauties of a scene he loved so well our Sentinel of the Heavens sleeps the sleep of death. Dawn's silver sea, the evening's clouds of molten gold, the soft sheen of the stars and harvest moon all pay to him the tribute of their beauty. To him, in life, "day unto day" uttered "speech," and "night unto night" showed "knowledge," but now he heeds them not. The pines whisper his requiem and he slumbers on.

His death brings not alone great loss to us but to the world of thought and knowledge. At home, abroad, wherever science seeks to scan the stars, his name is known. His life and labors are familiar to you all and need no eulogy. His nightly vigils here on earth are now completed. But must we think that mighty mind is now at rest? Rather let us believe that if there be a life beyond the grave, that life to him shall be a continuance of his labors here: that, free from all the trammels of the finite, he listens to the song that sphere sings unto sphere and, with enlightened vision, searches still the secrets of the universe until eternity, infinitude, all things shall be known and omniscience be to him a crown of glory.

BAYARD L. PECK, '91.

Editors' Table.

At the time our last issue was ready for the press the much-talked-of project of having a representative body of faculty and students was as yet unsettled. It was known that the faculty and students heartily favored the idea, but no definite steps had been taken. It is our great satisfaction to state in this number of the LIT, that the final action has been taken and that the faculty has resolved that there shall be a representative faculty-student body, to consist of three members of the faculty, two members from each of the upper classes, one Sophomore, and one Freshman. This body will have advisory power only, and is instituted only for the present year.

The various classes have elected their representatives, the formal organization has been effected, and now for the first time in the history of Hamilton College a provision is made for the faculty and students to meet together on common ground, to discuss whatever questions may from time to time be deemed of mutual interest to faculty, students, and college, and which to be considered satisfactorily and wisely need the expressed views of all concerned. The idea has been carried out thus far with much interest and determination, and as yet there are no apparent obstacles to the further successful development of this scheme originally projected by the LIT.

Now that the body has been formed, the question naturally arises, what will be the results? We fancy we hear already some cynic or critic say, in regard to the movement, "Yes, but what will it all amount to?" The same thing or a similar plan has amounted to a great deal in other colleges, and there is no reason why it can not amount to something in Hamilton College. While the arrangement is in successful operation in other like institutions, we must remember that it is an experiment with us, and it is well not to be too sanguine in our expectations of results. It is quite safe to say, however, that it will call forth a more liberal feeling and produce broader ideas in regard to matters of difference between faculty and students. What is needed in our college life, and without doubt the same is true of most colleges at present, is a greater unity of feeling and interest between faculty and students, between the instructors and the instructed. It should be remembered that the two bodies are one in aim, and they should work in unison, remembering that the formation of college plans affect and concern all alike.

—October 29, Judge Charles H. Truax, '67, read an instructive and amusing paper before the Greek section of the Junior class.

—P. L. Wight, '91, and A. W. Gray, '92, attended the convention of the ΔK fraternity at New York, November 13, 14 and 15.

—Hayden, '91, and Shepard, '92, represented the Hamilton chapter at the ΔT convention assembled in Chicago, October 23, 24, 25

—The $\Theta \Delta Y$ convention was held in the Masonic Temple, New York, November 19-21. Psi charge was represented by Lee, '91, and Willis, '92.

—October 15, our eleven played its first game of foot-ball at Utica with the eleven of the Syracuse Athletic Association. Score 56 to 0, in favor of Hamilton.

—On Sunday evening, November 9, the Y. M. C. A. of the College held a meeting in the stone church. Addresses were made by Lee, '91, and Budd and Wood, '92.

—At the foot-ball game between Hamilton and Syracuse University, played at Syracuse November 1, there were nearly as many Hamilton as Syracuse men on the grounds.

—The *Hamiltonian* board of '92 have organized and elected officers as follows: Business manager, Case; plate editor, Hewitt; literary editors, Curran and Welsh; on "Ads.," Swinnerton and Jenkins.

—Recitation in Physics. Professor to Mr. F.—"Why is it when streams freeze that the freezing begins at the surface and not at the bottom." Mr. F., with a wise look—"So as not to kill the fish."

—Fall field-day was held October 16. No records were broken; but the athletes made a good showing, considering that no training had been done. The class of '91 gained the most points. The spectators were few.

—Following are the members of the joint conference committee: from the faculty, President Darling, Professors Brandt and Hoyt; from the students, Lee and Peck, '91; Curran and Frasure, '92; Cadwallader, '93; Lord, '94.

—At a district convention of the Y. M. C. A. held at Little Falls, October 10th, 11th and 12th, the college association was represented by Lee, '91, Allison, Budd, Fletcher, Swinerton, Wood and Yeomans, of '92, and McGiffin, '93.

—A '92 whist club has been formed with the following officers: President, W. P. Shepherd; secretary, J. H. Durkee; treasurer, John Allison. After a series of games which are to be played this term, two prizes are to be given to the two partners who have the highest percentage. Some time in the winter term the club will give a banquet.

—Following are the standings in groups, as announced by the faculty: Class '91, Honor—Edwards, Harkness, Hayden, Kelly, Lee, Stewart and Weaver; Credit—Feltus, Fowler, Hathaway, Northrup, Peck, Post, Ward, Wight, Wilkes. Class '92, High Honor—Church, Cowper, Curran,

together by a calm control and a unity of purpose, the first foot-ball eleven of Hamilton College deserve our heartiest congratulations. Foot-ball has gained a firm foot-hold in our college now and has come to stay. It has been opposed on almost every conceivable ground, and yet that Hamilton is not too small to furnish material for a first-class team, that she is able and anxious to support such a team, and that the game is a marvelous developer of fortitude, endurance, manly spirit, self-reliance, patience and general discipline has been proven by the experience of one short year. It is seldom that any injury comes from legitimate playing, and it is to be hoped that everything not perfectly legitimate will be eliminated before the next season opens. "Slugging" in every form at once places discredit upon the game and should be checked by some more powerful agency than is employed at present.

The rush line of our '90 team was very strong; but we think it could add much to its efficiency by becoming more aggressive in its playing. The back work was swift rather than strong, and the tackling and guarding could be improved with little effort,—but why do we attempt to criticise? Nothing but praise is due. The team trained and practiced assiduously and we wish to express our entire satisfaction with their first year's effort. The next year will make changes and, no doubt, bring with it many new ideas. Losing but three men with '91, the "'Varsity" of '92 should begin the next season with very good prospects for the championship.

AROUND COLLEGE.

—Quiet!

—Foot-ball is drawing well.

—Mr. A. C. Soper was on the hill October 8.

—Junior "Prom" at Scollard's Opera House, November 21.

—Rev. C. G. Martin, '83, preached in the college chapel Sunday, October 16.

—D. R. Leland, '89, now of Princeton Theological Seminary, was on the Hill November 6.

—Mr. and Mrs. Professor Kelsey spent a week in the metropolis in the first part of November.

—Messrs. Brownell, McAdam and Wilcoxon, of the class of '83, were around college October 16.

—On election day a number of the students went to their respective homes to exercise the right of suffrage.

—Mrs. Professor Brandt and son Fritz, on October 11, sailed for Germany where they expect to spend the winter.

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Dudley, Fay, Hewitt, Tilden, Venill, Yeoman; Honor—Budd, Clark, Hooker, Shepard, Welsh, Wood; Credit—Findlay, Gray, Martin, Rice, Swinnerton, Wilford. Class '93, High Honor—Cadwallader, Fitch, Woolworth; Honor—Baker, Burke, Campbell, Canough, Douglass, LaRue, Winters; Credit—Bacon, Brockway, Buckner, Church, Gilfillan, Hayes, McMaster, Mott, Post, Steele, Clarke.

—The faculty have announced the following oration and essay subjects: Orations: Head, "The Principles that Distinguish Hamilton and Jefferson as Statesmen;" Kirkland, "The Relation of the Christian Sabbath to Civilization; Pruyne, "Duty of the Educated Man to Political Parties." Clark prize: 1, "Thackeray's Ideal of the Young Man;" 2, "John C. Fremont—the Pathfinder;" 3, "The Political Future of the Negro in the South;" 4, "Schiller;" 5, "America's Debt to Agassiz;" 6, "The Conception of Human Progress in Tennyson." Prize essay subjects: Junior: 1, "Influence of English Literature upon French Romanticism;" 2, "The Relation of Political Liberty to Socialism." Sophomore: 1, "Reasons for the Early Predominance of the English Colonies over the French and Spanish in the New World;" 2, "Student Life in Modern Literature." Freshmen: 1, "English and American Holidays;" 2, "The History of Voting by Ballot."

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

—Garfield University, Kansas, has suspended.

—Ohio alone has more colleges than all Europe.

—Brooks, Harvard, '87, has been chosen as the umpire in the Yale-Princeton game.

—The president of the Pekin University is translating Shakespeare's works into Chinese.

—The University of Pennsylvania is now building a \$75,000 theatre for the use of the students.

—The Percy Athletic Field at Cornell was opened Saturday, October 25th, with athletic games.

—Gifts amounting to \$110,000 have been contributed to Mr. Moody's Mount Hermon and Northfield schools.

—Over 10,000 students are reported to have been graduated from the University of Michigan in forty-six years.

—In the last seven years Yale has played 78 games of foot-ball, with a total score of 3,963 points to her opponents' 80.

—The Harvard faculty has refused this year again to allow the Glee Club to make a trip during the Christmas holidays.

—Brown is to have an Athletic Advisory Committee, one member from the faculty, one from the alumni, and the third from the undergraduates.

—The oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan College, at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1300 years old when Oxford was founded.—*Ex.*

— Δ χ ϵ has been condemned by the faculty of Syracuse University, and members of the organization are debarred from all college honors.—*\Phi* Γ Δ *Quarterly*.

—The Christmas tour of the Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs will include Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

—Rutgers is to have an athletic ground on the Raritan 400x500 feet. Foot-ball, base-ball, polo and tennis fields and one-quarter mile and 220 yards tracks will be laid out.

—Professor W. T. Harper, Professor of Hebrew in Yale, and for the past few years a popular lecturer at Chautauqua, has been selected as President of the Baptist University at Chicago.

—The report of the treasurer of Cornell University shows an endowment of \$6,000,000, and an annual income of nearly \$600,000. The trustees have just rejected a petition to reduce the annual tuition fee of \$125 for students residing outside this state.

—The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to the students too busy to leave their work.

—At the fall meeting of the Harvard Freshman class, held at Cambridge on Tuesday, E. B. Bloss broke the college record for the running broad jump by an actual jump of twenty-one feet ten inches.

—Henry Wade Rogers, Esq., has been chosen president of the Northwestern University. He is a gentleman of forty years of age and an alumnus of Michigan University. He enters his new field this year.

—One of Ann Arbor's students has been appointed to a professorship in Heidelberg University. This is the first instance on record in which an American has been appointed to a chair in a German University.—*Ex.*

—A new school of architecture is to be opened at the University of Pennsylvania this fall, providing for theoretical, practical and artistic instruction as a foundation for professional work. The school begins with a strong faculty and the courses offered are of high grade.

—President Carter, of Williams College, is a practical prohibitionist. Recently the town of Williamstown authorized the granting of two liquor licenses. But no saloons were opened, and it was found that the president of Williams had quietly bought the two licenses.—*Ex.*

—Eastern Park, Brooklyn, where the Yale-Princeton game is to be played, will seat 18,000 people and has a space 450x500 feet for coaches. It can be reached from the Fifth Avenue Hotel in forty-five minutes by the King's County Road, and trains will be run every three minutes on day of the game.

—A Northern Oratorical League has been organized by the Michigan University of Ann Arbor, the Northwestern University, Oberlin College, and the Wisconsin State University, of Madison. An annual contest will be held in May of each year, at which two prizes will be awarded, one for \$100, the other for \$50.

—Yale's professors and graduates have been prominently identified with the work of preparing the new edition of Webster's dictionary that is soon to be issued, ex-President Porter having been the chief editor. The revision of definitions in the arts and sciences has been intrusted principally to Yale professors.

—The students of Lehigh will not be able to boast of their conquests among the "College widows" in their College town. Twenty-eight young ladies have formed a society to discourage the attention of the college boys and for the first time in the history of the college, the attention of college "men" will not be welcomed.

—Union has recently received a wind fall. Thomas Armstrong, an alumnus of that institution, has deeded property to his *Alma Mater* worth \$75,000. The property is situated at Plattsburgh, N. Y. The gift is understood to have been presented for the purpose of establishing a professorship of Political Economy and Social Science.

—An inter-fraternity convention will be held in New York this fall by a large number of Greek fraternities, for the purpose of adopting measures which will tend to elevate the standing of Greek letter societies. Among the questions for consideration is that of expulsion. It is intended to adopt a method by which men who have ever been expelled or who have ever resigned from one fraternity will be ineligible for membership in any other.—*Ex.*

—The Southern California University is fortunate in securing one of the largest and best telescopes in this country. The lens for this big and costly instrument is being finished by Alvan D. Clark, the noted telescope maker. The accomplishment of the work will require at least three years. The lens is to be three feet four inches in diameter, two and one-half inches thick at the edge. When completed the cost will sum up to \$70,000.—*University News.*

EXCHANGES

—The new cover adopted by the *Madisonensis* adds greatly to its general appearance.

—The November issue of the *College and School* is particularly attractive especially to the sons of Hamilton. The leading article is an illustrated sketch of Hamilton College which will run through several numbers. This work is the sketch of Charles E. Allison, '70, of Yonkers.

—"A Laggard in Love" is the attractive title of the story in the November *Lippincott*. In this story the college student finds a mirror of many of the motives and influences which shape his life. The story is interesting and, though it occasionally falls greatly from its usual high tone, is worthy of much commendation.

—A decided change has been made in the publication of the *Brunonian* this fall. In the future it will appear as a weekly, devoting itself entirely to topics of general college interest and leaving to its co-temporary, the *Brown Magazine*, the publication of the literary work produced by the college. "The Brown Verse," however, a department for which the *Brunonian* is justly celebrated, will be continued as before.

—An editorial in a Union College paper accuses the Syracuse foot-ball eleven of "slugging." In replying to this the *Syracusan* says the following of our eleven: "Further, when Hamilton met us on the following Saturday, knowing that they were gentlemen and not given to fighting, unless provoked to it, our team refrained from any such methods, having the same orders from their captain as in the preceding game. The result was a contest remarkably free from 'slugging,' as every member of the Hamilton team admits."

—*The Papers of the American Historical Association* for October, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, are exceedingly interesting and valuable. Each historical event is dealt with in a fair, candid and totally unbiased manner and shows careful and thorough search and investigation. Among the papers are "Materials for the History of the Government of the Southern Confederacy," by John Osborne Summer, "Kentucky's Struggle for Autonomy, 1784-92," by Ethelbert D. Warfield, "The Trial and Execution of John Brown," by Marcus F. Wright, and "The Impeachment of President Johnson," by William A. Dunning.

—One of the most energetic and enterprising magazines which we have received this fall is the *Outing*. Devoted as it is to sport, travel and recreation its contents cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to every reader. "Rancho Del Muerto," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A., begun in the October number is concluded in the November and maintains its lively interest throughout. The article, "Athletics at Williams," by Sanborn Grove Tenney, gives the history of athletic sports at Williams College, their condition in the past and present and, together with the illustrations forms a very entertaining part of the number.

CLIPPINGS.

LECTURE NOTE.

"How would you like some eggs this morning?" asked the waiter politely to a lecturer out West, who was scanning the bill of fare. "Oh, they're all right for breakfast, and you can bring me a couple, but they struck me very unfavorably last night."

—It is probably the number of tars on board which makes a vessel pitch.—*Boston Post*.

—A sprinkle of water is often reviving, but many an Indian fighter has died from too much Rain-in-the-Face.—*Texas Siftings*.

AUTUMN.

The somber days are chilling fast;
The ivy turns to mellow tints
Of glowing warmth, suggesting past
Sweet golden summer days—hours since
Become mere memories of a life.
How subtly delicate the touch
Of these fast fading autumn days.
That thus so gently, and in such
Prophetic hues of golden rays,
Proclaim the coming wint'ry shroud.

—*Lehigh Burr*.

—Mrs. Dobbins (reading): "Countess Maria von Kensky, of Bohemia, has bagged 138 hares in one day." Dobbins: "Her husband will soon be bald-headed at that rate."—*Epoch*.

THIS MISFIT WORLD.

When girls are ugly babies then their mammas
quite insist
That they by us against our wills be
Kissed,
Kissed,
Kissed;
But when the girls are sweet sixteen their mammas
say we shant,
And though we'd like to kiss them then, we
Can't,
Can't,
Can't!

—*Chicago Post*.

DUX OBIT.

That ducks have many a funny trick,
Is warranted by facts;
For if a duck be very sick,
He then resorts to "quacks,"

And if their Captain Drake expire,
However bad he be,
They sing around, in tuneful choir,
Their best ducks-ology.

—*E. F., in Brunonian*.

HOW TRUE!

The sage put on his thinking cap
And this was what he penned:
"You'll find in dealing with this world
You get back what you send."

Now I'm a writer for the press,
And find, my honest friend,
You're right. Nine cases out of ten,
I get back what I send.

—*E. F., in Brunonian*.

was a bloodthirsty country editor who announced to his readers number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."—*Texas Siftings*.

—"Financial reverses,"—"Head or tail?"—*Columbia Spectator*.

—"Kate, I shall not see you again for a whole month—How can I bid you good bye?" "Really, Jack, it would be wrong to kiss me."

LA GRANDE PASSION.

Would I could live and love on the stage,
Where hearts are generous, blood flows free and
strong;
Love's vows are deathless, hate is deep and long,
We only play at love in this cold age.

I.

A shepherd maiden strays through woodland glade,
A huntsman clad in Lincoln green am I.
I gaze, she sighs, the chase's rout goes by,
For love is all, beneath the greenwood shade.

II.

Her father's rich—he has a cruel eye,
While I am poor but noble, tall and proud.
The fifth act has a wedding or a shroud,
For I have sworn to win my love or die.

We only play at love in this cold age,
A summer's idyl gilds the lagging hours;
New loves will bud when blow the new spring flowers,
Would I could live and love upon the stage.

—*Nassau Lit.*

—Stern Papa—"Ah, going?" Late Goer—"Yes, sir, your daughter and I have enjoyed a feast of reason." Stern Papa—(moving his right foot with great velocity)—"And now you have a flow of sole."

"OLE CLOES."

I dink her gollge built fer me,
I wanders all about
I knocks kerrite softly on der doors
To see if dey is out.

I dry der knob, and if unlocked,
I valk in just to see
If any of dose gareless men
Has left some glose for me.

I gathers in vat ere I vind,
Ole trousers or dress close;
I hastens vith dem down der stairs
Und kervick vor Gort street goes.

I always make it strict my rule
To zerch on all der shelves.
I believes dot "Brovidence helps dose
Who always helps themselves."

—*Ex.*

—One photographer invited another photographer to lunch with him, but neglected to order anything to drink, until his friend asked him if he worked the "dry-plate."—*Texas Siftings*.

—The decline of literature.—The printed blank that accompanies rejected manuscript.—*St. Joseph News*.

PALMISTRY.

A darling little soft, white hand
Rose palmed and sweet to kiss;
No sculptor ever carved from stone
A fairer hand than this.

Upon my eyelids it would rest,
Or o'er my forehead pass,
Softer than ever rose leaves fell
Upon the waving grass.

No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring
Unless, mayhap it chanced to be
Four aces and a king.

—*Life*.

AND THEY TURNED THE HOSE ON HIM.

The church was burning. Flames of fire
Fanned by the East-wind's fiendish ire,
From door and window broke,
And, as he watched the curling wreaths
Mount up to Heaven from spire and eave,
He murmured "Holy smoke."

—*Brunonian*.

—An Indiana wrestler who was thrown by Muldoon, breaking his collar-bone, has abandoned wrestling. Says he: "I'm threw."—*Texas Gings*.

WARNING.

A winding stream with shady banks,
Where bushes form with leafy ranks,
A screen, so none—for this gives thanks!—
Can spy you through it!

A summer day, a little boat,
A current down which it may float,
Just room for two—and this you note.
There's none to view it.

And in the stern a maiden fair,
Who when she smiles with glances rare
Compels you something rash to dare—
But don't you do it!

A little boat—you quite forget—
Is rather easy to upset,
And water sometimes makes you wet,—
Beware! You'll rue it.

Stay in the bow, restrain your wish,
I tried it once myself—when swish!—
We both were sporting with the fish
Before we knew it!

—*Yale Record*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Tabular View of Universal History," (compiled by G. P. Putnam, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, the Knickerbocker Press.) This volume is a series of chronological events, tabularized in excellent form. It covers all history up to 1890, is neatly bound and is such a book as every student should have at his elbow.

"Brief History of the United States," by Willard Hendrick, A. M., (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen, Publisher.) This book fills a gap which has long been open. It should receive the attention of teachers in our public schools.

"A Pocket Hand Book of Biography," by Henry Frederic Reddall, (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen, publisher.) A handy volume giving the nationality and position in life, profession or occupation and deals with the birth and death of 10,000 persons of history. Its value is self evident.

ALUMNIANA.

Μέγα νομίζομεν κέρδος, εἰν ἀλλήλοις φίλοι γιγνώμεθα.

—GEORGE T. CHURCH, '80, of Saratoga Springs, has entered a medical college in New York city.

—JAMES P. OLNEY, '79, of Rome, has been elected Special Surrogate of Oneida county by a majority of 303.

—WILLARD D. BALL, '81, has removed from Utica to Los Angeles, Cal., where he will act as secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

—A well-earned addition of \$400 has been voted to the salary of REV. CHARLES F. JAMES, '68, of Onondaga Valley.

—CHARLES H. CLARK, '85, holds a responsible position in the document room of the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C.

—The school commissioners of Utica have added \$200 to the salary of PROFESSOR WILLIAM L. DOWNING, '69, of the Utica Academy.

—There will be a hearty welcome for PROFESSOR CLINTON SCOLLARD, '81, when he takes his place in the faculty at the beginning of another term.

—The first lecture in a course arranged for Liverpool, N. Y., was delivered by REV. DR. LUTHER A. OSTRANDER, '65, of Lyons, on "An Hour in Turkey."

—A. MINER GRISWOLD, '59, editor of *Texas Siftings*, and humorous lecturer, has made professional engagements for visiting Colorado and the Pacific coast.

recess for one hour. Then it began again and lasted until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The tableaux were excellent. One I timed and it lasted a minute and a quarter. The players stand so still in the most difficult positions that not the least motion could be observed. The actors in their Tyrolian costumes look very picturesque. For a few years before the play comes off the actors allow their hair to grow, adding to the realism of the presentation."

—Hon. J. HENRY SHEPHERD, '72, of Shreveport, La., District Attorney for the first judicial district of Louisiana, has given substantial proof of his earnestness in commending the system of thorough training so wisely administered by Principal A. GARDINER BENEDICT, '72, of Houghton Seminary:

"My knowledge being obtained from pupils who have completed a full course, I can say that the intellectual and heart culture at Houghton Seminary is such that any parent, however distant from Clinton, will be perfectly safe in committing a daughter to its care and will secure for them a thorough training in all that makes the complete woman. The moral and religious atmosphere that surrounds the pupil from the day of her entrance to the close of her course exerts a lasting effect on the future happiness of herself, and is the source of a great blessing to the home from which she comes."

—Many pleasant letters have been received in acknowledgement of the "Mail-Book of Living Graduates of Hamilton College," as published by contributions from the Western Association of Hamilton alumni. The first issue of the Mail-Book was an experiment. It has proved to be such a useful and convenient document that already a second edition is called for. The changes among the younger graduates are frequent. Already 200 changes have been interlined for the new edition. That Mail-Book has rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of several worthy, hard-working graduates who had suffered an untimely burial. Improvements could be made in a new edition. Hon. CHARLES H. TOLL, '72, Denver, Colorado, sets a generous, unsolicited example that ought to give a forward push to the movement for a new edition in 1891. "I shall consider it a special favor if I am permitted to share the expense of further issues, and shall be pleased to accept your draft at any time."

—As Comptroller of the Currency, Hon. JOHN JAY KNOX, '49, now president of the Bank of the Republic in New York city, made twelve reports to Congress, which have been more widely circulated than almost any public document. They are in great demand both in this country and elsewhere, and numerous extracts from these reports have been translated into foreign languages. They undoubtedly embrace the most complete and extensive mass of information in existence in reference to the financial questions growing out of the late war. Apart from these reports, Mr. Knox has found time to accomplish a considerable amount of literary work. From time to time he has collected material for a history of banking in the United States. The results of these investigations have appeared in official publications, in occasional addresses, in lectures before the students of Johns Hopkins University, and in contributions to various encyclopedias. His timely volume upon "United States Notes; or a his-

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—Eight colleges and universities are represented by sixteen graves in the college cemetery. The five Hamilton graduates asleep in the cemetery are PROFESSOR CHARLES AVERY, '20, PROFESSOR MARCUS CATLIN, '27, PROFESSOR OREN ROOT, '33, PROFESSOR J. FINLEY SMITH, '34, PROFESSOR EDWARD W. ROOT, '62; the four Yale graduates are PRESIDENT AZEL BACKUS, PRESIDENT HENRY DAVIS, PROFESSOR SETH NORTON, PRESIDENT SIMEON NORTH; the two Union graduates are REV. DR. HENRY MANDEVILLE and REV. DR. NICHOLAS W. GOERTNER; the Princeton graduate is REV. SAMUEL KIRKLAND, founder of the college; the Dartmouth graduate is DR. JOSIAH NOYES, first professor of chemistry; the Williams graduate is HON. WILLIAM H. MAYNARD, founder of the law professorship; the Delaware College graduate is REV. DR. JOHN W. MEARS; the graduate of the University of Berlin is DR. CHRISTIAN FREDERICK HENRY PETERS, first Director of the Litchfield Observatory.

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Whitesboro, N. Y., October 27, 1890.

LEICESTER A. SAWYER.

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Whitesboro, N. Y., October 27, 1890.

LEICESTER A. SAWYER.

—The memorial of Mr. WILLIAM D. WALCOTT, which Rev. Dr. WILLIAM A. BARTLETT, '52, contributes to the New York *Evangelist*, closes with words of grateful tenderness:

"In President Charles G. Finney's autobiography, it is recorded: 'There was a cotton manufactory on the Oriskany creek, a little above Whitesboro, a place now called New York Mills. It was owned by a Mr. W——, an unconverted man, but a gentleman of high standing and good morals. My brother-in-law, Mr. G——A——, was at the time superintendent of the factory.' This person, it may be said, is the father of one of the gifted and consecrated Bishops of the period, as well as of one of the most worthy Judges. Mr. Finney preached in New York Mills. The book continues: 'This feeling spread through the factory. Mr. W——, the owner of the establishment, was present, and seeing the state of things, he said to the superintendent: *'Stop the mill and let the people attend to religion; for it is more important that our souls should be saved than that this factory run.'*' The principle enunciated in this remarkable sentence, by this man of few words, is worthy to be embroidered on the sky by the lightning, and underscored by stars. 'The gate was immediately shut down and the factory stopped.' Benjamin S. Walcott, at that time owner of the mills, and the father of William D. Walcott, dated his conversion from this revival. That half hour of prayer turned the history of the community. This is the source of all the after results. The family and descendants, the community, have fulfilled the holy purpose of that hour. The mill henceforth worked a richer staple than cotton, the spindles whirled with threads of motive, the shuttles sped with moral purpose, and a product whiter, more enduring than cloth, vindicates the transformation. This I call 'applied Christianity.' Not that he was a Presbyterian elder and Sunday-school superintendent, but that he lived into a great community the Christ spirit. His oldest son, heir to the best results of the past, and trained for the succession, is at the helm for the current generation. William Dexter Walcott may be called great. He was so far-seeing and intelligent that his life was Christian purpose persistently expressed in deed. He possessed the exalted and transfiguring genius which the Holy Ghost supplies to the humble, to master and subordinate, time and gifts and environment, as the healthy plant does to the loftiest result. Less than three years elapsed between his golden wedding and the marriage supper. The day Christendom celebrates as the crucifixion of our Lord, he was borne to his sepulchre. For such an one as he, the Scriptures are loaded with promise of blessing, and eternity is full of treasure. I conceive of him, after these years of preparation, as to-day standing on the circle of eternity, in blissful enjoyment of the possible outcome of such a beginning. Having been so apt a scholar in the art of fine living, he has now graduated into life."

—FRANCIS W. JOSLIN, '81, now on the editorial staff of the *Troy Daily Times*, has faith in his college, and is not afraid to say so:

"The faculty of Hamilton College appear to have made a wise selection of subjects for the prize essay and oration work of the students in that institution. A majority of the list are what may be called live topics, dealing with questions of present interest or with those closely related to the present. Among them are 'The Relation of the Christian Sabbath to Civilization,' 'The Political Future of the Negro in the South,' 'John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder,' 'The Relation of Political Liberty to Socialism,' 'Reasons for the Early Predominance of the English Colonies over the French and Spanish in the New World,' 'The History of Voting by Ballot,' and 'The Duty of the Educated Men to Political Parties.' It is not necessary that the student taking up one of these subjects should settle it definitely and for all time. Some of them have been wrestled with for years with no perceptible effect. But the chief

point is that the study of such topics is along the line of great practical as well as educational benefit. The young man who prepares himself to deal with 'the political future of the negro in the South' cannot fail to gain important knowledge of this vexing practical question, and at the same time will acquire as thorough a knowledge of English and how to write it as though he had prepared a string of high-sounding nothings in proof that 'actuality is the thingness of the here.' Abstract and erudite questions form excellent apparatus for mental gymnastics, but the young man who spends four years in such brain exercise alone comes out poorly equipped for the contest of life. While his head has been in the clouds the world has passed him by, and when he drops down to earth after commencement day he finds himself out of touch with the times. There may be no complete remedy for this condition of things, but there can be some mitigation of its undesirable features. And this relief is to be found along the line suggested by Hamilton's essay and oration subjects. See to it that while the student meditates upon the things which have been and may be, he does not lose his hold upon the things that are. See to it that his diet of dead languages is relieved by salads of fresh issues and sauces of practical thought. Let him dwell in the clouds if he wishes, but insist upon his remaining on earth during business hours. Teach him to get wisdom, and with all his getting to get an understanding of the present and its problems, and his future will take care of itself. Thus instructed, he will be prepared to lay strong hold upon life and mould it to his uses."

—In his lecture to our students on "journalism," GEORGE E. DUNHAM, '79, of the *Utica Daily Press*, makes reasonable suggestions that should be carefully heeded by all who have chosen his profession:

"It may be expected that I will say something about the educational qualifications of a newspaper man and what course of study will best fit him for his work. There is no knowledge that will come amiss. There is no art or science of which a journalist can afford to be ignorant if he has the opportunity to be informed. A college education is very desirable though many successful editors and reporters never enjoyed its advantages. In fact, some of the best and brightest of them came from the ranks of office boys and the compositors. There is no college whose curriculum is of itself better adapted as a training for newspaper work than Hamilton, because here so much attention is paid to writing. Facility of expression is very desirable. The reporter must not only write well, but rapidly. He must not only have ideas, but be able to put them on paper quickly. This, to a certain extent, is a matter of practice, and hence collegiate essay writing is in the nature of special preparation. If I were to make any suggestions it would be in favor of greater practicality in the choice of subjects. College orations are prone to be on topics experienced men approach with hesitation. Some great questions have been settled on the commencement stage. I may be pardoned for saying this because on the day of my graduation from this college, I laid out and defined the correct national policy on the tariff and have never dared to discuss it publicly since. Students in my day, were too fond of high sounding themes, and no oration or essay was regarded complete without at least a reference to something which happened in the sixteenth century or earlier. This was supposed to give it an air of learning, even though the information was hastily culled from the encyclopaedia. The reporter describing a street occurrence has no occasion to refer to Agamemnon or Julius Caesar, nor ought he to write in a style appropriate to the mention of these very worthy but ancient individuals. Mr. Chaucer was a good man in his time and after his own fashion, but a reporter who never heard of him and his poor spelling might write a very vivid and interesting account of a ward caucus. The style of the average col-

lege oration would be totally unfit for a newspaper article. It seems to me that events of the present time afford suggestive subjects for able undergraduate efforts. The plea I would make is for greater practicality. The fault into which students fall is a very common one. There are scores of preachers who belabor Nebuchadnezzar and Pharoah every Sunday, and who never say a word about the sins their hearers are constantly committing. So in other things, why discuss dead issues when there are so many live ones of infinitely more present importance? The classical course in this college is in the direct line of training for literary work because it enlarges the vocabulary and teaches the true meaning of words. It is constantly suggesting a choice between two or more expressions. You may, as I fear I have, forget most of your Latin and Greek but their benefits remain. When the house is completed it is not necessary to leave the scaffold standing, though it served a worthy purpose during the construction. Another value of a collegiate course is that during it the real student acquires habits of application and ability to concentrate all the faculties on the subject in hand. Newspaper work must be done quickly. The foreman of the composing room is a tyrant, and when he calls for copy the best man on the paper cannot delay. The forms go to press at such an hour, and what is not ready must be lost. The printer and the pressman are like time and tide in that they wait for no one. Whoever has acquired the habit of mental concentration and can command his best ability at a moment's notice has a great advantage in newspaper work. Of course for a foundation there must be natural adaptability and fondness. There must be tireless industry and perseverance. Some men could never be good reporters as long as grass grows and water runs, even if they went through the colleges. In ours as well as all other professions there are men who have sadly mistaken their calling. They are round pegs that can never fit square holes."

MARRIED.

UNDERWOOD—TRUMBULL.—At the home of the bride's mother in Chicago, Ill., Wednesday, November 5, 1890, MR. J. PLATT UNDERWOOD, '70, of Rhineland, Mich., and MISS CAROLINE, daughter of Mrs. George Trumbull.

PAINE--POTTER.—In Friends Meeting House, Glens Falls, N. Y., November 26, 1890, DR. HOWARD SIMMONS PAINE, '78, of Albany, and SARAH, daughter of Mr. J. W. and Mrs. M. A. POTTER, of Glens Falls.

SLAUSON—WEBSTER.—At Waterloo, N. Y., on Wednesday, November 12, 1890, MR. EDWARD VAN DRUVIERRE SLAUSON, '86, of New York City, and MISS KATE MULLENDER WEBSTER, Houghton, '85, of Waterloo.

KELLOGG—BROWNELL.—In the Congregational Church of Saquoit, October 8, 1890, by REV. GEORGE HARDY, SPENCER KELLOGG, '88, of Utica, and ELIZABETH BROWNELL, daughter of C. G. BROWNELL, of Saquoit.

ROBBINS—MACKEY.—In Knoxboro, at the home of the bride, October 8, 1890, EDWIN BISHOP ROBBINS, 93, of Knoxboro, and MISS CORA MACKEY.

VOLUME XXV.

NUMBER 4.

THE
Hamilton
Literary
Monthly.



+ DECEMBER, + 1890. +

CLINTON, N. Y.:
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.
HAMILTON COLLEGE.

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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91.

Its aim is to furnish a Review of our College Literature, a faithful representation of our College Life, and a medium for the communication to the Alumni of items of interest.

The "Announcements" is under the charge of Professor NORTON, a guarantee of its worth and interest. The "List" is furnished at exactly cost price; and, to save this falling financial loss, must meet with the cordial support of the Alumni.

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C. A. FRASURE, '92.	F. GARRETT, '92,	A. W. GARY, '92.

VOL. XXV.

CLINTON, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1890.

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"TOUCHSTONE" OF "AS YOU LIKE IT", AND "FOOL" OF "KING LEAR."

THE modern drama arose from the ruins of the ancient theater. The Crusaders brought back with them from the East the idea of scenic dialogue. The Church, prompt as ever, to forge a new weapon, to weld a new chain to man's thought, seized the opportunity and priests began to *write* and *monasteries to play* the new "Mysteries" and "Miracles." Heaven, earth and hell peopled the stage. Satan, with his dread attendants sprang from the deep, threatening, terrible. They terrify the inhabitants of earth. They crucify the saints of heaven. They are the powers of *darkness* engaged in their eternal struggle with the Prince of Light.

But time and progress combine to strip them of their awe-inspiring qualities, and soon the terrible demon dwindles into the stupid devil whose childish jokes and clumsy horse-play amuse the people. In the Elizabethan drama the devil of the mystery play has developed into the fool.

The Fool? But who is he? At first, the mocking jester, the privileged wit; his rude sayings like wild-flowers with their homely smell and sober coloring. Then, "The mad philosopher" keen, sarcastic, with trenchant truths and bitter wisdom ever

ready. At last a man, disguising under his *parti*-colored garb and lightly flaming speech, the thoughts that lie too deep for words ; devotion, loyalty and love.

Shakespeare in his plays did what "Balzac" meant to do in his "Human Comedy ;" he painted *all* the life of his age. And in that wonderful picture no figure is wrought with more peculiar genius than that of the Fool. His wit silences the braggart, the coxcomb, the pretentious talker. His philosophy is common-sense ; that of "things possible inasmuch as they are possible." His purpose is to show things in their true relations, to win his hearers to the cause of reason and of truth. In the "Touchstone" of "As you Like it" and the "Fool" of "King Lear" are presented two characters apparently similar yet essentially different. They are alike in that they both possess a never failing flow of laughter. The ever-present "quip and quirk." They both speak out the blunt truth and they both disguise it by their motley. They both possess a deep fund of worldly wisdom. They both show the truest loyalty to a fallen lord, and yet they are really unlike. Their dissimilarity consists in this; that Touchstone is a comic character while the Fool of Lear is essentially tragic.

Touchstone is a true philosopher, a lover of wisdom ; the alchemy of his wit turns all to laughter. Lord and peasant alike furnish targets for his jests and from each he draws a truth "to *paint* a moral or adorn a tale."

But the Fool, though he talks in as light a vein as Touchstone, though his "wise saws and modern *instances*" have as merry a sound, yet plays a tragic part. Does not the light just breaking through the clouds render darker the surrounding gloom ? No one has seen the law of contrast to better advantage than Shakespeare. He well knew that the joke of the Fool makes the sorrow of the King seem yet deeper, his jest adds a new point to the anguish, his laugh is the true accompaniment to Lear's madness.

Having completed the historical plays Shakespeare craved rest and change. He sought it in that enchanted land, the Forest of Arden, and in that search wrote "As You Like It." Never was his laughter so free and clear and musical. And the personification of his mirth is Touchstone. The ideal Fool, the type of all those who, relying on the license allowed

the motley and with keen sight spying beneath the semblance of things their true import, scourges with untiring energy the follies of his time. He like the Duke sees "sermons in stones, books in running brooks and good in everything." All things serve him for a jest ; but *his* jests never harm. And beneath all this, as the corner stone of his character, lies his love for his mistress. Here the true man appears, he is ever by her side ; his sympathy, love and devotion to her strike the key note of his true character.

Turn now to the "Fool" of "Lear" and how essentially different his mission. King Lear shows Shakespeare's tragic form at its greatest height ; it is a story of conflict, of pain and of retribution. An outburst of the most terrible anguish, a picture draped in shadows where the love of Cordelia, the manliness of Edgar, the fidelity of Kent and the "Fool" serve only to intensify the blackness of the tragedy.

The "Fool" still uses joke and jest but his position sublimates and idealizes them. His surroundings lend to his homely sayings a tragic force and directness. He no longer arouses the unthinking laugh. Lifted up by the grandeur of the scene he too earns admiration, pity, love. Othello could be torn between the contending passions of love and jealousy without the intervention of a clown ; the avarice and revenge of Shylock *would* have been no less had his servant remained forever unborn ; but Lear would have been incomplete. The story of that terrible fall from imprudence to madness, from a throne to a hovel, is inconceivable without the fidelity, the sorrow, the heart-break of the faithful "Fool."

Amid all the misery into which the King's madness drags him the Fool never complains. Abandoned by all the world, proclaimed a traitor and an outlaw, a price set upon his head, to soothe his distracted master he still finds jests bubbling up from the depths of his heart struggling with pity and sorrow, as foam enwreaths the face of deeply troubled waters.

But the King's madness destroys his last hope. With unshaken endurance he has seen all else disappear, kingdom, friends and family, but now reason itself is "Tottering on its Throne." The King rushes from the presence of his unnatural daughters out into darkness and night, and of all his train only the Fool follows to cheer, to comfort him. With

breaking heart he still jests on. His words resemble rockets thrown across a midnight tempest, for a moment they light up the scene, then all is dark again. But now his talk is done, his part is played. His master can no longer understand. The well-tried heart breaks, and with the words "I'll go to bed at noon" he disappears.

Such are "Touchstone" and the "Fool" of Lear. Each embodies a well defined phase of the many-sided Shakespeare. He alone of all the poets and dramatists could make of characters that the unthinking crowd despised or pitied such masterpieces of art. He breathed into their nostrils the spirit of his genius and they arose radiant with immortality. As long as human nature remains the same, as long as the world still laughs and loves with "Rosalind" or groans and curses with "Lear," so long shall "Touchstone" and the "Fool" retain their merry laughter, their deep philosophy, and their eternal youth.

C. O. GRAY, '90.

THE FICTION OF THE NEW SOUTH.

WITHIN the last decade there has sprung up in the Southern states a literature, essentially new in its leading features. Although so little time has elapsed since the birth of this literature, yet the causes which produced it have urged it rapidly toward maturity. Already peculiarities are stamped upon it, outlines defined, and tendencies manifested.

Thus far the intellectual activity of the New South has found its best expression in fiction. A few poets have sung sweetly; but none have gained distinction, with the exception, perhaps, of Lanier,—and even his merits are not yet fully recognized.

In judging the value of this fiction it is necessary first to study its creative forces and the causes that have governed its growth. Before the Civil War, William Gilmore Simms was the leading Southern novelist. He prophesied that there never would be in the South a literature worthy of recognition so long as the negro remained enslaved. Slavery was

antagonistic to intellectual culture. His own success had been achieved in spite of the opposing limitations. The breaking down of the old aristocracy and the abolition of slavery liberated thought and gave Southern fiction its first impulse.

Immediately after the war literary work of the higher order could not be expected. A blow had fallen which seemed to crush out hope. Despondency settled upon the defeated states. Their chivalrous dreams of conquest had vanished forever. They donned the black garb of mourning in sorrow over the "lost cause," and would not be comforted. The "Bonny Blue Flag" was in the dust. The sentiments that filled the Southerner's breast were echoed forth in mournful threnodies. Nothing was left to cheer him on to hopeful endeavor or healthful enterprise.

After ten years signs of a new growth began to appear. The people were becoming adapted to the conditions and environments of the new civilization. Within the next decade the Old South succeeded in completely arousing herself from this deep lethargy. Her people were building up a New South with new ambitions and new aspirations. With this general recuperation and advancement came a quickening of intellectual life. Mighty social and political forces were acting as mental stimuli. Before the war mental activity found its best field in oratory. The people had a genius for politics, and considered state-craft more honorable than quiet literary employment. But by the liberation of their slaves and the loss of wealth through war social conditions were changed. Now the brain must help supply the body with the very necessities of life. The product of the pen furnished a means of livelihood and literature became a profession.

When the first step had been taken and the literary profession made profitable, there were attracted into this field many of the younger men and women of the South. Through their constant and vigorous efforts the fiction of the New South has attained its present elevated position. At first critics were slow to acknowledge its merits. But true American perseverance existed to as great degree south as north of Mason and Dixon's line. Obstacles were overcome, prejudices conquered, and Southern fiction steadily became more popular.

The Old South disappeared, but poetry and romance have learned the charm of her picturesque life. It will not be surprising if in a few years the South shall be the literary centre of America. Already a contrast between the two sections in regard to its literary strength, even with such men as Howell and James to represent Northern talent, seems more favorable to the South.

George W. Cable stands in the foremost ranks of literature and is perhaps worthy of the praise conferred by a recent critic, who calls him "the leading novelist in America." In the treatment of his favorite themes he displays acute observation and such an infinite variety of expression that the reader is continually delighted with new surprises. He sees the pathos of life, the sorrow and tears, and paints with sympathetic hand. Yet his pictures contain only enough of shadow to mellow their beauty. Delicious humor and rich fancy abound in all his work. He is truthful to nature, and by the power of his descriptions we are carried away to the sunny South to dwell among the Creoles and "darkies."

Almost his first work, certainly not his least satisfactory one, was the "Old Creole Days," a collection of short stories of exquisite beauty and delicate, artistic finish. "The Grandissimes" secured his reputation, and was soon followed by "Madame Delphine," a half tragic and altogether beautiful portrayal of octoroon life. His minor works are almost equally good, but through these three he is best known to the reading public.

Miss Mary N. Murfree, under the nom de plume of Charles Egbert Craddock, has placed herself at the head of Southern female novelists. Her power lies chiefly in character painting and description. Her novels are stories of life in the Tennessee Mountains, told with a vigor and skill that create a deep interest in the rude, uneducated mountaineers. The pathos and sublimity of their lives breathe from the author's pages. She deals with facts, yet the poetic element is apparent in her descriptions of sunsets and mountain scenery. "In the Clouds" and the "Despot of Broomsedge Cove" display her powers to the best advantage. Her style is bold and masculine, yet delicate, and her writings have been eagerly welcomed by press and people.

Cable and Craddock are the leaders in Southern fiction ; but there are nearly a score of writers scarcely inferior to them. Maurice Thompson delights all with his sketches. Grace King, "a charming literary phenomenon," has written herself into a considerable degree of popularity by the story of "Monsieur Motté,—four short stories clustering around the figure of M. Motte and combined into a picture of "Old Creole Days" quite as effective though not so singular as Cable's. Joel Chandler Harris has been very successful in his delineation of negro character ; and his stories of "Uncle Remus" have put the literary public in his debt for their preservation of plantation lore and Negro dialect. Amelie Rives-Chandler, although her writings have been called the product of a diseased imagination, the love-sick fancies of a girl, has certainly created great interest in the world of letters.

These and a few others, among whom may be mentioned Richard M. Johnston, author of "The Dukesborough Tales," and Miss M. G. McClelland known for "Oblivion," are the authors who have built up Southern fiction. They represent the younger blood of the South, first quickened in the old régime and now beating glad response to the signs of the new life springing up around them. Their works contain all the leading elements of the fiction of the New South and form the basis for opinions in respect to its value. They each have their own particular fields of work, their own methods and characteristics. But they also have certain qualities which establish an inter-resemblance. These combined are the qualities of Southern fiction.

The first notable fact in this fiction is that it has had an inward growth. That is, it is thoroughly Southern, springing spontaneously from the soil. The characters are native, the scenes and the life portrayed, native. Everything is deliciously warm and Southern. Yet though local it cannot be called provincial, or at least its provincialism is a virtue rather than a fault. The authors are contented to write of the life around them in their own natural manner, thus imparting to their work the greatest of charms, reality. Another feature of nearly every Southern novel is the use of dialect. Spanish Creoles, French Creoles, mountaineers and Negroes are all represented. There are also exhibited accurate observation,

vividness of portraiture, skill in dealing with scenic effects, and earnest purpose. The stories are original, well worth telling and reading. Interest cannot slacken, because these tales possess the fascination of strangeness. The essential part, the treatment of the human problem, is characterized by real power—the power of divining motives and piercing through contradictions.

The field from which Southern authors derive their materials is one singularly rich in romantic possibilities. Once slavery with its slothful, enervating influences, rested like an incubus upon intellect. Then vision was obscured by the sulphurous haze of war. But as this is slowly wafted back by the gentle breezes of peace a region of half-imagined beauties and opportunities is revealed. The Negro, the Creole, the octo-roon, and the mountaineer have each proved to be of much romantic value, thus far occupying leading positions in the fiction of the New South.

The artistic resurrection of the old Spanish-French civilization introduced a new and exquisite note into this literature. Creole peculiarities, customs and usages so curious and quaint, become both entertaining and instructive when portrayed by so skillful a novelist as Cable. Pride and pathos, romance and sadness, tell the strange story of their life.

The Negro has already taken high rank as a character in Southern fiction and will doubtless, as race prejudice wears away, become of greater interest to literature. A people so long bitterly wronged and oppressed, the centre of a great historical movement, and the chief cause of a great war, possess a value not yet fully comprehended by the novelist. The dashing Confederate cavalier and the defeated soldier are also interesting characters, exciting both admiration and pity. Yet we cannot but feel disappointed in Southern fiction because the mountaineer, Negro and Creole are made the central figures. Doubtless all are of peculiar interest; but none of them are historical types of true American life. Yet they are predominant and all other figures in the drama of Southern society play less important roles.

The authors of the New South have not yet entered upon their richest inheritance. First, there are the picturesque days of the old régime, with its aristocracy, wealth and idle-

ness. The complaint has been made that the American lacks that variety of society, that sharp distinction between classes, which gives such opportunity to the English author. But the semi-baronial system of the Old South presents closely drawn distinctions of caste. Those days are filled with romance, crime, pleasure and virtue. The Old South was a social world in itself, in strong contrast with the life of any age.

Then came war and all was changed. Old institutions were overthrown. It was a period of destruction and downfall. "Pathos lies at the bottom of all enduring fiction, and surely history never presented a spectacle so sublimely pathetic as the ruin of the Southern Confederacy. Defeat fell upon a brave, ambitious people; and to-day, though honorably striving to outlive and forget the past, they are still reminded of their humiliation by the millions of Negroes living around them. Then peace again, the period of sorrow and suffering reconciliation, sympathy and growth. These three periods do not lack a single requisite for noble, powerful fiction.

Next in importance to the materials of the Southern novel is the method by which these are moulded into romance. Northern writers for several years have been using the realistic method as distinguished from the romantic. Their writings, claiming to be the portrayal of real life, have gradually discarded all passion and feeling until at last they have become cold, analytical and trivial. The South has strongly felt this influence and nearly all of their new fiction has been fashioned after this realistic plan. But Southern realism is not Northern realism. It is warmer, more sympathetic. Southern authors recognize the fact that men and women are sometimes swayed by impulse; that humanity has passions and aspirations; that we cannot give a reason for every act or thought, nor is our life made up of philosophic meditation.

Their works are distinguished by depth of feeling and warmth of sentiment; they contain romance yet are true and real. Cable's boyhood was passed in those old Creole days about which he writes so charmingly. Miss Murfree lived among her mountaineers till inspired by the rugged simplicity of their lives.

Such has been the growth, and such are the principle features of Southern fiction. Yet it is still in its infancy. A full-

grown literature cannot be developed during a single generation. A nation's fiction must live many years and pass through many phases before it becomes worthy to be called literature. Until a literature has become firmly established it will constantly be exposed to dangers. The fiction of the New South is no exception to this statement. Already evils of no small magnitude are threatening it. Time must show whether these attacks can be successfully resisted and from the struggle arise a better and purer growth.

The greatest of these dangers is undue praise. The nation was slow to find out the value of Southern fiction and to appreciate its beauties. But when once it was discovered that a new literature was springing up in the South, a craze for Southern stories swept over the land. Newspapers and magazines realized this popular demand and straightway set themselves to supply it. In their eagerness to show the world what America could do in the domain of letters, reviewers seized on every Southern author's work and lauded it to the skies ;—works really good, but certainly unworthy of this excessive praise. Nothing could be more harmful to any author ; and to the Southern writer ardent and impulsive, with all his hope and faith centered in the future, this tendency is positively dangerous. His first attempt, fairly creditable, is hailed by friends and critics as the product of genius. Naturally he is pleased and determines to follow up his success with new efforts. Naturally, also, he judges that what has pleased so highly will please again. Thus he is led into the fatal error of repetition. The reading public are fickle and are continually seeking for novelty. The reaction has already set in. The popular author of yesterday is surprised at the new tone of his critics to-day.

Southern fiction is charged with narrowness ; and to a certain degree this charge is just. Each author, because of his, or her, first success, considers it right to work on in the same vein until the "most fine gold becomes dross." Craddock's mountaineers are introduced over and over again, in slightly different dress, it is true, but with the same characteristics. Critics complain that Cable has followed his Creole will-o'-the-wisp till he has nearly extinguished the hope entertained by some of his friends that he would become the Southern

Hawthorne. Harris, in his chosen field, always excels; yet some of his choice bits of exquisite workmanship and imagery make it earnestly to be desired that the wings of his fancy could be given free scope.

Such criticisms indicate the more important defects in Southern fiction—defects that suggest their own remedies. Let the authors of the South, ceasing to write merely for Northern editors and reviewers, enter upon broader fields, and press forward by all honorable means toward the goal of literary perfection. Fiction in the South has a grand mission,—to aid in binding together more firmly the once severed states.

A recent Southern writer has said, "It is the duty of any lover of concord to contribute toward a sentiment favorable to literary excellence. When the 'Niobe of nations stood childless and crownless in her voiceless woe' she was still a conqueror, thanks to her peerless men of letters."

It must be that a glorious career awaits the New South in the realm of fiction. She has well-trained scholars with expansive minds, quick perception, and all the characteristics requisite for success. Her sunny skies and balmy atmosphere are adapted to inspire with literary tastes. And now there is the background of war with traditions as elevating as those which have inspired the genius of any age.

The South is the "land of memories," fruitful of lofty suggestions. The hill-tops and valleys mark the spots where heroes bled in strife heroic as that of Thermopylae. The plains are billowed with the graves of chieftains whose courage was as grand as that which made the crags and glens of Scotland sacred to the memory of Wallace. With these incentives to urge authors to greater endeavor the fiction of the New South will reach heights and depths yet untried. Greener laurels await the brows of the living than crown the temples of the dead.

C. W. YEOMANS, '92.

BYRON.

WHEN the French Revolution had satiated its thirst with the best blood of France, and a score of years had restored peace and tranquility to the distracted Republic; when Europe had diverted its eyes from the horrors of carnage and slaughter to the pursuits of art and of literature, there emerged from the obscurity of that Northern Isle which Scott has so beautifully called "the land of lakes and of legends," one destined to a career of unparalleled popularity and renown.

That man was Lord Byron whose poems have found a welcome at every fireside, touched the heartstrings of mirth and sorrow, and beguiled the lonely hours of kings and the stern wants of beggary by a nameless yet an all potent power.

Wordsworth and Shelley were then tuning the English ear to their sweet melodies, but when Byron came that ear deafened by the strains grand "as the music of the spheres," forgot its loyalty to them and pledged its love to him.

A peer both in name and in genius the friendless wanderer had become the universal guest. Thenceforth his genius shone transcendent in his course, and East and West and North and South paid homage.

Then came the spirit of adventure. Estranged from native land, at war with world's will he sought a home in foreign climes and flung his restless soul into the lap of Nature. She soothed him in the stormy moments of his pride and with a tender voice called forth his muse to sing in rapturous strains her storied charms. In Italy, in Switzerland, beneath the shadows of the Alps, in sight of the awful avalanche and by the deep blue of the lakes he heard the mysterious whisperings of the Infinite and clothed those inspirations in immortal verse.

From his contemplation of warlike deeds enacted upon the shores of Thrasimene; from his musing over "the grave of France, the deadly Waterloo" to his sublime apostrophe to the ocean we see no halt in the onward movement of his genius. Wrested from the dark and hoary main, type of the immutable and the Divine, the fascination of the ocean ode is marvelous, its essence worshipful.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy shrine
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

In an Italian city, chiseled in marble was a figure representing the expiring victim of Rome's bloody circus. To myriads of minds that insulated figure had brought of the dire conflict, to many an eye it had pictured the Coliseum thronged with the flower of Roman aristocracy, but among all the beholders through eighteen centuries, not one had ever before thought of the "rude hut," "the young barbarians." At length came the poet of passion and looking down upon the dying gladiator turned the marble into man and endowed it with human affections; then away over the Alps and over the Appenines, away on the wings of irrepressible sympathy flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube where "with his heart were the eyes of the victim" for "there were his young barbarians all at play, and there their Dacian mother." Such was the origin of the Dying Gladiator, that passage in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* which so signally portrays the powers of its celebrated author.

But the crowning glory of Byron was his manly self-sacrificing, disinterested efforts in behalf of an oppressed people. Tell us thou Grecian land, birth place of heroes! Has the name of Byron no claims upon thy gratitude? He saw in thee a land of classic memories, beheld the ruins of thy fallen temples, the glories of thy past empire. There on the plain where twenty-three centuries before Miltiades had routed the Persian armies, Byron found the spirit of buried liberty and there with a commendable patriotism, pledged honor and fortune and life upon her broken altars.

"The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea,
 And musing there an hour alone"

Lord Byron thought "that Greece might still be free."

In the golden mythology of Greece Echo remained a nymph even after she had passed away into sound. So the name of

Byron is shrouded in the memories of all peoples while his dust sleeps its long sleep amid the stillness of his vaulted sepulcher in Hucknall abbey.

“So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage.”

A. H. DEWEY, '91.

THE DEAD ASTRONOMER.

Dead, beneath the stars he lay
Who knew and loved them every one.
Procession like in sad array,
Each star in passing cast its ray
In pity on him as he lay
In peace and rest, his labors done.

Dead, he lay mid gloom of night,
While passing breezes kissed him there,
Where last that met his dimming sight
Was Hill and Campus clothed with light
And radiance from the orbs of night,
And all the loved scenes bright and fair.

“The watchful eyes have closed in sleep,
The tired heart has ceased to beat ;
No more they nightly vigils keep,
Nor search the starry fathoms deep ;
But rest in quiet, rest and sleep ;
Rest tired brain, rest weary feet.”

Thus whispering breezes murmured low,
Thus seemed the singing stars to say,
As night's dark shadows turned to gray ;
Then o'er the hill tops far away,
With hastening footsteps came the day
And heaven was lit with morning's glow.

Ah tender power, ah power sublime !
That holds and keeps each star in place,
That fills all space, that fills all time,
Mid northern snow, mid summer clime,
He who aspires and fain would climb,
In life, in death, may see thy face.

CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN, '89.

Editors' Table.

COLLEGE LIFE NEXT TERM.

The approach of every new term causes students generally to look forward and to consider what the time holds for them in the way of sports and amusements. Each term of the year must be characterized by something aside from "bohning," by something calculated to amuse and to give pleasure. Without those features which give cheer, our college life would lose its tone and many of its beneficent and lasting effects. There is not much in intellectual competition that tends to bind together the hearts of students and to inspire them with college spirit. That which tends most to unite students and which fosters a spirit of harmony and affection among them must be found outside the class room.

The Spring term is given up to general athletics, base-ball and tennis, and always passes pleasantly and rapidly. The attractions outside the recitation room are sufficient to give to college life a vigorous tone. The Fall term in all colleges has now been set apart for the popular game of foot-ball, which has become the most attractive game in college everywhere. This sport has great fitness for a college game, for it enlists the greatest number of students and mingles them from all classes. It comes, too, at a time in the college year when circumstances are peculiarly favorable for it. But beyond this, its physical, scientific, and moral aspects are such as to commend itself to every hearty, strong and bright student, for it combines strength, skill, and intelligence. But there are other things which give interest to the Fall term. The day given to the athletic association for field-sports does much towards adding to the attractions of college. Again the Junior "Prom" is a social event of much importance as a means of imparting life and vim to the longest term in the year.

But what about the winter term? What are the attractions reserved for those dreary winter weeks when snow and ice seem to cast a chill over college life and college enthusiasm. How to enliven the next term is a problem open to all to settle, and is worth thinking about. To be sure the music clubs hold forth at this season of the year, and they deserve hearty co-operation and support for their contribution to winter amusements. There are now social clubs, but there is room for others if judiciously formed. Is it not time to begin to ask that same old question, "where is our Dramatic Club?" We have seen printed lists of the members of this imaginary association, but no work has been required of

them, and it is doubtful if any of the men knew that they were members before they saw their names in the annual publication. Amateur theatricals are not an uncommon thing in the work of student organizations in other colleges, and there is no reason why Hamilton should not excel in this line. Probably few colleges can furnish better material for this work. The oratorical and elocutionary tendencies of the college would be especially advantageous to any effort in stage work. Can there not be something done in this matter between the commencement of next term and the first of May? It is hoped that when the Dramatic Club is again put on record in the *Hamiltonian* it will mean something.

While it is highly important for the students to plan for social pastimes, we must not forget our pet interest, athletics. Of course the new gymnasium will not be in readiness for use this winter, and that fact is to be greatly lamented. We have reached a point in the history of our athletics when we stand in peculiar need of the inducements which a new and thoroughly equipped modern gymnasium would offer for steady and systematic training. Spasmodic training in the Spring, a few weeks before the inter-collegiate field-day, is nothing to depend on at the present advanced stage of inter-collegiate athletics. It may be that our success over other colleges in the past has been due largely to the better training our men have done, and that, too, after the Spring term had begun. But other colleges are waking up to the need of more training, and if we are to retain the pennant which we have so triumphantly held for the past two years, we must needs do better and longer training than we have done heretofore. It is quite safe to say that, at the next annual field-day between colleges, more will be required of us than ever before, if we continue to hold our present position. Now the question is, how are we to meet the greater requirements. Certainly the safest way is not to defer training until late next Spring. Some work at least can be done in the old gymnasium. The idea sprung from one of the members of the Faculty that athletic clubs could be formed, perhaps one in each class with a captain, for the purpose of systematic training during the winter. In our climate outdoor training in winter is not very inviting, yet certain things would be possible. Our main country roads between towns are usually well beaten down during the winter, and footing is not at all difficult. Now a strolling association, or some organization answering to the "hare and hound club" and the like in other colleges, would not only get the athletes in good physical condition, but would tend to develop walkers and long distance runners.

THE question is often asked,—on what conditions does Hamilton grant the degree of A. M.? It is difficult to obtain the same answer from any two alumni. There seems to be a sort of hazy impression that some kind of literary effort is required, but just what, no one actually knows. About one condition, however, there is a clearness and certainty remarkable when contrasted with the universal uncertainty of all the others, to wit,

sending with the candidate's name a legal tender for five dollars. Now if it is practically true that to obtain this degree, the money consideration is the vital one, such a state of affairs should not continue longer.

The reputation of Hamilton as an institution which demands a rigorous course and high attainments for graduation, ought not to be lessened or cheapened by carelessness in the requirements for other honors.

Heretofore the Master's degree was only granted to those who came on and delivered a Master's oration at Commencement.

In the opinion of the LIT. either this custom should be revived, making alterations where needed, or some other method adopted, requiring a prescribed course of reading and a thesis or oration in lieu of such course, on the merits of which the degree should be granted or denied. It is imperative that the college authorities take some action to remedy this evil. As it now stands, the degree of Master of Arts confers no honor on the holder.

To-day it is a certificate of comparative age, and, incidentally, of financial success. It declares the holder to be at least three years older than at graduation, and to have heaped up a surplus of five dollars, for which he has no pressing need.

Under such conditions it is not surprising there is smaller competition and smaller desire to be thus certified before the world.

THERE are probably few college students who will not admit that the present system of managing inter-collegiate athletic, base-ball and foot-ball associations is far from perfect. That improvement is possible and that improvement is needed has been shown by many incidents of recent date within the memory of all.

A change in this system of management has recently been proposed which seems to us to contain many good ideas and to be worthy of serious consideration if not of adoption.

It is not strange that among colleges, such as these in our league, there should be a good deal of jealousy and rivalry. This spirit has been shown in many of the meetings of the different associations and has been productive of prejudiced decisions in some cases. Often, too, the managers in conference propose but the students dispose—the rules and regulations made are not carried out.

To obviate all these difficulties it has been proposed that there be an advisory committee consisting of a member of the faculty of each of the Colleges in the league to meet with the students in their winter conferences or have appellate jurisdiction over disputed points. In arranging schedules, in deciding protested games—which have become so numerous of late—in prohibiting “paid” players and athletics, such a committee would undoubtedly be very advantageous. Actions of some colleges

which have recently occurred both in base-ball and in foot-ball, would not have been allowed by a Faculty representative had such a committee been in existence.

Another valuable suggestion along this same line, is that the umpires and referees, in future, be entirely unprejudiced parties. The partial decisions with which the foot-ball teams this year have had to contend has made some such regulation desirable if not absolutely necessary.

Let us then have reform in these matters and let these suggestions have careful consideration.

IF THAT time honored institution—the Fool-Killer, is not at present otherwise employed, the LIT can give him remunerative employment immediately. His work shall be in Clinton, in the College reading room. His first victim—the idiot who seats himself at one of the tables and taking a pencil from his pocket, makes sundry and various marks, writings etc., on the papers which he finds there; all the time smiling in a self approving manner as the thought comes to him of what an exceedingly clever and brilliant thing he is doing. At this juncture the killer shall begin his work of destruction, thereby earning the undying gratitude of the entire college. This done, he shall remove all traces of slaughter and, secreting himself, await the next victim. It may be that there will be fewer persons on the college registration list when the killer's work is finished, but the missing ones will be such as can be well spared. In all seriousness there are a number of men (?) in college who are fresh enough to find some satisfaction in marking and annotating the papers which are the property of the Reading Room Association. The papers which these lead-pencil fiends particularly affect are the comic weeklies—*Puck* and *Judge*. These papers not being up to the standard of brilliancy and wit which the would-be humorists consider necessary, the latter make improvements (?) in their own beautiful and touching manner, usually by furnishing the caricatures with names, varying the performance occasionally by remarks written on the margins, or interpolations inscribed between the lines. This may seem to these writers the acme of refined wit, but it appeals to the ordinary observer as just about as vapid and fresh a form of drooling idiocy as can be imagined.

Moreover, in disfiguring the property of the association they are committing a misdemeanor and bringing themselves within reach of the law.

The LIT. warns these would be humorists that if they be discovered, they will find themselves very shortly in a position of unenviable and unlooked for notoriety. This sort of thing has been going on too long, and it is possible that if the offenders find themselves held up *personally* to public view as representatives of all that is most asinine in the make-up of the college life, they will confine their literary efforts to making chalk marks on fences and leave the reading room in peace.

AROUND COLLEGE.

—Fine coasting!

—Fall term closes December 17.

—Houghton re-opened Tuesday, December 2.

—Bartholomew and Smith, '94, have left college.

—John Hill is the latest recruit in the ranks of '94.

—Professor A. S. Hoyt preached in New Hartford Sunday, December 7.

—Thompkin's mathematical prize examination was held Thursday, December 11.

—Professor James D. Rodgers, '89, of Boonville, spent Thanksgiving with Clinton friends.

—Shepard, '92, is laid up with a sprained ankle—the result of taking a fence while coasting.

—Robert S. Rudd, '79, of New York city, spent December 9 and 10 with Professor Chester.

—Several Hamilton men witnessed the Yale-Princeton game in New York on Thanksgiving Day.

—In the Union-Hamilton foot-ball game played in Schenectady, November 17, the Union eleven won by a score of 14 to 9.

—E. E. Smith, Amherst, '89, professor of the classical department in Franklin Academy, recently spent a few days on the Hill.

—Wight, '91, and Gray, '92, went to New York November 12, to attend the annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

—The will of Daniel B. Fayerweather was filed in New York, December 8, and in it Hamilton College is remembered by a bequest of \$100,000.

—Hotchkiss, '86, H. W. Johnson, '89, William M. Collier, '89, Mashek, Metcalf, McMynn, of Cornell University, were entertained at the X Ψ House on Thanksgiving Day.

—A chapel rush occurred December 8 in which the freshman came off victorious. Strenuous efforts are being made by the Faculty to suppress all similar occurrences in the future.

—Lee, '91, and Willis, '92, were delegated to represent the Hamilton Chapter of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity at the 44th annual convention held in Masonic Temple, New York city, November 19, 20 and 21.

—November 18 the Syracuse eleven met the Hamilton team on the home grounds. The game was well played on both sides and exceedingly exciting throughout. Several times the umpire by his decisions manifested his desire to favor the Syracuse eleven, and consequently placed himself in great disfavor with the spectators. Despite his many unfair decisions the game resulted in a victory for Hamilton with a score of 6 to 4.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

- Cornell has twenty-seven fraternities.
- The total membership of the Greek-letter societies is about 75,000.
- Dancing is taught at Wellesley as a part of the course in gymnastics.
- Twenty thousand dollars has been collected for a new chemical laboratory at Amherst.
- The cost of athletics last year at Harvard is said to have averaged twenty-five dollars per student.
- Smokers beware! At Harvard for fifty years no smoker has graduated with the first honors of his class.
- Of the ten leading tennis players of the United States, it is well to note that all but the tenth are college graduates.
- Two Japanese students of the University of Michigan have created great sensation by eloping with two American girls.
- Two thousand five hundred students at Ann Arbor. It is now the largest institute of learning on the Western Continent.
- In a German University a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him at half price to theatres, and takes him in free to the art galleries.—*Ex.*
- Ohio Wesleyan University has made plans for a new university building to cost about \$90,000. A chapel with a seating capacity of 1400 will be in the new building.
- A knock-downer for examination advocates: "In six years, 389 students of the Prussian public schools have committed suicide through fear of flunking on examinations."
- The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to the students too busy to leave their work.
- A National University has been planned, and Senator Edmunds has introduced a bill appropriating \$500,000 for buildings, and \$5,000,000 for permanent endowment. This was the idea of Washington, but through distrust in the scheme, Congress has failed to carry it out.

EXCHANGES.

- The November number of the *Nassau Lit.*, is up to its usually high standard. The story entitled "L'Elorle" is interesting and quite commendable.
- Among the many new exchanges which have reached us this month we are especially pleased to welcome the *Yale Lit.* It is a magazine of high literary excellence, and takes a rank among our best exchanges.

—The *Lippincott* this month publishes another of Capt. Charles King's charming stories of army life. "An Army Portia" is a clever, well written defense of officers against the ever ready yet unjust newspaper criticism. Besides this serious vein there is a mingling of frontier dash and spirit, with Eastern refinement and picturesque soldiery gallantry, with woman's perversity that makes pleasant and interesting reading,

CLIPPINGS}

A Senior nursing his first mustache
A Vassar maiden on the "mash."
Quoth he, to chaff her, "I've heard they row,
Play base-ball, swim and bend the bow;
But really now, I'd like to know
If they play foot-ball at Vassar?"

He smole a smile that was sharp and keen,
She blushed a blush that was hardly seen,
And thought him just a little mean,
Thus trying to surpass her.

But she straightway blushed a deeper red,
While the sunlight danced on her golden head;
With an artful look in her eye she said,
Gazing modestly on the ground.

"'Tis awfully rough to tackle and run,
And one's complexion is soiled by the sun,
But once in a while for the sake of the fun,
At Vassar we do touch *down*."

The Senior nor left nor fled his place,
But "tackled" her gently around the waist,
She whispered "held" with winning grace,
And then touched *down* for safety.

—*Exchange*.

—First Student: "I wonder why Prof. Flunkus doesn't have a chair in his recitation room!" Second Student: "Don't need any. He sits on the men who flunk!"—*Yale Record*.

A LA MOTHER GOOSE.

Phillis and I fell out,
And natural it came about,
For once we took a toboggan slide,
And somehow the thing I couldn't guide,
So,——

Phillis and I fell out.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

SOMETHING OF A STRANGER.

—Beessie—"Who is that man who comes here Sundays?" Mother—"Why, that is your father, child." "Where is he other days?" "At his Club."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A BROKEN RHYME.

She put her little hand in mine,
And pressed it with a soft "Farewell ;"
Her eyes looked kind, her smile half sad,
Did she feel more than she would tell ?

I settle down in cushioned ease,
The Pullman speeds into the night ;
What does she think of, sitting now
Alone before her hearth's dim light ?

Has she like me a vague desire,
An inarticulate regret,
The sorrow of a broken dream,
A joy unknown before we met ?

Ah, lake and wood and summer's moon,
Your magic oft hath breathed a spell,
As fleeting as a happy song
Will this bright vision fade as well ?

—*Nassau Lit.*

AND IT DIDN'T.

—As he sat in the parlor awaiting her coming he could not suppress his ecstasy. "In a few minutes I will meet her," he murmured softly. "Then in a few minutes I won't meet her," was the sage remark of the gas pipe, hearing what he said.

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A CLEVER IRISHMAN.

Talk of invention ! Irishmen
Can take the prize for that ;
For each contrivance, great or small,
That is of any use to all,
Has written on it "Pat."

—*Exchange.*

PRESUMPTION.

—Miss Bussey (on receiving her first kiss) : "I'm surprised at your audacity, sir." Mr. Brace (giving her another) : "I'm a little bit surprised at it myself but I guess it's all right."—*Christmas Puck.*

I'm in love, there's no question about it,
I could prove it so no one would doubt it ;
But I'd rather not try,
For by nature I'm shy,
So won't you believe me without it ?

—*The Wellesley Prelude.*

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

—Mrs. Wickwire: "There was a time when you used to tell me you loved me better than your life. I never hear you make any such statements now." Mr. Wickwire: "Certainly not. Since we are married my life is worth a great deal more to me."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

THE FIRST M'GINTY.

—Scipio: "Terentius, sing me that ancient ballad about Horatius at the bridge." Terentius: "Down wint Horatius to the bottom of the Tiber, dressed in his best suit of clothes !"—*Christmas Puck.*

A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION.

—Dutiful Son (reading "Paradise Lost"): "Say, but Lucifer must have been stuck on himself." Fond Mother: "Why, my son?" Dutiful Son: "Why, here he says, 'Myself am hell!' He might have thought he was hell without saying so!"—*Yale Record*.

SHE SHOWED HIM STARS.

For every shooting star he claimed a kiss.
She, seeming coy at first, demurred to this;
But he, persisting, would not be denied
When he at length a flying meteor spied.

And so as evening grew apace, their eyes
Oft scanned the glittering aspect of the skies;
And when a darting star caught either's sight
A sound of kissing broke upon the night.

And so it came to pass anon that she
Looked for shooting stars as much as he;—
Nay, if by chance a star escaped his view
She called his wandering fancy to it too.

When intervals seemed long between each hug,
She called him on a passing lightning bug;
And, ever taxing her ingenious mind,
Her ready wit enabled her to find
More shooting stars in three short, fleeting hours
Than would compose whole meteoric showers.

But when she did her last pretext exhaust
And was about to yield her cause as lost,
She saw a switchman's lantern circling swing
And got him down to a steady thing.

—*Vassar Miscellany*.

COLLEGE EVOLUTION.

Who's sent to Yale quite fresh from home,
And doth the campus proudly roam,
And thinks whate'er he sees his own?—
The Freshman.

Who wears loud jeans and smokes huge pipes,
And oft the ground with freshmen wipes,
And calls Phi Beta Kap men swipes?—
The Sophomore.

Who sings about last summer's flame,
And thinks he's right in the game,
And swears he'll ever be the same?—
The Junior.

Who has a grave and stately face,
To Prexie bows with easy grace,
And e'en looks Witchkiss in the face?—
The Senior.

Who in the cold world makes large "mon,"
And comes back to "Trienns" for fun,
And some years later sends his son?—
The Grad.

—*Yale Record*.

—Birdie :—"How do you feel, old man?" Velvet :—"Pretty rank ; must stop drinking ; going all to pieces." Birdie :—"Take a bottle of mucilage."
—*Yale Record.*

THE PROPER CAPER.

Take a "trot" horse
Into class—why, of course,
To see a stern tutor
Become very cross,
And show what respect
In his "nibs" you repose,
By reading your "pony"
Right under his nose.

—*Columbia Spectator.*

—Pater :—"Sam, can't you set around square in your chair?" Sam—"No, sir." Pater :—"Well, why not?" Sam :—"Cause you can't sit a round square.—*Yale Record.*"

TRAGIC.

"Aha !" said the old freight-engine wheel,
When the fast express had passed,
As shrilly sounded the whistle's peal,
"My turn has come at last."

—*Brunonian.*

—Instead of promising to take youngsters to the circus, mothers now say: "Be a good little boy, now, and I'll take you to see the students' fight."—*Polytechnic.*

A CATCH.

Behold some maidens rowing—
Some five or ten or more;
Behold a lone youth sitting
Upon the verdant shore.
Now hear a clear voice ringing,
As the girls row home with joy,
"Just wait till we have landed,
And then I'll catch that buoy."

—*Wellesley Prelude.*

THE IDEALIST.

O woman fair, what is more rare
Than a modest maiden's beauty
For a poet's theme or a hero's dream,
To urge him on to duty?

HE WORKED BY THE CENTURY.

—Cobb—"You write for the magazines, don't you?" Spacer—"Yes." Cobb—"Do you get paid by the year?" Spacer—(who gets paid on publication)—"No—by the century."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE ROMANCER.

In days of yore, the brave knight bore
His true love's dainty token,
For her glance or sigh he would gladly die
With his love knot all unbroken.

ALUMNIANA.

Μέγα νομίζομεν κέρδος, εἰν ἀλλήλοις φίλοι γιγνώμεθα.

—REV. A. WILLARD COOPER, '79, has returned to his missionary work in Siam.

—HARRY P. PENDRICK, '88, of Saratoga Springs, was admitted to the bar in Albany, December 3.

—Hon. JOSEPH S. AVERY, '48, has delivered Sunday evening temperance addresses in Deansville and on Paris Hill.

—JOHN A. DALZELL, '84, holds the office of superintendent of the Schuyler Electric Company in Middletown, Conn.

—WILLIS L. WEEDEN, '82, formerly of Leonardsvile, has been appointed principal of the Union School at Schuylerville.

—REV. CLINTON W. WILSON, LL. B., '87, has abandoned the law, and is preaching the gospel in South Hartford, N. Y.

—Tidings have been received of the death of FRANK J. LEMON, '88, at Ashville, N. C., a son of Rev. J. S. Lemon, formerly of New Hartford.

—The Churches at Constantia and "Whig Hill," (six miles from Constantia,) are supplied by Mr. HENRY KENDALL SANBORNE, '74, of Auburn Seminary.

—Letters from WILLARD D. BALL, '81, indicate that he has received a warm welcome at Los Angeles, Cal., where he is acting as Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

—Since last June, Rev. W. W. COLE, '88, has supplied the Presbyterian pulpit in Pompey. He is still doing the work of a Senior in Auburn Theological Seminary.

—REV. ARCHIBALD L. LOVE, '76, formerly of Putnam, Conn., has removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he will have charge of an important missionary enterprise.

—After ministering to the Baptist church in Erie, Kansas, two years and five months, Rev. George E. Burdick, '82, has removed to a larger field in Nickerson, Kansas.

—At the December Teachers' Institute for Fulton county, Principal S. REED BROWN, '86, of St. Johnsville, lectured on "Practical Physiology," and "Topics of the Times."

—As pastor of the Church of the Covenant in Buffalo, Rev. A. W. ALLEN, '78, has already received forty-seven new members. His work in Buffalo began only seven months ago.

—In the Brooklyn Homeopathic School for training nurses, Dr. DORRANCE K. MANDEVILLE, '49, lectures on "Anatomy and Physiology," and Dr. EDWARD W. AVERY, '63, lectures on "Labor and its Accidents."

—*The American Naturalist* announces that Dr. HENRY B. ORR, '82, Professor of Natural History in the University of Kentucky, has been appointed Professor of Biology in Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

—One who knows, testifies that Professor GEORGE H. MINOR, '90, is a worthy successor in Park College of Professor GEORGE A. KNAPP, '84. He is a fine mathematician, and has won the hearts of the students in Park College.

—At the 63d anniversary of the Cortland Baptist Association, Rev. EDWARD ROYCE, '42, was elected moderator. He announced the resignation of his double pastorate at Lansing and Groton, to take effect on his 75th birthday.

—Hon. SIMEON B. CHASE, '50, formerly Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, has removed from Great Bend, Pa., to Easton, Pa.; and Hon. EDWARD O. HAMLIN, '50, formerly a district judge in Minnesota, has removed from Bethany, Pa., to Honesdale, Pa.

—The twentieth anniversary of the installation of Rev. SAMUEL W. FISHER, '67, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Swissvale, Pa., was celebrated November 10, 1890. The church is proudly happy that its pastor remains contentedly faithful to his first and only charge.

—Eastern Massachusetts has a deep rooted aversion for pulpit ability. After Salem had captured Rev. JAMES F. BRODIE, '76, "the polarity of truth" seemed to suggest a call for Rev. Dr. M. D. KNEELAND, '69, Roxbury, Rev. W. H. ALLBRIGHT, '76, at Dorchester, and Rev. JAMES BLACK, '84, at East Boston.

—WALTER L. SESSIONS, '88, whose father represented the Chautauque district in Congress, is now a lawyer in New York, with his office in the *World* building. He has made a special study of the law that relates to electrical inventions—a profitable field, in which some of the best legal minds of the country are now engaged.

—Rev. JAMES RODGERS, '65, has returned from Jamestown, N. Dakota, to Farmington, Minn., where he is welcomed by his former parishioners and assured that hereafter his salary shall be promptly paid, in monthly installments. He returns willing to remain another twelve years, in the parsonage built six years ago, largely by his college and seminary classmates.

—A petition is circulating in England asking the British government to use its great influence with the Egyptian government to put a stop to the illegal and shocking mutilations of the monuments and sculptures of old Egypt. American signatures to a similar petition will be received by Dr. W. C. WINSLOW, '62, 625 Beacon street, Boston, Vice President of the Egypt Exploration Fund, who will forward them to the proper hands in London.

—At the request of Dr. Schonfield, of Bonn, Prof. J. G. PORTER, '73 of Cincinnati University, prepared an excellent obituary notice of the Dr. C. H. F. PETERS, which appeared in the *Vierteljahsschrift*, the organ of an Astronomical Society, of which Dr. Peters was a member. Professor Porter also prepared an obituary notice of Dr. Peters for the *Sider Messenger*, published by Prof. W. W. Payne of the Carleton College Observatory, at Northfield, Minn.

—The annual banquet of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Hamilton Alumni, will be held at Hotel Brunswick, Friday evening, December 19. Hon. ELIHU ROOT, '64, will preside. Tickets can be had of the Treasurer, JAMES S. GREVES, '61, 32 Park Place; or of the Corresponding Secretary, Dr. A. NORTON BOCKWAY, '57, 50 East 126th Street. The Alumni of Hamilton who belong to other associations and other localities are heartily invited to this reunion.

—Rev. CHARLES G. MATTESON, '76, of Roslyn, Long Island, delivered the presentation address, November 3, at the unveiling of a memorial Tablet in Bryant Hall. The address in response to Mr. MATTESON was made by Mr. PARKE GOODWIN, of Roslyn. The Tablet is made from a majestic oak which formerly adorned the lawn of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and for which he had a great affection. The oak fell with the weight of its years and its branches two years ago.

—Probably the oldest Greek Professor in America is Rev. Dr. ASAHEL C. KENDRICK, '31, who has been a teacher of Greek fifty-nine years in Madison University (now Colgate) and Rochester University. He was born in Poultney, Vt., December 7, 1809, and has entered upon his 82d year. He has edited the "Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson," "Our Poetical Favorites," "The Anabasis of Xenophon," "Select Orations of Demosthenes," "Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews," and other works.

—FRANKLIN H. HEAD, '56, has been elected president of the Chicago Literary Club, which has flourished for seventeen years, and includes among its members HENRY G. MILLER, '48, Dr. WILLIAM A. BARTLETT, '52, DANIEL GOODWIN, '52, FRANKLIN H. HEAD, '56, Dr. HERRICK JOHNSON, '57, Dr. EDWARD C. RAY, '70, PERRY H. SMITH, '74. Among the essays of the coming year will be the "The Silver Legislation of the last Congress" by HENRY G. MILLER, '48, and "The Imagination in Science and Religion," by Dr. HERRICK JOHNSON, '57.

—Among the announcements of *The Popular Science Monthly* for 1891, is a series of copiously illustrated articles on The Development of American Industries since Columbus, in which the progress of Iron and Steel making, of the Cotton manufacture, and of the Woolen, Glass, Leather, and other leading industries will be described by writers of practical acquaintance with these subjects. S. N. D. NORTH, '69, of Boston, Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, has been invited to prepare an article for this series on "The History of Wool Manufactures."

—The managers of the Clifton Conference of Christian Workers have added to their number by the election of Professor EDWARD NORTH, '41, of Clinton, Rev. Dr. S. HAWLEY ADAMS, '63, of Clifton Springs, and WILLIAM M. GRIFFITH, '80, of Utica. At the Clifton Conference held last July, addresses were made by Rev. Dr. WILLIS J. BEECHER, '58, of Auburn Seminary, on "Christ in the Old Testament," by Rev. Dr. S. HAWLEY ADAMS, '63; on the "The Relation of the Church to the Tem-

perance Reform," by State Secretary WILLIAM M. GRIFFITH, '80, on "Difficulties and Dangers in Association Work."

—The recent death of Hon. ANDREW SHERMAN, '55, is a bereavement to conscientious journalism that will be widely lamented. In a private letter, dated December 25, 1889, he recognizes the mistake of his life :

"My case is one that points a moral, if it does not adorn a tale, and it should be a lesson to brain-workers. I overworked fearfully, as I now discover too late, I fear, to apply an effective remedy. My nervous system is 'all out of gear'—head-pains, stomach disorder and insomnia being the evidences thereof. Now I am resting, so far as rest is possible to one whose intellectual machinery has been running at full speed for some forty years in connection with daily journalism. To me doing nothing is the hardest kind of work. But I have to grin and bear it."

—In the September *North American*, Dr. WILLIAM S. SEARLE, '54, Brooklyn, opposes the popular theory that a changeable climate is unhealthful. "Life in its fullness and richness and fruitfulness, is developed and enjoyed only where the climate is fickle. The ambition, inventiveness, energy, and general capacity, which have made our civilization what it is, and which are yet to make America a greater nation than the world has seen, are, to a large extent, the results of a variable climate. Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the land where no cellar was dug, was the land of feebleness and inanity. Doubtless we owe much of our development to free institutions. But we owe more to climate."

—The new Harvard plan of shortening the undergraduate course to three years, would leave but little time for study, after all the exacting of the gymnasium, the ball-ground, the tennis-court and the boating were fully satisfied. Hon. WILLIAM H. H. MILLER, '61, of Washington, D. C., gave his opinion, last commencement, in language not open to a double construction :

"I believe in the dollar that has 100 cents in it. I don't believe in the fiat dollar, and I don't believe in the degree of Bachelor of Arts that is the result of 75 per cent. of a college course, the proposed departure of Harvard College to the contrary notwithstanding. As relating to public affairs, I like to see such a thing as the bonds of the United States standing every day at a higher premium. As a son of Hamilton, I want to have her course kept so that if I live to be seventy-five years old my diploma will be at a premium. I want to see it take such a course that her diploma will be at a premium all over this land."

—At the October meeting of the Inter-Seminary Alliance in Allegheny City, Pa., an instructive address was given on "City Mission Work," by Rev. DAVID A. REED, '77, president of the "School for Christian Workers," in Springfield, Mass. The speaker said :

"The great bulk of our population is in the cities, and the question of city missions has to do not only with the poor, but with the rich. There are difficulties which stand in the way of our work in the cities. The greater portion of the residents are foreign born. The common laborer it is often asserted, is at variance with the capitalist and the church. Socialistic organizations interfere. The Sunday newspaper is a hindrance to church influences. What are the churches doing to aid these non-church-going classes? Many are doing nothing directly. The speaker emphasized the need of united efforts of the city churches toward the evangelization of these classes." We want to be satisfied with no sym-

tem unless it can bring to every soul the offer of salvation. There is nothing that can solve the difficult problems of the degradation in our cities but the gospel of Christ."

—Each of seventeen Professors in Western and South-western Institutions can find his name in the following list: Hon. WILLIAM W. FARWELL, '37, Union Law School, Chicago; Rev. Dr. HERRICK JOHNSON, '57, McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago; Dr. WILLARD B. RISING, '64, University of California, Oakland, Cal.; Prof. STEWART MONTGOMERY, '65, and Prof. GEORGE A. KNAPP, '84, Olivet College, Mich.; Prof. JOHN D. CONLEY, '69, Laramie, Wyoming; Prof. GEORGE W. ELLIS, '78, State Normal School, Peru, Neb.; Dr. CHARLES R. KINGSLEY, '78, Milwaukee College for Women; Prof. LEE S. PRATT, '81, Knox College, Galesburgh, Ill.; Prof. JOHN L. LAMPSON, '82, and Prof. HIRAM A. VANCE, '88, State Normal College, Nashville, Tenn.; Prof. HENRY B. ORR, '82, Tulane University, New Orleans, La.; Rev. Prof. JOSEPH A. ADAIR, '84, Hanover College, Ind.; Prof. ROBERT A. KING, '85, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Prof. CLARENCE N. CARRUTH, '89, Highland University, Kansas; Prof. WILLIAM S. LEAVENWORTH, '89, Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.; Prof. GEORGE H. MINOR, '90, Park College, Parkville, Mo.

—When five thousand dollars were given by ALEXANDER C. SOPER, '67, of Chicago, for endowing the Mathematical Scholarship, the investment proved so fruitful of good, that the giver has readily united with his two brothers in making a large memorial gift for a purpose that will satisfy one of the most urgent needs of the college. Kirkland Hall, built in 1822 from a state appropriation, had ceased to be useful as a dormitory and was hastening to ruin. By the timely generosity of the Brothers Soper, and the genius of architect T. H. GOUGE, '70, it will be transformed into an architectural ornament of the campus. Its puritanical angularities will be converted into graceful curves, and the interior will be made an attractive theatre for gymnastic exercises and athletic sports, both in winter and in summer. Blessings on the graduate philanthropist, who not only knows how to make money, but how to use it wisely and productively; whose generosity will help the student to cultivate the mind without neglecting its physical lodging; and will practically commend the Horatian doctrine that the ideal manhood calls for "a sound mind in a sound body." Three cheers, then, for the SOPER Brothers, ARTHUR W. SOPER, of New York, ALEXANDER C. SOPER and JAMES P. SOPER, of Chicago.

—Soon after the death of SCHUYLER B. STEERS, '54, of Cooperstown, an action was begun to obtain a judicial interpretation of certain clauses of his will. Surrogate A. C. Tennant of Otsego county, referred the case to W. H. Johnson for a hearing and report. In the referee's report, now on file, he finds the testator's gift of \$10,000 to Hamilton College and \$5,000 to Hartwick Seminary are valid bequests. But the referee holds that the bequest of certain interests and expectant profits in the firm of S. B. Steers & Co.—Schuyler B. Steers and Frederick A. Saville—was revoked and annulled by the act of the testator in subsequently entering into a new partnership contract with the said Saville. The referee finds

also that the bequest of "all the rest, remainder and residue" of his estate to his then living wife, Kate Clark Steers, as sole trustee, for the purpose of founding a Steers Home for Aged Persons at Cooperstown, is made inoperative by the death of such sole trustee, and is void by reason of the indefiniteness and uncertainty of the terms of the bequest. Finally, the referee rules that after the payment of Hamilton College bequest, the Hartwick Seminary bequest and a few other trifling legacies, the residue of the estate, which is estimated at over \$200,000, shall go to the next of kin, so distributed by statute. One of the numerous relatives who will share in the distribution of the Steers estate will be IRA STEERS JARVIS, '85, of Hartwick Seminary.

—Rev. Dr. LUTHER A. OSTRANDER, '65, of Lyons, sends a true statement to the New York *Evangelist* in saying that "the students of Hamilton College never did better work than they are now doing. The class that just graduated had a higher average than any class, with a single exception, that ever graduated. They are as fine and manly a set of young men as you can find anywhere— hale, hearty, clear-eyed, intelligent. On Commencement Day they delivered excellent orations, in a natural, earnest, and forcible manner, reflecting much credit on the work of Prof. Hoyt. Another gratifying fact is the high moral tone manifested by the students. Those who take the lead in scholarship, take the lead also in athletic sports, and these are for the most part active Christian young men. The student, for example, who took the \$200 Greek prize last year, Mr. Lee of Franklinville, took the prize in the one hundred yard dash in the inter-collegiate contest recently held at Syracuse, and is an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association. This is the type of men the world needs, men well developed physically, mentally and spiritually. These students give the College a character of Christian manliness that is most admirable. While athletic sports are encouraged in a reasonable degree (in the inter-collegiate 'Field Day' recently held at Syracuse, the Hamilton boys took nearly all the prizes,) no student below a certain high standing in his class, can be on a college team. This is as it should be."

—Last month Rev. ULRIE MAYNARD, '25, of Castleton, Vt., celebrated his ninety-second birthday. He is a native of Hartford, N. Y., where the last member of his family except himself was buried a few years ago. In a class of twenty-three he is the only surviving member except one. Among them were George W. Clinton, a well-known statesman of New York, and Augustus W. Smith, president of the Middletown, N. Y., University. After leaving Hamilton College, Mr. Maynard preached in Liberty, Ind., four years. Among the members of his congregation were the fathers of Gen. A. E. Burnside and Gen. Mitchell, both of whom were well-known Union commanders in the civil war. In Indiana Mr. Maynard organized the first temperance and bible society in the county, and both have since been kept up. After preaching in Indiana he went to New Jersey, where he preached two years; then to a town in Connecticut, where he preached three years; then to Pennsylvania, where

he remained two years. In 1825 he went to Castleton the first time, and August 17, 1828, he married Miss Olive Branch, who for sixty-two years has been his companion, and is honored and esteemed by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Maynard celebrated her ninety-first birthday one week from the time that her husband celebrated his ninety-second. Both are in good health. Mrs. Maynard walks up and down the street on which they live, everyday, and Mr. Maynard does all his own marketing and most of the work about his house. Of five children born to them two are living, Hon. Henry Maynard of Marquette, Mich., and Frances, wife of Rev. George F. Hunting, D. D., president of the Alma, Mich., theological seminary.

—In the published correspondence between Bishop James Mc Gorlick, of Minneapolis, and Hon. DAVID L. KIEHLE, '61, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Minnesota, the position of American Protestants on the question, "Should the State teach Religion?" is candidly and forcibly set forth:

"Our government, which we believe to be the best in the world, is purely secular, yet it has for its corner-stones the family and the Christian church, and recognizes its obligations to these in the high places accorded to the parent and the minister of religion, and in the beneficence of its institutions. It cannot, therefore, be called godless because secular. In like manner, I look upon our public school system as the maturest and most honorable fruit of our Christian civilization. It assumes the existence and influence of the family and the Christian church, and in an atmosphere of purity and devotion to high aims begotten at the fireside and the altar, teacher and youth meet together to attend to duties and interests they have in common. In the conviction that our public schools are but a part of the educational provision made for our American youth, I believe that the withdrawal of the influence of our families of intelligence and refinement, and of the moral support of the Christian churches would defeat their purpose and reduce them to a condition which would verify the prediction of their enemies. Where the state assumes paternal relations toward any of its children, as in its reform school, institutions for defectives and indigents, it makes provision for religious instruction, but when it opens the common school near the home and in the parish, it assumes that the children will bring with them for use and assimilation in character a knowledge of the truths of religion and morals. If it is objected that this is not the actual condition of things, I reply that the state is obliged to assume the existence of both as essential to its own existence as well as that of its schools."

—The following publications have been thankfully received :

1. "Half-Century Annalist's Letter for the year 1890," By Rev. Dr. HENRY KENDALL, '40.
2. "James Harrington, and his Influence upon American Political Institutions and Political Thought," by Hon. THEODORE W. DWIGHT, '40.
3. "Chancellor George William Curtis' Address at the University Convocation of July, 1890." From Vice Chancellor ANSON J. URSON, '43.
4. "Register of Dr. HOLBROOK'S Military School at Sing Sing." From Professor HENRY C. HOLBROOK, '78.
5. "Origin of the Rock Pressure of Natural Gas in the Trenton Lime Stone of Ohio and Indiana," by Dr. Edward Orton, '48.

6. "Brief in the Supreme Court of the United States," by Attorney General W. H. H. Miller, '61.
7. Historical Sketch of the "Circular" or Congregational Church of Charleston, S. C., by Pastor HENRY M. GRANT, '62.
8. "Caisse des Ecoles et de l' instruction publique du Vésinet." From Professor THEODORE F. GARDNER, '64.
9. "The Glacial Geology of the Irondequoit Region," by Dr. CHARLES R. DRYER, '70, Fort Wayne, Ind.
10. "Briefs in the Supreme Court of Louisiana," by Disrtict Attorney J. HENRY SHEPHERD, '72.
11. "The Prime Ancient Society of Fairfield, Conn., an Historical Paper," by Pastor FRANK S. CHILD, '75.
12. "From Strength to Strength." First Anniversary Sermon in the South Church, Salem, Mass., by Pastor JAMES F. BRODIE, '76.

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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91.

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THE NEW WEST AND ITS BEARING ON OUR NATIONAL DESTINY.

THE West is no longer a term of mystery, as when the poets sang of Atlantis. The adverse waves of migration have met ; and the West has at last found limits, vast and elusive, no doubt, but soon to assert their presence.

Stretching from the head waters of the Missouri southward to the Rio Grande, from the Mississippi across the plains to the Sierra Nevada, the New American West embraces a territory rich in all that nature has to give, boundless in its promise of the future. Bordered on the north by the snow-fringed possessions of England, extending on the south to the tropical luxuriance of Mexico, it presents every variety of climate and yields every variety of product. With an area more than twice that east of the Mississippi, her sterile lands are few, and chiefly confined to districts where mineral wealth abounds. "The Great American Desert" is a thing of the past, that has yielded to those methods which in the olden time transformed the steppes of Central Asia into fields rich for the harvest.

Vast yet continuous, diverse yet united, grasping the crown of the continent, the New West holds the key to our national destiny. Shall she use her power for weal or woe, is for the

present to determine. The influences moulding western life to-day reach far out into the future. The development of the West depends upon her people. "Now is the nick of time," when the character of that people is forming.

Time and Nature have conspired to make the development of the West the most swift and complete in history. The nineteenth century moves swiftly in deeds that mean more than measured time: the Anglo-Saxon is a race, fired with the spirit of conquest. Set in a land rich with the bounty of Nature, Invention has given power unknown to past generations. Other nations have developed with the years. The West has sprung into being. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!" Yes; and better a decade in the New West than a half century in the Fatherland.

With a passion sustained in its intensity, her pioneers have labored early and late for the material development of the country. To draw from the earth treasure of silver and gold, to cover a thousand hills with their cattle, to turn the prairies of the Northwest into granaries for the world, to clothe the slopes of the Southwest with the olive and the vine; this has been their dream; this their religion, preached by the press and exemplified in the lives of their leaders. Is it a wonder that their achievements have astonished the world?

Cities built in a day are too apt to fade with the evening. In western eagerness for results, stability has been sacrificed. Vigorous, determined, intense, western civilization is as yet superficial. They have not taken root; but are tossed hither and thither on the tides of worldliness. Mammon is their danger. The ruins of Babylon, Carthage and Tyre cast shadows among them. Nowhere are the alternations in fortunes so great; nowhere is wealth such a power in social and political life.

Where time is money and money king, there is no room for conventionalities. With so much to be done, indirect methods are intolerable. The westerner is essentially practical. The polished culture of older civilizations has not kept pace with his progress. Yet the barbarism born of seclusion is not his. He has kept in touch with the world through the power of steam and electricity.

The eastern and southern states, settled at a time of colonial dependence, are still tinged with Old World forms ; are influenced by the proximity of European civilization. Beyond the Mississippi all is democratic. There is the America of America, the new people of the new world. The East has her problem in the centralization of wealth ; the South in the negro ; the problem of the West is immigration. There has been a peaceful invasion of her territory, mighty as that of the Goths when they deluged the shores of the Mediterranean. The newcomers bring with them strange ideas, and much that is alien to our republican institutions. The socialism of the country is confined to their ranks ; they furnish the loud mouthed anarchists ; and from them Mormonism is recruited. There is a materialistic tendency to their thought, while many are still ruled from the Vatican. Strange and warring elements these ; and yet upon their fusion depends the perpetuity of our nation. Shall the home or the foreign element prevail ? Filled with Yankee pride, we trust in the ultimate supremacy of our sturdy American manhood.

In the West, the races meet under new and strange conditions. In the perfect freedom and equality of that life, there is a mingling of individuals and of masses that bespeaks an early fusion, despite the antagonisms of nature.

When the New West shall have become the Old West, that fusion will be complete. From a heterogeneous people will have been evolved a distinct race, strong in its national characteristics. Emerson has said : " The best nations are those most widely related." What then of a nation whose affinities embrace the world ? Gathered from the ends of the earth, the Westerners of the future will have elements of strength granted no other people. What their ultimate character may be is presaged in the life of the present. The difference between the Old Dominion and the New England states is still the difference between the Cavalier and the Puritan. The character of to-day will endure ; but it will be tuned into harmony with its physical and moral environment. It will gain breadth and variety with the years from the breadth and variety of its surroundings ; developed in an age of reason, the thought element will enter largely into its composition ; while the whole will be pervaded and in-

spired by the grand ideas of civil and religious liberty on which the Fathers founded the Republic.

Such a people in such a land, must exert a mighty influence. For them the nations have lived and died, and brought their works to perfection : theirs the heritage of the past ; theirs the golden opportunity of the present, the rich promise of the future.

Already their influence is felt throughout the East, in literature, in trade, in politics ; and as leisure brings higher development, the sphere of that influence will widen.

Though western literature is as yet scant, her writers are stimulating eastern thought to-day, through the very strength of their Americanism. If ever we are to have a national literature it will be this spirit that inspires it. It too, must be American ; American in thought, American in purpose ; and the West must be its birth place. Here it may spring up and develop, untrammelled by prejudice of past or present ; fresh, vigorous, independent, mirroring our national life, inspired by our national institutions.

In trade, the power of the West has long been felt : her future supremacy is hardly questioned. Eastern capital is moving west ; and along the lines of investment, eastern enterprise is quickened into new life by contact with western activity. Already our home markets are largely controlled by the West, although her resources are as yet unfathomed ; and wise legislation alone is needed to give her a place in the markets of the world.

In the halls of our national Congress, those voices are not the least influential that come from beyond the Mississippi : in our national politics the West is an important factor. True ; the balance of power is still with the East ; but its course is ever westward. When the centre of population crosses the Mississippi, the West will control the Lower House, elect the Executive, and, it may be, control the Senate. Within the year, four new states have entered the Union ; while others are seeking admittance. When the West shall be as densely populated as the East, then will come a time for subdivision. Dakota has led the way. May we not expect others to follow ?

Gladstone has said that America forms "a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man." Aye;

and the fate of that Empire is merged in the fate of the New West. Nature has done all that she might ; the rest remains with man.

If the fusion of races be not consummated ; if law and order lose prestige ; if materialism supplant Christianity, and man in the pride of achievement forgets the source of his blessings, then must that Empire fall ; and its fall will be the more terrible for the promise of its inception.

On the other hand, if man be true to his heritage, that Empire will flourish, and grow into glorious maturity : an Empire not like that of Alexander or Charlemagne, nor yet like England or Russia : an Empire where unity is commensurate with vastness, where a homogeneous people speak one language, recognize one law, and worship one God.

DELOS DEWOLF SMYTH, '90.

HOWELL'S DELINEATION OF SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE early part of the seventeenth century marked an epoch in the development of literature. It was the period of transition from the literature of passion, the Shaksperian drama, to the literature of intellect, critical English prose. A similar transition has marked the growth of modern fiction. The novelist that knew no men but heroes, that played continually on the emotions of the reader, has given place to a more healthful type. The later school of writers has striven to portray life in its reality, depending on keenness of observation and style for success. Howells is America's best representative of realistic fiction. He is almost an extremist in his school. Yet whatever weakness, from an artistic standpoint, an extremist of this school may have, serves only to increase the value of his portrayal. If he be photographic, so much the more accurate his delineation. Such writers must commend themselves to those who value the study of American society, and the record of its thought and life.

Howells is purely American. The foreigners in his stories create no special interest but serve rather as a back-ground

for his stronger home characters. Every thought, every impulse is American. To whatever class his persons belong, he enters wholly into their environments and sympathizes with their lot. No novelist has shown such appreciation of American life in all its phases. No type can be called his forte. The poverty of Howells' boyhood, the experiences of youth and the advantages of later life have brought him into contact with all kinds of people, all grades of society. Life has given abundant opportunity to one who is naturally a keen student of human nature.

New England has exerted a most powerful influence in our civilization. In all questions of moral right, in all great crises, New England has been a leader. The old life was stern, severe, cold ; but the intolerance and harshness of early days has softened into a broad liberality and culture. Industry has been followed by the highest mental activity. In education, politics, and religion, the East has been the fountain, the inspiration of the West. The soil so barren of nature's bounty has produced men. New England has given much, has yet much to give.

The farm life of New England in its original simplicity can be seen in Howells' picture of the Shakers. There is so much of Puritanic strictness and frugality in their life that it is easy for the reader to drift back into the days of home-spun and whipping posts. Their superstitions display the utmost simplicity : yet the consistency of all their actions demands respect—a plain, sincere people following blindly the promptings to a higher life. The picture is simple and accurate.

Among the stories that are based upon the incidents of travel, "A Chance Acquaintance" is in Howells' happiest vein. Kittie Ellsmere is the familiar type of country girl which he knows so well how to portray, winning in manner, full of life and sunshine. Her early life has given her no opportunities, has taught no fine distinctions in society. But when she realizes that Arbuton has moved in a different circle, and that she will be considered his inferior, a burden upon his life, she shows real depth of character in her firm refusal of his hand. Her sweetness of disposition and changing moods complete the picture of an artless girl. Helen Harkness in "A Woman's Reason," is like her in nature but of

entirely different training. She is a well educated Boston girl, reared in a wealthy home. At her father's death, Helen's self-reliance will not allow charity and she tries to be independent. Plan after plan fails. She sees her last resource disappear, realizes her lack of physical strength, and yet persists. The qualities of the father, the old time pluck and patience, live in the daughter. It is a struggle against the impossible. The education of the society girl is not practical. The system is at fault.

Kittie Ellsmere and Helen are both affectionate and attractive; but there is a stronger likeness. They possess true womanly character. Beneath Kittie's amiability and vivacity there is a firmness that will not countenance what her woman's intuition condemns. Self-vanity, self-sacrifice cannot turn her from duty. Helen's struggle is a longer and harder one, but she meets it bravely. Will is all that supports her. There is an earnestness and courage that excites admiration. She is quieter, more self-restrained, more thoughtful. Both are sensible, true-hearted New England girls. Howells' treatment of woman is often humorous, yet respectful. He certainly understands her moods and motives. Henry James, Jr., says, "His women are always most sensible women : their motions, their accents, their ideas savor essentially of the sex : he is one of the few writers who hold a key to feminine logic and detect a method in feminine madness."

"April Hopes," a light story of society, is filled with the spirit of youth. Dan Maverling is the embodiment of that mixture of thoughtlessness and thoughtfulness that can be found only in the American college boy. Sincere, manly, yet full of pure fun, he gives life to the Maverling family; and his cheerfulness imparts a wholesome tone to the entire action. His whole nature enters into the spirit of the theatricals given in Mrs. Trevor's parlor. Here is presented a scene which could scarcely be found outside of New England. The family audience, in sympathy with the effort and duty-bound to enjoy and applaud, the ludicrous costumes and the most human personations of deities are humorous in the extreme. The Maverling home is one of the most charming features of the work. Howells has paid many tributes to New England homes, and justly so. No homes are more united, no firesides more cheerful.

The influences exerted here are the strongest, while the memories that cluster around them are bright spots in the hearts of its people. In the Mavering family there is a glimpse of that mutual understanding, love, and tenderness that give home its sweetness.

Humor prevades nearly all Howells' society sketches. It is elusive, yet manifest in its effects. He smiles satirically at the woman who delays a crowded horse-car, and almost maliciously at Corey as he wanders about ill at ease and dispirited at his cousin's formal reception. Corey's words are a pitiful protest against the rigid exactions of polite society. "I wonder who invented this sort of thing? Do you know, I think it's rather worse with us than with any other people? We're a simple, sincere folk, domestic in our instincts, not gregarious or frivolous in any way; and when we're wrenched from our firesides and packed in our best clothes into Jane's gilded salons, we feel vindictive: we feel wicked. When the Boston being abandons himself, or herself, to fashion, she suffers a depravation into something quite lurid." American humor is as distinctive as American speech. It is not the hilarity of wine, nor does it approach the full-fledged English joke. The humor of Howells' characters is quiet, droll, and at times, tinged with sarcasm.

Silas Lapham is a Vermont Yankee, simple, shrewd, blunt. His counterpart may be found in an hundred American homes. He is the hard working farm boy of fifty years ago. We can see his large face, kindly eye, and heavy frame, and hear his loud, gruff voice. Business is his life work: paint, his religion; and yet his inspiration and conscience is the little school teacher that sat on the trestle with him and called his paint a gold mine. With the taste of the uncultured man of means, he finds his greatest satisfaction driving a speedy horse. Books, except as furniture, are a world unknown to him. Proud of his wealth and his family, he boasts of both in a manner that is hardly offensive in its extravagance. The delight taken in escorting visitors through his new house is really boyish. It is the air castle of his young manhood.

The money that has placed Lapham in contact with good society cannot make him part of it; but it reconciles society to him, and gives his daughters ready access. New England

society with its high educational standards is compelled to recognize the passport of wealth. Lapham's business success is western in its rapidity. While it lasts he seems to be one of the "Solid Men of Boston ;" but stripped of his money he is a dwarf, the husk of a man whose mind has never fully assimilated but one idea—gain. Silas Lapham is a character that leaves a marked impression. The traits of the old time Vermonter, honesty, industry, perseverance, are joined to a rough but sincere kindheartedness.

Howells' localities and pictures of country life are scrupulously exact and interesting in detail. The village of Equity stood on a wide plain, snugly sheltered by mountains. On the banks of the small river which ran through the valley was the saw-mill, whose shrill whistle marked off the sunrise, noon, and sunset of the long winter days. Save for this and the noise of the children going to and from the Academy, with occasionally the dismal squeaking of a sled "an Arctic quiet prevailed." It was a village without a railroad and yet boasted a newspaper, edited by a college graduate. The orthodox religion of the fathers had lost its control, and no later type had taken its place. Its inhabitants were good wholesome people of little means or ambition. The desolation of winter, the relaxed interest in religion, the lack of enterprise are not overdrawn. Such descriptions are pleasing and artistic, and have a real value.

The one college graduate is Bartley Hubbard whose development is traced in "A Modern Instance." Hubbard's courtship with Marcia Gaylord is as unconventional as our idea of Equity would give reason to expect. The thought of giving up the house to the young people and the daughter entertaining her beau at midnight, after the evening sleighride, frightens the conventional English reader. So too, the girl's supremacy in the home and the mother's life of household drudgery seem curious. But both are of frequent occurrence. Bartley Hubbard is Howells' most powerful conception. He has shown a most complete mastery of his subject. Halleck's estimate—"Deplorably smart and regrettably handsome. A fellow with no more moral nature than a baseball"—is not the author's concept. He has built a stronger character, a character of many good impulses and possessed of a moral nature. But

there is a weakness which environment and association increase. The facile Hubbard entering upon his Boston career gives promise of success, moral and financial. He possesses a heart capable of great good. The steps of his gradual deterioration are slow and hardly manifest. The influence which should have come from the home is lacking. The marriage had been one between natures entirely different in sympathies and aspirations.

Marcia's flashes of temper followed by gentleness and penitence are not comprehensible to him. Her love and devotion seem only weakness. Boston life has changed her ideal of manhood and she longs to have him attain it. Bartley never understands her, never sincerely tries. He is not obtuse but lacks delicate sympathy. He can read human nature, so-called, but not human hearts. He has never known what it is to love anyone better than he loves himself. There is no neglect or coldness on his part. On the contrary he is considerate and even affectionate. Marcia's waning love, overcome by anger and jealousy, causes the final separation. The reader, too, has learned to respect him less and less. A life of business has developed the wrong side of his nature, while Marcia's intellectual inferiority has made home a weak influence in his development. Bartley Hubbard is a character of strength and some depth, but utterly devoid of spirituality. A life that promised a strong manhood, has developed into one without dignity or real worth.

Halleck is a character too morbid to arouse much admiration. Though strong morally, even overscrupulous, he scarcely meets our expectation. A man of his intellectuality that will allow himself so much indulgence and let a face destroy his happiness is morally unhealthful. Possessing little human interest, he forms a sharp contrast to Hubbard. The latter is a type; the former a doubtful one. Hubbard is much the better conceived and sustained.

Howells' later stories take the reader among Boston scenes and people. The experiences of Lemuel Barker bring to light many of the aspects of city life. The activity and sharpness of the city give impulse to the country boy. He feels the earnestness and purpose that pervade larger communities. The police court, with its daily routine of drunkenness and deprav-

ity presents a scene the counterpart of the actual. The cheap restaurant greets the passer by with the clatter of crockery, the shrill voiced order, and the pungent odor of soups and roasts. The life of the two shop girls in its dreary homelessness is truly pitiful.

The "St. Albans," the scene of Lemuel's first experiment in business, shows a phase of life which savors of the American city. Gathered under its roof are young married couples who have tried flats and turned back to their old life, single ladies of moderate means, and a few transient boarders. The floating boarding-house population are a class that love noise and publicity even at the price of half cooked food. The "St. Albans" is typical in its people and management.

The society of the Sewells and Coreys is the educated class of Boston. Here are the people that the outside world knows as Bostonians—the sphere of Halleck and Atherton. The resultant New Englander of over two centuries of development is in one sense our ideal American. Discipline has been marked in its effects on the modern Bostonian. It is best noted in culture, moral, intellectual and social. The shoddy display of mere fashion has never passed for true gentility in the east. The refinement of manner that is prompted by a ready sympathy and the culture of an educated mind, is nearer the New England ideal. The thoughtful care that would shield Lapham's unfortunate intoxication and spare his family pain, was more than politeness.

Sewell's life gives a glimpse of humane Boston. The zeal of Puritanism yet lives in the activity of Christian charity. It finds expression in helpful organizations, sanitary measures, wholesome laws. The spirit of humanity is the highest expression of unselfishness. Self-denial was part of the rugged New England character. Human nature is more easily affected by good will than good doctrine; friendship itself inspires confidence and trust. The generosity of many of our city men speaks well for the morality of the times. Opportunity and means, in such centers as Boston, have given rise to many philanthropic enterprises. The spirit of kindness and helpfulness has always been found in the true New England heart. Its influence and expression are portrayed in the motives of many of Howells' characters. What has been called the night-

mare of the New England conscience is balanced by consistency of life and action.

The element of intellect which should enter largely into an estimate of New England character has been slighted by Howells. Among his men, there are few that leave an impression of depth of mind. Staniford, Ford, Atherton, first give the impression of strength, but the reader's estimate is hardly realized. Their true inwardness is never fully grasped. There is a lack of commanding power and spirit. Here is Howells' greatest failing. Into such character, he does not probe deep enough. Weaker subjects may be handled more lightly, but to give an impression of mental power and strong individuality there must be a visible influence. It is hardly a fault of his method. There may be mental dissection without drifting from the standpoint of realistic delineation. But the questions arise: How must the novelist tell? Do not people read character from word and action in actual life? Why burden the mind with estimate and re-estimate, why excite the imagination with passion, and play upon the affections? Surely the influence of such writings is not wholesome. It is the delirium of fiction. Julian Hawthorne, with his morbid and eccentric characters approaches this style of novel. To turn from such writing to the novel of Howells is like passing from a theatre into the open air. The mind comes back to its normal condition and realizes that the past is only fancy. We breathe New England air, meet real people, see natural occurrences. Howells may err in the interpretation of certain characters but he is, in the main, true. He is, in one sense, a pioneer; and his aim is a worthy one. Naturalism is his genius.

The stereotyped criticism against realistic writers of dealing in frivolities, light conversation, and minor impulses, is cheap itself. That small things are of no account in fiction has long ceased to be an axiom. Whatever tends to bring the scenes and incidents of a story into plainer view and harmonizes it with our notions of the actual is not irrelevant. Howells' strength lies mainly in his masterly treatment of places, incidents, talks. The mannerisms of Boston thought and speech have, however, too strongly prevailed some of his works. Howells is not a philosopher. The power of grappling with

questions of politics and religion, which many great novelists have possessed, is not manifested in his works. The breadth and dignity of such writing is apparent, but it is in a field which the novelist may enter or not, as he chooses. All artists have limitations, in which they must be judged. Howells seldom leaves the domain of fiction.

He has, all his life, watched closely nature and humanity. His subtle observation is aided by an artistic style. His touch has been compared to that of a miniature painter—every stroke plays its part, but the eye must sometimes linger to catch the effect. As a writer, he is sympathetic, winning, possessed of great delicacy and finish.

With true New England sincerity and straightforwardness, he attacks whatever is merely conventional. Native worth, the true test of a republican manhood, receives his greatest admiration. Howells believes thoroughly in his own countrymen. He never belittles the American when brought in contact with foreign types. The clear light of New England uprightness and sterling worth is not dimmed by the glory of titled nobility or the brilliancy of continental types.

Howells' delineation of country and city life is accurate. The former is simple and homely, the contented lot of a quiet people: the latter, moved by the activity of American business and society. The home, with its petty trials and real sorrows, its comforts and happy associations, is portrayed with a charming touch. All his pictures are filled with genial humor and refined sympathy. He has given a graphic presentation of a people with good impulses, but human in their strength: a people of great physical hardihood and energy, moderate in habit, hopeful in temperament. The intense gloomy spirit of Puritanism lives in Hawthorne: Howells as faithfully reflects the character thought and inner life of modern New England.

JOHN MCCOLLUM CURRAN, '92.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

NEAR Birmingham, in the garden of Rednal as the summer drew to its close, was laid to rest the mortal part of him whose life was co-extensive with the century ; there in seclusion's quiet, marked by a simple cross, is the grave of John Henry Newman.

The clock of the Almighty whose index points the flight of years stood still at ninety, and this life of noble purpose, of unremitting effort, of high achievement, of tender anxious care was rounded by that final sleep, which knows no waking.

During the earlier part of the century, three teachers of men stood prominently out from their fellows ; three toilers for the emancipation of man's moral and spiritual natures.

Carlyle, Wordsworth and Newman, idealists of rarest type, but each in his own fashion ; three centers from which went forth an influence permeating English thought and purifying English life. Never before nor since have three men of equal greatness lived so close geographically, so widely severed mentally.

In Newman were blended the noble faculties of a Wordsworth and a Carlyle, with a genius, an individuality his own. As regards many things no greater Englishman survives him. True, there are and have been countrymen of his who have surpassed him in certain qualities ; but very few were his equals in that rare union of head and heart, that spiritual sweetness and moral strength, which make man's best development.

The late Cardinal was distinguished as a scholar, as a leader, as a man of action, but beyond and above these as an original thinker and a master of the English language. Through the transparent medium of his prose and verse, that kindly spirit will shine on the darkened ways of generations yet unborn ; and by his writings will they know him best and love him most.

He stands the type of an earlier age, when men felt spirit of their Creator in close communion with their own ; a time when the material universe was not all the real. Newman this world with its passions, its interests, its myriads of life was dreamland ; spiritual existence, the real

istence. All this and more are gathered from his works. In reading them the writer stands out before you in all the excellence of a manhood never tarnished. His sentences pour upon your spirit the stores of a master mind.

His style is more than the image, it is the man, living in the thought, pulsating through the words, within itself embodying every feeling of the human heart. As the Apostles, so did he speak to every man "in that language in which he was born." It was this power coupled with a pure life, that enabled him to quicken the hearts of all who knew him with abiding faith and love ; this which caused thousands of every creed and every rank to gather 'round his bier and mourn as for a father's loss.

It is impossible to estimate the work and influence of such a life. It may be said of him, that he lived in, and was not of, the world. He was a pilgrim of eternity and trod this vale of tears with "Paul's sad girdle bound." And if his spirit was unworldly, still his hand was strong to succor and his heart tender as a trembling woman's. For him the vivid pulse of time was the faint symbol of a life beyond the tomb.

"Lead, kindly Light ! amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on ;

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me."

In this, the most beautiful of English hymns, John Henry Newman has written for us the watchword of his life ; the one refrain to which his heart kept ever beating.

THOMAS E. HAYDEN, '91.

THE PRAYER.

The slender leaves of the acacia trees
Hung parched and quivering in the desert breeze.
Straight westward, as a starving rook might fly,
One pyramid's dark apex cut the sky ;
While sharp against the sapphire east were set
Resplendent dome and soaring minaret.
Beside the way, upon his prayer-mat prone,
A turbaned suppliant made his plaint alone.
The hot sun smote upon his humbled head ;
"*Allah, have pity !*"—this was all he said.
His faltering tongue forgot the accustomed art,
And laid his unvoiced grief on Allah's heart.

CLINTON SCOLLARD, '  I.

Editors' Table.

ADDRESS OF JOHN JAY KNOX.

The wide-spread interest in the questions of coinage and currency brings into prominence the crude notions of so-called reformers on one hand, and the carefully digested opinions of able and successful financiers on the other.

In the front rank of conservative and experienced thinkers and writers, Hamilton men gladly find our friend and trustee, John Jay Knox. Of his speech made in New York on January 12, the *New York Tribune* speaks as follows :

" Last week the Chamber of Commerce expressed its opinion strongly in favor of the Shipping bill, whose fate is still hanging in the balance in Washington. Yesterday it turned its attention to the silver question, and though its action was not marked by entire unanimity, as in the former case, the voice of the Chamber is emphatically against free coinage of silver. In the discussion a strong speech was delivered by Mr. John Jay Knox, ex-Controller of the Currency, and we would direct attention to the brief report of it elsewhere published. His statement of the position and duty of the Chamber of Commerce in this emergency is admirable."

If the silver question is to be debated here it might be well to secure the *Tribune* of January 13 and preserve the report of Mr. Knox's speech.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The winter reception given in Silliman Hall on Friday evening, the 6th of January, by the Young Men's Christian Association to its members and friends, was a new and altogether a very pleasant feature in the efforts of that organization to better the acquaintance and to promote the best feeling not only between the members of the Association, but between the students of the College in general. The wisdom of holding a reception at the beginning of the Winter term is manifest. Owing to the outside attractions of athletics, base-ball and foot-ball, during the Spring and Fall terms, the Winter term is the most favorable time for religious work, and the stimulus derived from an enjoyable social gathering at the very beginning is, indeed, one of the best preparations for the religious work.

At the beginning of each Fall term a reception is given to the Freshmen in order to extend to the new men upon entering college a hearty welcome and the right hand of fellowship. Up to this year this has been the only reception given by the Y. M. C. A. during the year. But at the beginning of this term it was thought eminently fitting to have a gathering of all the members of the Association, including the Freshmen who were not members at the time of the Fall reception, in order that the benefits might be realized which come from the intimate relation between the social life of the Association and its religious work.

While our attention is directed toward the Y. M. C. A. we may well note the relation of this organization to the college. It is especially gratifying to know that as an association it is in hearty sympathy with the other college associations, and that it is a live interest in our college life. This is shown by the fact that many of the most active men on the athletic field and in the various teams are the most energetic workers in the Association, and also by the fact that eighty per cent. of the students of the college are members of the Association. And the thing that is the most worthy of notice is that the Association is accomplishing its object—the promotion of grace in college. It is commonly observed by those who have watched the college life at Hamilton, and by those who graduated some years ago and who have returned as professors, that there has been a growth of manliness, plainly to be seen as a general thing in the recitation room, on the campus, in sports, and in the closer and more intimate associations of the students with one another. Not that college life now is free from unmanliness, but that there has been a strong tendency towards better morals in college. Now the Y. M. C. A. does not claim that it has been the only instrumentality in bringing about this change, but it is true that its influence has been powerful in that direction and is to-day. Our Association was organized in 1875 as a spontaneous and independent movement to meet the growing needs of the college which were not met by the work of "The Society of Christian Research," the religious organization of previous years. The new building, one of the most beautiful Y. M. C. A. buildings in the United States, and the first one dedicated in New York state for the purpose of a college Association, has given enlarged opportunities, and has been the means of leading the Association to a better organization and to better work. The organization is now prospering in its work, and it is hoped that its influence for good in the future will be even stronger than it has been in the past. That this end may be attained the co-operation of the students both financially and otherwise is needed.

SOME INTERROGATION POINTS FOR THE FUTURE.

In one of their proverbs the French declare that "it is the unexpected which always happens." A few years ago when the outlook for Hamilton's future was so gloomy, any one predicting that within the brief space

of a year or so Hamilton would be the recipient of a beautiful building to adorn her campus, a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars, the prospect of a new gynasium, and numerous smaller bequests, would probably have received as little credence as was given Cassandra of old. Expected or otherwise the facts remain and the friends of the college may well rejoice.

But not only should we rejoice for the present. The history of similar institutions of learning affords good evidence that in these matters, "to him that hath, shall be given" is often the rule. The wealth of many of our colleges is due to the fact that generosity in one donor has incited generosity in others; gift has been followed by more and larger gifts. Let us hope then that Hamilton will not be an exception to this rule but will be the recipient of many more specimens of the "almighty dollar."

As the cloud of financial difficulties begins to lift, some questions arise as to the future policy of the college in other matters.

Hamilton is at present one of the few colleges to retain solely the strictly classical course. Almost all other institutions have two courses at least. If, in the future, the college is able financially to support a scientific course would it be wise to make the addition?

On the one hand, by so doing, Hamilton would surely gain very much larger classes. Every year in the colleges throughout the country the number of men who choose the scientific in preference to the classical course, increases. Looking at the question from this standpoint it seems very necessary, for a successful future, to make the change. Again, such a step might alienate many to whom the present adherence of the college to the old regime seems one of her greatest merits.

Some years ago there was an arrangement made by which the college was to be given over to the control of the Presbyterian church provided that church should raise a certain number of thousands. The amount desired has never been secured but we understand that there is a strong effort being made in that direction at present. Let us suppose that the effort should be crowned with success. Would it then be wise to complete the arrangement and make this a denominational institution? Financially, of course, it would aid greatly but we think that for other reasons it would be well to consider carefully before taking such a step.

Practically, the college is about as denominational at present as it could well be but, nominally, it is not.

There are alumni of the college to-day, of other denominations, who have sent their sons to other colleges on account of the Presbyterian influence at Hamilton. What would be the result if the college became denominational in name also? Of course many of the alumni will always be Presbyterian and with them it would make no difference; but there are many others of different creeds who would look upon such a change with lessened love for their Alma Mater. But why should the college be sectarian at all? Why should an institution of learning recognize creed? That is the proper sphere of theological seminaries, not of colleges. Young men to-day go to college to get a broad education; not to study

theology. The successful college of the future will, from present appearances, be the non-sectarian college.

Such questions as these do not perhaps, need answering now. In time, however, they will present themselves as problems to be solved and upon that solution will depend largely the future of Hamilton.

DUTY OF THE STUDENTS TO THE COLLEGE.

Never has the prospect for "Old Hamilton's" future appeared brighter than to-day. The College, although at present not on a firm financial basis, yet is looking to a brighter and better day in the near future. The students are yearly becoming more loyal, and our alumni are awakening to the fact that their *Alma Mater* is still in the land of the living. Our athletes have won for us fame in their line; and our scholars are steadily wedging their way to the front. In everything that goes to make up a first-class institution of learning our college is well supplied. But while we are speculating so extensively on the future, let us not forget that there is something for each of us to do at present. It is the first duty of every student to try to acquire the most knowledge possible in the short four years laid out before him. But he cannot acquire this knowledge with the best results by shutting himself up in his room, and becoming a book-worm. There must also be some time expended in physical culture. It therefore becomes the duty of each man to see to it that his body does not suffer for want of exercise while he is giving himself up to the improvement of the intellect. Consequently it is the duty of each student to support the different athletic associations of the college, that he may derive physical benefit from the advantages offered by them.

It is through the assistance of each college student that these organizations can be improved. The same is true of the other organizations beside the ones before mentioned. The "LIT." is one of our college institutions which needs the encouragement and support of each son of old Hamilton. She deserves it because she has proven herself a success in the years passed, and hopes to be even a greater success in the years to come. Then too, it is through this medium that we are made known to the outside world. Each of you can help us if you feel so inclined, by either subscribing for the publication, or by encouraging others to do so.

Frequently, heretofore, has this been brought before the students, but the response has not been so hearty that there is not need of its being spoken of again. Give us your support, both literary and financial, and we will promise you a good LIT. Not that it is poor now, but with better support both financial and literary we can give you even better numbers than at present.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

[All who read the following letter will join in a hearty vote of thanks to its author.]

FIFTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., }
December 8th, 1890.

DEAR SIR:—

After my return from Illinois I found my time so fully occupied, that I was compelled to delay the matter referred to in your letter, for a season.

And, first, I have concluded you a sketch of my private life, not for publication, but in order to explain some peculiar circumstances connected with my first arrival at Clinton.

My father was an extensive farmer in Honeoye, Ontario county, N. Y., having with his brother settled there in the spring of 1789. Their native place was Dighton, Mass. The Genessee country was then a wilderness. Nearly ten years before, General Sullivan, under orders from the Commander-in-Chief of the army, had destroyed the towns, orchards and crops of the Senecas.

In the spring of 1815 my father was suddenly called to Ohio. He had intended to accompany me to Clinton. In this emergency my mother, unable to leave, took me to Canandaigua, consigning me to the care of the agent of the Stage Company, which was to leave at 3 o'clock the next morning. The stage reached the Widow Crary's, a stage house, in the village of Manchester, north of Clinton, the second day in the afternoon. Here I was unloaded and directed to take the path which led through the tall timber to the Oriskany Valley, near the small woolen factory on the stream. The Rev. Mr. Ayer, formerly of Ontario county, resided on the road at this place. Mr. Ayer was absent, supplying a vacant pulpit in Augusta. I remained there till the next morning, when I left to find a boarding place, following the road on the left side of the valley, calling at every house. Of the age of twelve years, and small of my age, I naturally attracted the attention of the people on whom I called. I thought them the most inquisitive people I ever saw. They all refused my application, until I arrived at the corner dwelling at the foot of College Hill. When I called there none but the old lady and her daughter Harriet were at home. When I told my story, Harriet at once said she thought brother Lucas, who lived at Franklin, further up on the eastern side of the creek, would take me. That removed a load from my oppressed feelings. Accordingly, a note was written, and I was directed to brother Lucas'. When I reached his residence I was received at once with kindness and everything was done to make me feel at home. I should have mentioned, that when I left home my mother had made arrangements with a gentleman living a few miles from Clinton, to meet me there and assist in finding a home for me. I remained at Mr. Lucas' eight or ten days when this gentleman, with the Rev. Mr. Ayer, called and found me. On account of the distance from the school, they arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Lucas that I should make a change, and I

was taken back to Dr. Hopkins', the first house I called at, nearly two weeks before, when I started out to find a home. I remained with Dr. Hopkins till early fall, when sickness in his family compelled him to give up boarders, and I went to Uncle Eli Bristol's (as he was called) on the corner, where I remained until I left Clinton more than a year after. I shall never forget the kindness, motherly and sisterly care bestowed on a wild and wayward boy, who had lived away from his home, most of the time, since eight years of age. The daughter Harriet married a lawyer by the name of Edwards, of Manlius, Onondaga county. Mr. Bristol had a son, Moses Bristol, who with a son of President Backus, had completed his medical studies at Yale, and, if I mistake not, located at Buffalo. Young Backus removed to Rochester, where he became a prominent citizen, practitioner and State Senator.

The Clinton Grammar School was kept in an old, low farm house on the road to College Hill, on the north side, between the village and creek, not far from the corner at the intersection of the road on the east side of the creek. The Preceptor was a Mr. William Groves. In the fall of 1815, the school was removed to the village, and located on the north side of the public square, below the stores and business houses, in the second story of a building then occupied as a carpenter's shop on the first floor, now the law office of E. S. Williams. Mr. George Bristol, a son of Joel Bristol, who resided on the road on the western side of the valley was our Preceptor, having graduated in 1815. I recollect attending the Commencement and hearing his valedictory which was very impressive. Preceptor Bristol was an able, faithful teacher and exercised great patience and forbearance with the unruly elements under his control, often winning them over by his sincere regard for their welfare.

Dr. Azel Backus, the President of Hamilton, attracted my attention and boyish regard by his rugged primitive character and appearance, coupled with his regard for the young. He occasionally came down and examined the class studying for admission in 1816. I remember on one occasion, a scholar in pronouncing a word in which the letter c occurred twice gave the pronunciation both hard and soft. "What's that?" asked the president, "None of your linsey woolsey." Dr. Backus was a great fowl fancier. He had a son Robert, of my age, and I frequently strolled up to the residence to see his fine poultry. A gentleman of his acquaintance had imported some of the pure Asiatic fowls and had presented the Doctor with a pair. (Robert notified me of the arrival and I soon called up to see them.) In the fall he presented a young cock to his friend, Eli Bristol, with the injunction, that; as soon as frosty nights occurred he must put him in the cellar. Mrs. Bristol had some lady visitors and in the small hours of the morning a lugubrious crow was heard from below, which nearly frightened the visitors out of their wits. The offending chicken was consigned to the corn house the next night, and frozen to death.

I remember the funeral of "Schenandoah" which occurred in the spring of 1816. The schools were closed and the people awaited the ar-

rival of the Indians from Oneida with the remains for hours, at the old church. President Backus delivered the funeral discourse to the Indians in the body of the church, sentence by sentence, which was interpreted by Judge Dean. They all remained standing throughout the whole discourse and gave strict attention. It was reported at the time that the delay was caused by a difference among the Oneidas, as to the funeral ceremonies. Two parties, one the "Christian" and the other the "Pagan" could not agree—the former insisting that his dying request, to be buried by the side of his old friend and religious teacher, Kirkland, should be respected—the latter desirous of "killing a white dog" and the performance of Indian ceremonies. The appearance of the old chieftain dying at the great age of 110 years was remarkable; the countenance blanched, the eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, indicating extreme age. I recollect one passage in the funeral discourse. About the year 1756, a treaty was held at Albany which was largely attended by the Indian tribes of New York and central governments. Schenandoah was present on the occasion and became overloaded with "fire water," lying out all the night exposed to the weather. In the morning he felt humbled and abashed for his misconduct, and solemnly resolved that he would refrain from the use of intoxicating drinks and be a man. For more than fifty years he had endeavored to live a Christian life.

Captain Moses Foote, who kept the public house near the corner on the west side of the public square, was an object of interest. I suppose I felt more interested in his stories because of the fact that my father was a pioneer one hundred and twenty-five miles farther west. I had occasion to pass his house twice a day and often loitered to hear him relate his experience with the natives. A stone pillar stood on the corner with the inscription: "Capt. Moses Foote (and seven others whose names I do not recollect) arrived at Clinton, 1787, and concluded to settle there." He was a tall, spare man, at that time, perhaps, sixty years of age. The public square was then bare of trees. The business houses were on the west side, mostly. The post-office was located on the east side, in the law office of Esq. Pond. Orlando Hastings, a younger brother of Thomas Hastings (both albinos) was a law student of Esq. Pond. The merchants at that day were Messrs. Herrick, Gridley, Avery and others I cannot now name. There was another hotel down north below the square. This recalls an incident, hardly worth naming, which occurred in the winter of 1816, but which caused some comment at the time. In the old church (or meeting house, as it was then called) there were two square pews on the east side of the broad aisle belonging to the society, which were set apart for the occupancy of the Collegians who might wish to attend the afternoon service. One of these pews was pretty well filled on the occasion now referred to. In the midst of the discourse, some one dropped a pen-knife. Mr. Herrick, a merchant, whose seat was on the opposite side, a little in advance, stepped out, and opening the door of the pew looked at the young men reproachfully a moment, then turned to go to his seat and was hastened in his exit by some help from the rear, causing him to strike against the side of the aisle. This caused some excitement, the

Rev. Dr. Norton stopping in his discourse a moment. The next day Mr. Herrick procured a warrant and had it served on Hiram K. Jerome, who sat by the door of the pew and would naturally seem to be the offender. Dr. Backus, always loyal to his charge, dismissed the students on the occasion and the trial came off before the justice, in the hotel above mentioned, as there was no building capacious enough.

Gerrit Smith, of the same class and universally popular, volunteered to defend Jerome, and the trial lasted during the night. Jerome was acquitted. I recollect very well that I was awakened in the small hours of the morning by the jingling of bells and the music of the collegians, on their return, singing their college songs.

In 1815 there was not a brick house in all the settlement at and about Clinton. The only structure on College Hill of that day must be the main edifice built of stone and stuccoed. That building appears natural. All else is new to me. The fine structure of the Y. M. C. A. is really an ornament. There was an old wooden building near the College edifice which was used for a chapel. The old residences on the route from the foot of College Hill were, a Mrs. Anderson on the north side of the road, whose son was accustomed to tan lamb skins and dress them for book covers. I have now some old Latin and Greek books covered with the leather prepared by him. The next residence was that of Deacon Williams, still above. There were no other dwellings until in the close vicinity of the College grounds on the south side of the street, facing the edifice, were two residences. West from the grounds were farms and residences, but I never formed any acquaintances that way.

The class admitted from the Grammar School in the fall of 1816, numbering some fourteen or fifteen, among whom I can recall the names of Mark Hopkins, Myron Adams, Charles Avery, Horace P. Bogue, Edmund A. Brush, Edward Bennett, Garrett Judd, Hiram Pitts.

I believe it was generally admitted that the standard of qualification for admission to Hamilton was a high one. I remember that there were but two of the class admitted without condition, one of whom was the son of a farmer living near the college, and who succeeded in his preparation by close application and through the aid of the tutors. The others were admitted on probation.

I will state here that I had the pleasure of meeting Myron Adams, one of that class, at his home in Rochester in September last.

I left Clinton soon after the examination, and although I had passed by it on the great thoroughfares, north and south, very many times I never set foot in it till September last, a period of seventy-four years. It seemed like a dream to traverse those old grounds so familiar to the eye, the beautiful valley, the Oriskany creek which I had crossed so many times and the route up College Hill, to the beautiful location for such a purpose—but so changed by the hand of man! Fine residences stood in place of the old tenements I once knew. I enquired of a person of middle age in regard to the Eli Bristol house, which stood on the corner at the foot of the hill. He knew nothing about it—although he was a na-

tive—but said that the Lucas house stood there, pointing to the spot where I had lived more than a year, but that it had been destroyed by fire several years since. And so with the people. They had passed away, and I could find no one whom I had known in boyhood, and none knew me.

When I reached home in 1816 my father was busily engaged in erecting mills, and, having met with an accident preventing the use of his right hand, proposed to let one year pass and have me resume my college course in 1817. At the close of the year I became so much interested in out door business that I declined the offer and never after attended school a day.

In closing this narrative I regret exceedingly that I am unable to give you but a meagre sketch of Clinton as it was three-fourths of a century ago. One difficulty is that at the period I left there, there was but little of Clinton to describe—less than thirty years having passed—and the early part of that period, owing to the obstacles in the way, progress was necessarily slow.

Yours respectfully,

HIRAM PITTS.

PROF. EDWARD NORTH.

AROUND COLLEGE.

- College opened January 8.
- Chapel rushes are common occurrences.
- Snow is about three feet deep on the campus.
- Southworth Prize Examination in Physics was held January 9.
- The 28th of January is set apart as the Day of Prayer for Colleges.
- A. Evans, '89, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was on the Hill January 14.
- Higman, '92, spent the vacation with Durkee, '92, at his home in Jacksonville, Florida.
- Professor Hoyt lectures once a week before the Theological students of Colgate University.
- As Professor Hopkins is in Europe, the Latin section of the Juniors are reading Plautus under Professor Fitch.
- The business manager of the "LIT," will soon "strike" the students for their subscription. Please be ready and pay up.
- The annual catalogue of the cottage was issued at the close of last term. There is no change from those of previous years.
- The result of the Thompkins Prize Examination in Mathematics is as follows: W. H. Church, first; W. T. Couper, second; J. M. Curran, medal.

—Abernathy, '91, has been seriously sick, at his home, during the past vacation. He will probably be unable to return to college for some weeks. This leaves the Glee and Banjo Clubs without a manager.

—The proprietors of the St. John's Military Academy, of Manlius, have purchased Mr. Best's interest in the Clinton Grammar school and have commenced a day school at Kirkland Hall. They intend to make it a boarding school next year. Smith, '84, is head master and Geer, '90, assistant.

—Professor Hamilton's new book on Logic is now in the hands of the publishers, Ginn & Company, and will be ready for the public in February. This book is called the "Modalist," and is so named because it restores modal propositions and modal syllogisms to the place of importance which they occupied in the Logic of Aristotle.

—The record of the Foot-ball Association during the past season was very creditable to the College and the management. The record of games played is as follows :

At Utica,.....	Syracuse A. A., 0; Hamilton, 56.
At Clinton,.....	Union College, 26; Hamilton, 10.
At Syracuse,.....	Syracuse University, 14; Hamilton, 10.
At Rochester,.....	Rochester University, 10; Hamilton, 4.
At Clinton,.....	Rochester University, 0; Hamilton, 10.
At Clinton,.....	Syracuse University, 4; Hamilton, 6.
At Hamilton,.....	Colgate University, 14; Hamilton, 32.
At Schenectady,.....	Union College, 16; Hamilton, 5.

SUMMARY.—Number games played, 8; number games won, 4; number times shut out, 0; number times other teams shut out by Hamilton, 2.

The 'Varsity was made up as follows :

Right end,.....	Curran, '92.
Right tackle,.....	Adams, '91.
Right guard,.....	F. Wood, '94.
Center,.....	G. Wood, '92.
Left guard,.....	Frasure, '92.
Left tackle,.....	La Rue, '93.
Left end,.....	Budd, '92.
Quarter back,.....	Judson, '94.
Right half back, (captain),.....	Lee, '91.
Left half back,.....	Ward, '91.
Full back,.....	Mills, '94.

SUBSTITUTES.—Coventry, '91; Welsh, '92; Allison, '92; Mason, '92; Canough, '93; Orsler, '93.

The management consists of :

T. L. Coventry,.....	Manager.
Duncan C. Lee,.....	Secretary and Treasurer.
Sam. H. Adams,.....	Senior Director.
George S. Budd,.....	Junior Director.
J. R. Baker,.....	Sophomore Director.
Ed. L. Rice,.....	Freshman Director.

The following is a summary of the Treasurer's accounts :

Net receipts,.....	\$393.12
Net expense,.....	373.06
Balance,.....	\$ 20.06

Of this balance, \$18.00 is in the form of notes, payable to the management, the non-payment of which prevents an immediate accounting to the student body.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

—Arthur Cumnock has received \$5,000 from his father for winning the game with Yale.

—Out of 867 graduates of Vassar College, 315, or a little more than 36 per cent., have married.

—Students who smoke, chew, or snuff tobacco are denied admission to the University of the Pacific.

—The Italian government has ordered the study of English to be added to the courses of all the colleges.

—The University of Pennsylvania is building a theatre for the use of its students, at an expense of \$75,000.

—Seventy-one American colleges were represented by 185 students at the University of Berlin, the past season.

—New York city is to have a National University with an endowment of twenty million dollars. It will be modeled after the great Universities of Europe.

—The directors of Johns Hopkins will urge the trustees to appoint A. A. Stagg, the Yale pitcher, as director of the gymnasium, in place of Dr. E. M. Hartwell, resigned.

—The students of Williams are taking measures to raise \$200,000 for a chapter house, to be used in common by the fraternities represented in the college — *University Beacon*.

—Statistics of Yale's Freshman class show that the oldest member is 26, and the youngest 16; 21 per cent. of the class have defective eyesight, and about 16 per cent. use tobacco.

—The Rev. Sam Small has become a College President, having been elected to that position in Utah University, the new enterprise of the Methodists at Ogden, Utah. The growth of this institution is watched with great interest. — *Exchange*.

—President Andrews, of Brown, has proposed a new marking system for the senior class in psychology. Eight or ten men chosen from the class will mark every recitation through the term. These marks are then to be averaged, and the averages thus obtained will constitute the term marks of the class. It is a novel scheme, and will be watched with interest. — *N. Y. Mail and Express*.

EXCHANGES.

—The January *Lippincott* contains one of Rudyard Kipling's stories, entitled "The Light that Failed." It is forcible and interesting, having some abruptness in style. The theme is of the constancy of the first love of childhood after a separation of years, reciprocated however, only after

the affliction of blindness has come upon the hero. The story abounds in a variety of scene-pictures, and a happy blending of valor, humor, joy, and sorrow.

—We take the greatest pleasure in placing on our exchange list *The Chautauquan*, which to a student pursuing a literary course is of the highest value, as the table of contents will evince, a sample of which is as follows—"The Intellectual Development of the English People," by Edward A. Freeman; "The English Constitution," by Woodrow Wilson, Professor of Public Law, in Princeton University; "The Religious History of England," by Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale University; "England After the Norman Conquest," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "The English Towns," by Augustus F. Jesooff, D. D.; "Six British Lions," by James Richard Jay. Besides these articles there are many very excellent ones under the department of "General Reading," "Editorial Department, and Library Table.

—The December *Cosmopolitan* came too late for a review in our last issue, so we shall avail ourselves of this opportunity to make a slight notice of this excellent publication. The frontispiece—"Away on the Mountain Wild and Bare," is alone worth the price of the publication, so full is it of food for the imagination, and so perfect in its design. The most important features of this issue are "Field Marshal Von Moltke," "The Passion Play of Oberammergau," and "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-hand;" all of which are well illustrated, and especially so is the "Passion Play," which is intensely interesting, and gives a very comprehensive view of this wonderful relic of medieval times. The January number is also of the brightest excellence. "The People's Palace in London," and "Mademoiselle Réséda," are both very fine contributions. But the one of greatest interest to college students is probably the article entitled "German Student Life." This is well written, instructive, and amusing, and gives a good insight into the lives of German students, their ideas of honorable satisfaction in the duel, etc.

CLIPPINGS.

I know a gravedigger who sings at his work
Like a mocking bird or linnet;
And the reason he sings when he digs a grave
Is because he "isn't in it."

—*Exchange.*

—Professor (dictating prose composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Soph—"It is under my coat, but I was not using it."—*Exchange.*

—"I'm feeling down in the mouth," said Jenks to Blinks, after a night in a country inn. "How so?" asked Blinks. "Oh, that blame pillow of mine had a life in it."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—Chappie—"How did you get hurt, deah boy?" Cholly—"A shadow fell on me."—*Exchange*.

UNDER THE MISLETOE.

We all went riding on Christmas eve,
My Bessie and I, and Minnie and Steve.
We called for the girls at half-past eight,
And found they weren't a minute late,
They came down smiling and sweet, and lo!
Their hats were trimmed with mistletoe.
Now Steve and I haven't hearts of flint.
Of course we both of us took the hint.

—*Brunonian*.

—Cumso (in chapel)—"Do you believe in 'Looking Backward?'"
Bumso—"Yes, when there are girls in the gallery."—*Yale Record*.

DEDICATED TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

I heard the sound of hurrying feet,
I saw great crowds rush by;
Were riots choking up the street;
Or was the Judgment nigh?

I watched. The surging crowd swept straight
Up to a neighboring store;
They pushed, and jammed, and would not wait,
But crowded through the door.

Excitement wild my bosom filled,
I haste, a salesman seek:—
"Say, where's the fire, or who is killed?
Oh, ribbon-seller, speak!"

Calm was his gaze as is the look
Of martyrs when they die.
Some loose coins off the desk he took,
And made this fine reply:

"Why fade the roses from thy cheek?
Why are thy lips so pale?
We advertised with you last week;
This is our Christmas sale."

—*Brunonian*.

HOW WE SHALL SPEND CHRISTMAS EVENING.

Some will read Shakspeare and Browning;
And some read the Bible, methinks;
Some will work hard at their duties,
The rest will play Tiddledy Winks.

—*Brunonian*.

—Aunt Hold-Fast—"Ah, William, my dear, you develop your muscular system, but how do you develop your soul?" Billy—"You have me there, auntie. We don't tackle the solar system until junior year."—*Yale Record*.

—"What a queer name you have, Miss Booglespeeple!" he said, after he had asked her once or twice to pronounce it for him. "Well," she responded, with just the sweetest smile, "you know what you can do with that name, Mr. Smith."—*Washington Star*.

PERSIFIAGE.

"I am no coward," said the Earth,
 "And yet you have two constant fears,"
 Remarked the sun, facetiously.
 "And what are they?" "The hemispheres."
 "And yet one other," quoth the Moon,
 Who high in heaven shone clear and pale.
 "And that?" "It is the atmosphere."
 And then the Comet wagged his tail.

—*Brunonian.*

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Long years ago in Moses' time
 When people were troubled with woes,
 They tore their hair and in their grief
 They savagely rent their clothes.

And so it is in college now
 When students are troubled with woes,
 They tear no hair but in their grief
 They savagely rent their clothes.

—*Williams Weekly.*

—"Say, Joe," said Rocky one night last week, "what's der matter wid all dese doctors, anyhow? I see by the papers that a lot of dem are going to Germany every week to try to cure Dr. Koch's limp. I might be lame in both legs and nobody would try to cure me."—*Newark Sunday Call.*

A FOOT-BALL DREAM.

There were some cold nights last week, weren't there? Well, on one of them I went to bed and got to thinking of football, and fell asleep with a picture of a game in my mind's eye, so to speak, and the consequences were serious. I am walking about with a bandaged toe, and when folks ask me what's the matter, I say I have the gout, but I haven't. Listen :

I dreamt that I dwelt in the land of foot-ball,
 With players of fame by my side,
 Where there's bumping and shooting, and many a fall,
 And forwards kick high and kick wide.
 Spectators thronged in—an endless host,
 The fun and cheering were prime ;
 And I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
 I was kicking goals all the time !

I dreamt that the game was gloriously fine,
 That the crowd was jolly and gay ;
 That the whole of our team were addicted to shine,
 And bonny and blithe was the play.
 And I dreamt that the ball came clear to my boot,
 The crowd gave a welcoming roar ;
 But bang 'gainst the post of the bed went my foot,
 And I picked myself up off the floor !

—*Sport and Play.*

—The most bashful girl ever heard of, was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.—*Scottish American.*

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

The maiden's heart and Cupid's dart
Are all gone out of fashion,
For the fellow's gold and her cash so cold
Are the substitutes for passion.

—*Yale Record.*

Just as the young man left his love
As midnight hour was tolling,
A foot came from the stoop above
And sent the lover rolling.
The angry father cried "Bestir
Yourself, you tardy suitor;
Don't take me for a pirate, sir,
But merely a free-booter!"

—*Texas Siftings.*

—"My object in calling this evening," he began, with a nervous trembling of his chin, "was to ask you, Katie—I may call you Katie, may I not?" "Certainly, Mr. Longripe," said the sweet young girl, "All of papa's elderly friends call me Katie." And he said nothing further about his object in calling.—*Spare Moments.*

IN IT.

The old professor was all in a glow,
He slapped the desk with a zest.
The senior awaked in the middle front row,
Crying, "Order it. Gimme your best."

—*Brunonian.*

A PROBLEM.

"Mother Nature,"—the saying is handed down—
"In all of her works is wise."
Yet the zephyr that toys with the damsel's gown
Is sure to blow dust in our eyes.

—*Yale Record.*

He—"You remind me of an angel." She—"Oh, now you are going to pay me some silly compliment." He—"Not at all. Your dress this evening is so like the kind the angels wear."—*Lawrence American.*

ANOTHER IDOL BROKEN.

Ever faithful old dog Tray,
Steadfast, brave and true,
Is but a myth. Could he be Tray
And yet be faithful too?—*Brunonian.*

Harry—"Gertrude, you drive me to despair. I will come to you to-night and ask you once more. If you again refuse, you will have heard me knock at your door for the last time." Gertrude (slyly) "Instead of knocking, Harry, you might come with a ring."

A FLY JOKE.

"Man thinks he's great, the way he talks,"
A fly was heard to mutter.
"He only stands two feet, in socks,
But I'm a real six-footer"

—*Exchange.*

I saw them on the stairway, in a cozy nook and dim,
A dainty little maiden with bright eyes and figure slim,
And sitting close beside her, 'twas a very narrow place,
A man who fanned her slowly and watched her pretty face.

He gently pressed her fingers and said he'd lost his heart,
And told her how he loved her ; he swore they'd never part.
And then--I do not blame him, she looked so very sweet,—
He drew her gently downward and kissed her rosy cheek.

Of course the little maiden thought this was very bold,
But for worlds she would not say so lest he should think her cold,
Yet she whispered to him shyly, while blushing deepest red,
"A moment since you lost your heart, but now you've lost your
head."
—*Yale Record*.

CRUEL FATE.

"The summer has gone and now backward returning,
Each one is seeking a haven of rest.
The rest that will quiet the heart in its yearning,
The quiet of home, that is always the best."

Thus mused poor Will and thus he had spoken,
As he packed up his trunk preparing to leave ;
Feeling indeed that his heart was quite broken,
That alone and forsaken his spirit must grieve.

How swiftly the days had flown by, at the shore,
Sweeter and dearer the friend that he found
Than all the dear friends, whom his heart knew before,
Though many there were who had clustered around.

Seem those dear days like a beautiful legend,
And Mabel to him e'en fairer than life ;
But now she, alas ! must return to her husband
While he just as sadly goes back to his wife.

—*The Dartmouth*.

—She (his fiancée, severely) : "Jack, why have you stopped going to church ?" Jack (humbly) : " Dear, I couldn't stand the conceit of the choir, who kept saying ' We are the people, we are the people, the people, the people, the people, we are the people and the sheep of his pasture.' "—*Yale Record*.

On a rugged rock they sat ;
He held her hand, she held his hat ;
I held my breath, and lay quite flat,
And no one thought I knew it.

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her lips up every time,
I held my breath and wrote this rhyme,
And no one saw me do it.

—*Bicycle World*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"A Natural Method of Physical Training" by Edwin Checkley [William C. Bryant & Co., Publisher, Brooklyn, N. Y.] differs greatly from most books written on similar subjects. Authors generally have attempted to instruct athletes how to cultivate certain muscles for some special feat but Mr. Checkley believing there is more "straining" than "training" in many of the modern systems advocates one essentially different from all others. It has in view the attainment of bodily health and strength and the means set forth are novel and simple. Attention is called to the physical development of the brute creation and the special lesson drawn is "its best strength is that produced under natural habits." So with human beings, Mr. Checkley claims its highest bodily perfection is to be secured by a natural carriage of the body, by proper manner of breathing, by the flexion of the joints and the exercise of the muscles. This is a book which is particularly valuable to all who are interested in physical development.

THE MODALIST, OR THE LAWS OF RATIONAL CONVICTION, a Text-Book in Formal or General Logic. By Edward John Hamilton, D. D., Albert Barnes Professor of Intellectual Philosophy in Hamilton College, N. Y. To be published in February. Ginn & Company, Publishers.

This book, which the publishers believe a noteworthy one, is called "The Modalist" because it restores modal propositions and modal syllogisms to the place of importance which they occupied in the Logic of Aristotle. Professor Hamilton thinks that universal and particular categorical propositions cannot be understood, as principles of reasoning and as employed in "mediate inference," unless the one be regarded as expressing a necessary and the other a contingent sequence. Therefore also he explains the pure syllogism by the modal. Moreover there are modes of reasoning which can be formulated only in modal syllogisms.

Logic is the science, not of thought simply as such, but of thought as the instrument of rational conviction, and therefore of thought in its relation to metaphysics, which is the science of the nature and laws of things. Some radical modifications of logical doctrine have resulted from the thorough-going application of this principle, and these, it is believed, have added greatly to the intelligibility of the science.

BELIEF IN GOD, ITS ORIGIN, NATURE AND BASIS; BEING THE WEEKLY LECTURES OF THE ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY FOR THE YEAR 1890. By Jacob Gould Schurman, Sage Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University. 266 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We suppose this handsome little book contains the philosophy of religion taught in Cornell. Possibly, also, in the absence of any disclaimer, it may be considered to present views rather favored at Andover. In the preface the author claims that he has "the sympathy of the Andover faculty for the general spirit and outcome" of his enquiries.

The fundamental doctrine taught is a sort of Pantheism; and is what has been called "Christian Pantheism," not because there is anything Christian about it, but because it recognizes the personality and moral

character of the Divine being, and so is not absolutely and explicitly opposed to Christianity. The name Professor Schurman gives his doctrine is "anthropo-cosmic theism." This signifies that man and the universe are parts and manifestations of God. "God is the universal life in which all individual activities are included as movements of a single organism." God is not the Creator, but "the immanent ground, of the universe." The common view of creation arose from "the innocent anthropomorphism of infantile thought." "Nature is the living garment of God, as eternal as the Infinite Spirit of whom it is the revelation. It is only the lowest kind of piety that needs for its support that dogma of creation which thought can never accept." Man differs from material things because he is an "ego" and "not merely a mode of the divine activity, but, as it were, a part of the divine essence."

The book, also, is thoroughly evolutionistic. The world was once "one vast abyss of impalpable ether," but, even then, was "a developing cosmos containing in itself the promise and potency of all terrestrial life and intelligence." The human race lived through an "incalculable æon of savagery and barbarism" before it became capable even of the lowest form of religion. This "may be described as an unorganized polydaemonism, a belief in the existence of an indefinite and motley throng of spirits who may be controlled by magic, and which only rarely rises to the attitude of worship. It is often designated *animism*, or *fetichism*. This religion is considered by the English school of evolutionists to represent man's earliest consciousness of the Godhead. But it almost certainly demands more reflection and abstraction than primitive intelligence was capable of."

From all this it is clear that Professor Schurman is a very advanced thinker. Rejecting supernatural revelation he holds that "the endless problem of religious thought will be the resetting of the religion of Christ in the framework of contemporary knowledge." Jehovah, once the tribal god of the Jews," through the development of the religious consciousness, has become an universal god but the evolution of religion is not completed even now. "The process of readjustment is going on rapidly; and it is much more thorough in the actual beliefs of men than in the revised creeds that are supposed to represent them." The professor has left behind him not only the doctrines of creation, and of the separate existence of God, man, and the world, but many other beliefs which are still quite common. He rejects punitive justice as a divine attribute, and the idea of an atonement. "Eternal punishment is unthinkable for human sins." Christ is the Son of God only as the best of the sons of men. We hear nothing of his pre-existence, or of that glory which he had with the Father before the world was. His ascension (with his resurrection,) "is in fact an obsolete picture of an eternal truth."

For ourselves, we find it hard to believe that those cannibals on the banks of the Aruwimi, whom Stanley suddenly scared away after they had butchered a woman, so that they left the dismembered body, the boiling

pot and the other preparations for their feast, were parts of the Divine essence, and exponents of God's nature. And those murderers whom we now put to death with electricity—are they manifestations of the Divine life? Moreover, we cannot account for man's existence in the world except through the immediate creation of the Almighty; whatever may have been the origin of the lower animals. Nor can we discredit the specific teachings and supernatural character of Christianity, and those miraculous proofs which were given before many witnesses, and which holy men attested, sealing their testimony with their blood.

ALUMNIANA.

Εὖ γὰρ πρὸς εὐ φανεῖται προσῶψη πέλοι.

—JAMES A. TOOLEY, '90, is a teacher in the Cayuga Lake Academy at Aurora.

—Rev. SILAS E. PERSONS, '81, formerly of Boulder, Col., has entered upon a new pastorate at Cazenovia.

—FERDINAND E. SMITH, '87, of Sandy Creek, has been elected School Commissioner for the third district of Oswego county.

—Dr. FAYETTE H. PECK, '79, of Clinton, has been appointed a member of the new board of pension examiners for Oneida county.

—Rev. LEICESTER A. SAWYER, '28, of Whitesboro, will soon issue a new edition of his translation of the New Testament in 600 pages.

—Rev. JAMES A. SKINNER, '57, formerly of Rochester, is now the rector of St. Luke's Church in Brockport, by appointment from Bishop Coxe.

—Rev. EBENEZER HAZARD SNOWDEN, '18, of Kingston, Pa., the *doyen* *d'age* of Hamilton alumni, was born June 27, 1799, and is now in his 92d year.

—WILLIAM M. COLLIER, '89, has been appointed to the clerkship of the Surrogate's office in Auburn, and has removed from New York to Auburn.

—Hon WILLIAM L. BOSTWICK, '58, one of the University Regents, fills the office of cashier in the New York Custom House, on a salary of \$5,000.

—HENRY M. LOVE, '83, and EDWIN B. ROOT, '83, will continue the practice of law under the firm name of Root & Love in the Union Building, 54 William Street, New York.

—Since Rev. Dr. HERMAN D. JENKINS, '64, became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Sioux City, Iowa, not a pew remains unsold, and even chairs in the aisles are at a premium.

—At the annual meeting of the American Forestry Association, held in Washington, December 3, Hon. WARREN HIGLEY, '62, presented a report on the New York forests and the proposed Adirondack Park.

—In choosing officers for the new year, the managers of the Utica Hospital for the Insane re-elected PUBLIUS V. ROGERS, '46, as president, and GEORGE E. DUNHAM, '79, as secretary. The treasurer is THOMAS W. SEWARD, '33.

—E. D. MATHEWS, '73, of Utica, has offered a plot of land on the Utica highlands to Director Louis Lombard for the erection of new buildings for the Utica Conservatory of Music. He also offers to take \$10,000 in stock, if a company is formed.

—Dr. DORRANCE K. MANDEVILLE, '49, with his office at 15 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, is one of the Medical Directors of the "Medical Service Association," a benevolent incorporation, of whose aid 100,000 people have availed themselves within four years.

—It is stated that during his missionary tours in Great Britain and America, Rev. Dr. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, '57, has delivered as many as five hundred soul stirring addresses which have kindled a wider and deeper interest in the great work of the world's conversion.

—"Russia and the Ethnic Factors in the Eastern Problem," was the subject of an address, January 6, before the New York Academy of Anthropology by Rev. THEODORE S. POND, '60, who has been for twenty-one years a missionary in Syria of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign missions.

—MARCO N. POPOFF, '90, of Auburn Theological Seminary, has accepted an invitation to deliver the next annual address before the alumni of the State Normal School at Fredonia. He has a new lecture on "A Missionary Tour in Macedonia," which he has delivered in Moravia and other places.

—ALBERT R. HAGER, '86, of Rome, is the author of a scholarly paper on "The Study of Current Politics," which appears in a late issue of *Public Opinion* in Washington. Mr. Hager is a graduate of the Albany Law School. For two years he was connected with the office of the Secretary of State in Albany.

—Twenty-five years ago, J. DEWITT REXFORD, '44, was chosen President of the First National Bank of Janesville, Wis., and still holds that office, while his oldest son, J. G. REXFORD, fills the office of cashier. Before removing to Janesville from Norwich, N. Y., Mr. Rexford was a partner in the law office of his brother, the late B. F. REXFORD.

—The ladies of the Memorial Church in Troy have assumed the responsibility of increasing the salary of their faithful pastor, Rev. WILLIAM REED, '71, and have made the first payment in gold without leave or license from trustees, deacons or elders, and if that is ecclesiastical treason they challenge the aforesaid trustees, deacons and elders to make the most of it.

—A mineral spring on the farm of ARNON G. WILLIAMS, '45, is worthy of more attention than it has recently received. It was discovered in 1837 by Samuel Hallock while boring for coal. The water was analyzed by Dr. Josiah Noyes, of College Hill, who found it to possess valuable

medicinal elements. The well is 106 feet deep, and its stream fills a three inch pipe, summer and winter.

—At the seventh annual meeting of the Homestead Aid Association of Utica. EDWARD CURRAN, '56, was re-elected president, WATSON T. DUNMORE, '75, treasurer, and CHARLES B. ROGERS, '87, treasurer. The funds of this well managed and very useful association already amount to \$184,707, and are rapidly increasing. The association has 767 members, and is very helpful to those who would form habits of saving.

—Dr. EDWARD ORTON, '48, of the Ohio State University, in a paper recently read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, states that the stores of natural gas in Ohio and Indiana are undergoing rapid exhaustion. This is shown by the diminished pressure of gas in the wells, which is now thirty per cent. less than at first. Unless economy is used Dr. ORTON prophesies the end of the supply in a few years.

—The degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred upon Rev. MATTHEW M. CURTIS, '80, by the University of Leipsic. His inaugural dissertation as a candidate for this degree is "An Outline of Locke's Ethical Philosophy" that covers a large field of research never before fully occupied by a competent student. The published dissertation of Dr. CURTIS makes it very clear that his new honor has been worthily bestowed.

—In Waterville, HORACE P. BIGELOW, '61, has the credit of originating the Hawthorne Club, which was organized several years ago, with a limited membership. Its aim is to put before its members the best literature of the day at a moderate cost. The magazines and papers pass from one to another weekly, and each has the privilege of receiving one magazine and one paper direct from the publisher. At the end of the year all the magazines and other reading matter are gathered together and disposed of to the highest bidder.

—For thirty-five fruitful years Rev. Dr. LEVI PARSONS, '49, has filled the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Mount Morris. On Friday evening, January 2, 1891, his 62nd birthday was celebrated with addresses of congratulation, with dollars galore, with feasting and hilarity that made the occasion a great success. Pastorates longer than that of Dr. PARSONS are not numerous in the state of New York. The only one now recalled is that of Rev. Dr. L. MERRILL MILLER, '40, who has been for forty years pastor of the Presbyterian church in Ogdensburgh.

—The *Oriental Advertiser* of Constantinople announces, December 18, that ELIA S. YOVCHOFF, '77, editor and proprietor of the Bulgarian paper *Rodolubez* has been obliged to flee from Sofia, and take refuge in Constantinople. Mr. YOVCHOFF has suffered injustice and wrongs in the shape of fines, imprisonment, stripes and confiscation of his paper. It is added that "the details of the wrongs and oppressions of the present regime, which have compelled the most intelligent and patriotic Bulgarians to leave their country and seek refuge in foreign lands, are heart rending."

—In the "Editor's Drawer," in *Harper's Magazine* for December, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, '51, makes some pertinent remarks on the blessedness of giving, and on the habit of injudicious gift-making, especially at Christmas. He concludes by remarking that "one can scarcely disencumber himself of anything in his passage through this world and not be benefited; but the hint may not be thrown away that one will personally get more satisfaction out of his periodic or continual benevolence if he gives during his life the things which he wants and other people need, and reserves for a fine show in his will a collected but not selected mass of holiday goods."

—At the risk of getting a pair of boxed ears in return, we quote from a confidential letter:

"Professor Scollard bids fair to win the laurel as the Hamilton College poet.

'Let it go forth, loud as it can be hollered,
He shines a Ham. Coll. boy, a Clinton Scollard.'"

This recalls the response of Rev. Dr. W. A. BARTLETT, '52, of Washington, at one of the New York banquets. He claimed that what Hamilton College needed was more blowing of the ram's horn, more chanting from the housetops and hilltops. He commended the dialect of the camp-meeting darkey, whose prayer began 'HOLLERED be thy name.'

—In his address before 600 young men in Association Hall, New York city, Rev. Dr. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, '57, defended the inspiration of the Bible through an argument from prophecy:

"Nineveh and Babylon were both situated on rivers. It was prophesied that one would be taken by the drying of the river bed, and the other by flood. Had the statements concerning these two cities been reversed the prophesies would have been false. The precise time of Christ's coming was foretold in the ninth chapter of the Book of Daniel. The Bible is a book of scientific exactness. Solomon described four methods of death and was true to facts unknown to secular knowledge until the time of Harvey. In the days of Jeremiah the visible stars were not numberless as the sands of the seashore. But since Galileo made the telescope, which I saw still in existence last summer in Florence, the number of visible stars in the heavens is, indeed, found to be countless, and Jeremiah is shown to be exact."

—One of the best paintings in the library of the New York Historical Society is the full-length portrait of the late Governor JOHN A. DIX, by DANIEL HUNTINGTON, '36. There is a bit of unwritten history connected with this portrait, that illustrates one of the marked peculiarities of the late Charles O'Connor, who was habitually doing good deeds by stratagem, and then getting angry if the public found it out. Some years ago, DANIEL HUNTINGTON was commissioned to paint a portrait of General Dix for the Historical Society. When the painting was completed, Charles O'Connor happened into Mr. Huntington's studio, and expressed very positive admiration for the work of the artist. The next day he sent a letter to Mr. Huntington, in which his satisfaction was still more strongly expressed, and inclosed a check for \$1,500, as his own estimate of the value of the portrait.

—The New York *Evangelist* finds good reading in the "Historical Sketch of Hamilton College," by Rev. CHARLES E. ALLISON, '70, of Yonkers:

"We believe that we are doing a kindness to very many of our readers, in calling attention to a book which gives a sketch of the growth and development of this institution. Hamilton College was one goodly fruit of a seed of divine planting, one outgrowth of a mission to the Indians. Samuel Kirkland, at school in Lebanon, Conn., among the Indian students who had been brought there from the forests to receive Christian education, learned to know the Indian character, and to realize the spiritual needs of the red race. On his graduation from Princeton in 1765, hardly twenty-four years old, he plunged into the wilderness, walking 200 miles over the January snows, to the almost unexplored regions of Central New York, carrying with him, as one has said, 'the germ and potency of Hamilton College.' The history of his labors and of the inception of the College, reads like a romance, briefly as it is here given. The little volume is an epitome of Hamilton College interests, containing many photographs, with descriptions of its departments and special equipment."

—During his vacation in England, Rev. GEORGE HODGES, '77, of Calvary Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., gathered materials for lectures on "The Shrines and Saints of Canterbury," "The Minster and the Town of York in English History," "Durham Cathedral and St. Cuthbert," "Oxford" and "Westminster Abbey." He also heard a sermon that was worth the cost of a voyage to England:

"One day in London I had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Spurgeon preach. His text was the words of the Apostles to Thomas after our Lord's first appearance after His resurrection. You remember that they said, 'We have seen the Lord.' Mr. Spurgeon described the coming of Christ with the assembling of the Apostles on that most memorable of evenings. But Thomas was not there. 'A good many people,' the preacher remarked, 'don't go to church in the evening. And besides it was not a preaching service; it was only a little prayer meeting. But the Apostles didn't reproach Thomas for staying away. They had no hard words for him. They only told him what he had missed. They told him what a wonderful good time they had had. They said we have seen the Lord!' That is the best way to fill the church seats Wednesday nights. If you enjoy the service and learn something worth thinking about, and it does you good, tell somebody else."

—No minister in the Presbyterian Church has a higher ideal of sacred music than Rev. WILLIAM H. BATES, '65, of Clyde, and his use of instruments in the church choir is fully endorsed by Rev. Dr. CHARLES S. ROBERTS, whose religious weekly, *Every Thursday*, contains the following:

"The pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Clyde, N. Y., writes to us of an experiment of his, a 'new departure,' as he calls it, 'in church music.' We quote his words, and, as we do so, we seem to see the bright and enthusiastic face of our brother as we used to see it when he led the organ in the old chapel: 'I have got a brass quartette out of the village band, which I have taken in hand and drilled until they have turned down fine,' as the boys say. I have used them at Sunday evening services. I have gotten some nice, churchly music arranged for ordinary brass quartette (two B-flat cornets, E-flat alto and baritone). I find very serviceable for voluntaries. And I have arranged some hymns. They play the hymns well. We have run the thing in such a

style that I think there has been nothing to jar the sensibilities of the most fastidious. And I guess the Lord is pleased, too.'

This thing seems odder than it is; and it is older than our brother imagines. We know the man, now a minister, who played in the choir for years; he did the business of one of the flutes, while another did the violin alongside of the bass-viol and a double-bass, with an ophicleide and a tenor trombone, and our leader, a prince of musicians in taste and propriety, played a first violin at the head of us all. The whole of us belonged to the village band, and were none the worse for all that. With those instruments, and the twenty singers beside, that choir won its fame in the parishes for a hundred miles away. We send a welcome and a cheer over to our friend and brother Bates, and wish we could go up and hear him preach, and hear his choir sing and his instruments play to the glory of God and the help of his people."

—Thirty-three years ago, Rev. Dr. CHESTER S. PERCIVAL, '44, now of Marshalltown, Iowa, published two sonnets which he will be surprised, if not offended, to see reproduced in this receptacle of literary bric-a-brac. As for GERRIT SMITH, '18, of Peterboro, and ALVAH BRADISH, of Fredonia, they have both gone where

"None but Seraphic loveliness finds place,"

and where no reply can be made to this portrayal of their generous gifts:

I.

TO GERRIT SMITH.

How ill-dispensed the gifts of Fortune seem !
 The sordid, grasping, avaricious horde,
 Who keep their gold in "rascal counters" stored,
 Or send it forth on trade's o'erburdened stream
 (On its return, with rich percents to teem)—
 Theirs are the laps whereon her gifts are poured:
 While they whose gold *would* spread the widow's board
 And gild with heavenly light the orphan's dream,
 Are doomed with want unequal war to wage—
 Their generous wishes fettered and confined
 Amid the woes they're weeping to assauge.
 Hence the more glorious doth it seem to find
 The greater wonder of this iron age—
 A wealth of gold with wealth of soul combined !

II.

TO ALVAH BRADISH.

There is, I ween, in every human face,
 Unmarred by vice or passion's base control,
 A radiant beauty, shining from the soul.
 Poet of painters, it is thine to trace,
 In glowing lines of most bewitching grace,
 This Spiritual beauty. On the pictured scroll,
 Naught but seraphic loveliness finds place,
 Paint thou my loved ones—and when they are gone
 Back to the region whence their life was given,
 And I am left in sadness and alone,
 'Twill soothe the pain by which my heart is riven,
 To know with rapture that I gaze upon
 The angelic features which they wear in Heaven !
 Buffalo, February 1st, 1858.

—Rev. CHARLES F. GOSS, '73, has received \$2,500 towards the erection of a church in Kettle Falls, Washington. In the *New York Evangelist*, he tells in his off-hand, earnest way how the church was organized :

"We gathered in a group. 'I nominate C. F. Goss for chairman,' said a Methodist. 'Second the motion.' 'Those in favor say aye'—Carried.

'I move we organize a Presbyterian Church,' said an Episcopalian—Seconded. 'Those in favor (and I trembled) say Aye'—Carried. 'I nominate William H. Reed, of Rochester, N. Y., John W. Goss, of Spokane, and Charles F. Goss, of Kettle Falls, for Trustees,' said a Baptist or something; seconded—Carried.

'I move we adjourn'; seconded—Carried. And that was all! I scarcely breathed until it was over. A church organized without an objection! Impossible, said I. It cannot be *well* done! And yet, although my *ecclesiastical* conscience flutters a trifle, I rather liked it, and consoled my fears by thinking that if 'objections' were really a necessity, there would still be time for a few, when the rest of the organization was completed.

Our present quarters are not very churchly. The promiscuous articles in a grocery store are a trifle distracting, and yet the service is not without its impressive features. Last Sunday at 3:30 P. M., those who could find a box or a barrel to sit upon, appropriated it, and I took my position behind the counter, in my business suit and my rubber boots. We sang a hymn. It was 'Just as I am.' The memories which it awakened transported us. In imagination we were borne across a continent or beyond the sea to the dear old church, where in the bygone years we sat by our mother's side, or held the head of a sleeping child in our laps, and listened to the counsels of the venerable servant of the living God. We forgot our crude surroundings. The rough realities had disappeared. Every object was idealized and our higher feelings given fullest play.

Who can tell what far-reaching influences will flow from those simple services in a grocery store? If Kettle Falls becomes a city, as it bids fair to do, its destiny may be affected by them. It does not take long to build a city in this new north-west.

When I came here in August, there were about 30 or 40 people and 8 or 10 houses. Now there are 250 citizens and besides 15 or 20 houses which have sprung up like mushrooms, a new street has been opened by the Rochester Company. A \$12,000.00 Hotel has been begun, five two story business blocks erected, the foundations of a church laid; a subscription for a school house opened; a sash and door factory established, an immense saw mill is en route from the East, and the contracts for a 100-barrel flour mill, 15 dwellings, and a company office have been let, and a newspaper established."

—When a graduate gets beyond the half-century reunion of his class he is allowed to talk about his classmates and himself with unlimited freedom. And the late Hon. GEORGE H. WOODRUFF, '33, improved his privilege in this way :

"The mention of Utica always brings up the image of THOMAS W. SEWARD, but not with the thin locks and grisly whiskers I found him wearing two and a-half years ago. Tom was the literary genius of the class. If not born he was brought up in a Genesee street book store. While a good student in other respects he was considered the best writer in the class. It was to his literary taste and skill chiefly that our class had the honor of starting the first college monthly, the *Talisman*. For many years I kept a file of this receptacle of lucubrations of vealy essayists and unfledged poets. But in the course of frequent changes in

housekeeping it has gone to 'that limbo large and wide,' which has swallowed up so much that was more valuable. I suppose that Seward has a well-preserved copy appropriately bound in calf. I remember that I was a contributor to the extent of two pieces. Then I just felt the truth of Byron's satire, 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print. A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.' I think Seward was ably assisted in his editorial labors by William Bradford. I do not think the contributions were confined to one class, for I believe that one of our college poets, who I think never got beyond the pin-feather stage, William E. Butts, of the class of '34, contributed an ambitious poem, the opening sentence of which has had so much of immortality that it has lingered all these years in my memory. Thus it began: 'Jehovah's work was done. His plastic hand had formed the heavens, and in the cycles of the universe had poised each chiming sphere.' And so on to the utter eclipse of Milton. It may be that the magazine was continued by the class of '34 and that Butts' poem was printed in the second volume.

It is owing to the alphabet that the name of GEORGE H. WOODRUFF is at the foot of the list. I think it is his proper place. The fact that his name is printed in small caps has this possible explanation. Once upon a time, in the early history of Will county, Ill., the office of county judge went a begging, and he filled it for a little while. Besides being the founder of the 'Eta Pi,' the only brilliant thing I know in his college career is given me by Prof. Edward North. 'In one of his speeches,'—thus writes the professor,—'before the Union society'—peace to its memory—'Samuel Eells quoted Virgil's *Possunt quia posse videntur*,' and added what he called George H. Woodruff's translation, 'They can because they seem to can.' The Professor facetiously adds, 'If I am ever called upon to suggest a motto for one of our modern canning establishments, I shall certainly propose this sentence, *Possumus quia posse videmus*—'We can because we seem to can.' After receiving the letter from the learned professor, I watched with no little interest what was said in the *Courier* about the probable erection of a canning establishment in Clinton, hoping that on my next visit, I should see painted on the ample front of some large building on College street that line of Virgil, with its lucid translation; never doubting that the professor would see that the name of the translator was painted in two-foot letters below. But, alas! the canning proved to be a can-not. And so the translator cannot hope for even this clapboard immortality!"

—Not many American teachers can be named who have achieved a higher position in their chosen field of usefulness than Dr. SAMUEL G. WILLIAMS, '52, of Cornell University. After his graduation with the highest rank in Scholarship, he began the work of his chosen profession as principal of the Groton Academy; was called from Groton to the Seneca Falls Academy, and in 1859 the Ithaca Academy furnished a still larger field for his enthusiasm and skill as a classical teacher. Here he prepared many young men for the first class in Cornell University. From 1869 to 1879, he was principal of the Central High School in Cleveland, O. During all these engagements as a teacher, his favorite studies in Natural Science had been so vigorously prosecuted that in 1879 he was elected to the Chair of Economic Geology in Cornell University. Seven years later he was transferred to the newly founded chair of Pedagogy in the same institution. It is greatly creditable to Cornell University that it has organized this almost unique department of Normal instruction, and placed its success beyond any doubt by securing the services of such a thoroughly competent instructor as Professor S. G. Williams. The test i-

monies to his competency are many and various. In 1867 he was president of the New York State Teachers' Association. In 1883 he was Chairman of the University Convocation's Executive Committee. His published addresses, reports and scientific papers are numerous and valuable. His work on Applied Geology, published in 1886 as one of Appletons' Science text-books, gives him a position of honor with our best educational authors. He has twice crossed the Atlantic for the study of methods in the best foreign schools of science and practical art.

—We are indebted to Dr. CHARLES H. VERRILL for the latest catalogue of Delaware Literary Institute, which contains a supplementary list of all its graduates since 1826. A study of this catalogue reveals many ties, sympathies and attachments between the academy at Franklin and the college at Clinton. Hamilton College has received into its classes fifty students whose preparation was made at Franklin, viz.: Rev. Dr. JAMES DOUGLAS, '45, Lecturer in Oberlin Theological Seminary; *PHILO STILSON, '47; *WILLIAM N. WHITE, '47; SAMUEL S. CAMP, '50, Clarence, Iowa; *REV. EDWARD H. BUCK, '52; Rev. FREDERICK HUMPHREY, '52, Havre de Grace, Md.; Hon. SAMUEL F. MILLER, '52, North Franklin; WILLIAM A. P. MORRIS, '54, Madison, Wis.; Rev. JOSEPH A. PRINDLE, '55, Denmark; Dr. JOSEPH S. WINANS, '55; Dr. JOEL M. MANWARING, '55, Owensboro, Ky.; SEYMOUR SCOTT, '55, Oneonta; *SCHUYLER B. STEERS, '55; LOOMIS J. CAMPBELL, '56, Boston, Mass.; Rev. ARIEL McMASTER, '56, Cherry Valley; JAMES M. WASHBURN, '56, Masonville; RODERICK BALDWIN, '57, Warrensburgh, Mo.; Rev. JOHN H. DILLINGHAM, '57, Hebron, Ill.; BENJAMIN D. GILBERT, '57, Clayville; Rev. LEGH R. JAMES, '57, Liverpool; Hon. ALFRED W. NEWMAN, '57, Trempealeau, Wis.; Rev. JOSEPH E. TINKER, '57, Sinclairville; ROBERT H. DAVIS, '62, New York; *VAN BUREN, DUTTON, '62; *JOHN R. ARRISSON, '65; *TRUMAN H. BETTS, '65; Prof. STEWART MONTGOMERY, '65, Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.; Prof. EZRA J. H. BEARD, '66, Maryville, Mo.; Hon. CHARLES J. KNAPP, '66, Deposit; FREDERICK E. BARNARD, '67, New York; Prof. JOHN P. SILVERNAIL, '74, Brooklyn; JAMES A. DAVIS, '76, Scranton, Pa.; Prof. FRED. L. DEWEY, '82, Potsdam State Normal School; Rev. JAMES T. BLACK, '84, East Boston, Mass.; Prof. JAMES B. HASTINGS, '84, Wellsboro, Pa.; Rev. WILLIAM P. MILLER, '84, West Bay City, Mich.; Rev. JAMES B. LEE, '86, Princeton, Ind.; JOHN MASON, '86, Johnstown; Rev. GEORGE E. YOUNG, '87, Towlesville; AVID H. CHRESTENSEN, '89, Auburn Theological Seminary; EMORY L. VANS, '90, Auburn Theological Seminary; HYMEN A. EVANS, '90, North alton; FRANK GIBBONS, '90, Buffalo Law School; Principal LINCOLN A. OAT, '90, Unadilla; ALBERT E. STUART, '91, Franklin; HENRY S. VERL, '92, Franklin; GEORGE F. WOOD, '92, Franklin; SAMUEL J. MILLER, North Franklin; ARTHUR M. PAYNE, '94, Franklin; FREDERICK A. OD, '94, Franklin.

NECROLOGY.

CLASS OF 1834.

Thomas Thaxter Bradford, son of Captain Levi and Mercy Bradford, was born in Plymouth, Mass., June 26th, 1809. In 1816 Captain Bradford removed with his family to Homer, Cortland County, N. Y. He united with the Congregational Church of Homer, September 4th, 1831. He entered college in 1830, having prepared for the same at Homer Academy, for which he had procured the means by teaching school. He graduated from the Auburn Theological Seminary in 1837. He became tutor in Hamilton College in the fall of the same year, remaining there until 1845. During this period or a part of it, he was the college librarian. He was ordained to the ministry June 12th, 1846, and he commenced his ministry as pastor of the church at Gilbertsville, N. Y., and remained there four years. He was founder of the First Presbyterian Church of Birmingham, Penn., and pastor at Waterford, Penn., from 1853 to 1870. While there and during the war, he filled a vacancy in the service of the Christian Commission at Fort Delaware. There were from fifteen to twenty burials daily from the hospital, and their places were constantly supplied by others weakened by the three days' march, and several days' battle at Gettysburg, prisoners—the flower of General Lee's army. Mr. Bradford's loving attention and Christian sympathy for these prisoners, bound them to him, and his oneness with them was such as to draw him to their hearts. Often as he came to them with a cheerful good morning, would they throw their arms around his neck, telling him of dear ones at home, showing pictures of wives, mothers and sisters, and would leave them with many a message confided to him for those dear ones, as not a letter or message could go out from there, except through the chaplain's hands. This strain upon his sympathies was too much for him, and he finally yielded to disease and was sent home by the physician with these words: "Not more than one to ten can recover in such a case as this." He took a trip to Lake Superior and returned partially recovered, and entered on his pulpit work again. The key note of his life had been "what is duty to do, do it," and he did it grandly, even when the weak body trembled under the service he was doing. His kind people said stay with us, and give us only such work as you can without injury to yourself. He worked on a few more years, and then he resigned his seventeen years pastorate in Waterford in 1870. He removed to Metuchen, N. J., remaining there until June 3d, 1889, when the messenger came to him saying: "Come up higher!" He married, in Clinton, N. Y., June 19th, 1846, Miss Mary Elizabeth Paddock, who survives. He was an excellent instructor, capable, thorough, ready to explain any difficult points, clear in his explanations, enthusiastic in the pursuit and inculcation of knowledge; these were points which impressed themselves on his pupils; these characteristics distinguished him in his ministry. Above all other qualities, his deep sincerity and conscientious conviction of the truths of the Bible, and its value to him and others, show the brightest. He was also pre-eminently a courageous man, always having the courage of his convictions. He was always a kind, loving and sympathetic man; always ready to hear any tale of distress, and to relieve to the extent of his ability every need.

MARRIED.

POWELL—SMITH.—In Grand Rapids, Michigan, on Thursday, December 18, 1890, REV. ISAAC PLATT POWELL, '60, and MRS. HELEN GRIFFITH SMITH.

MILLER—WHITNEY.—In Deansville, December 24, 1890, by Rev. SAMUEL MILLER, '60, E. SEANTON MILLER, son of Dr. LEVI D. MILLER, '62, of Bath, and CORA M. WHITNEY, only daughter of Mrs. MARY WHITNEY, of Deansville.

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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91.

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"SHOULD THE COLLEGE COURSE BE SHORTENED?"

AFFIRMATIVE.

The discussion which has arisen in regard to the reduction of the college course to three years is the direct outgrowth of our present educational system. The raising of the standard of admission has shortened the course at one end, while the increased time and scope of the university have presented a new phase of advanced work and added a new stimulus to collegiate study. The four years course is by no means an universal rule. In other countries, the time spent on the same work is considerably less; while even in this country one of our best institutions, Johns Hopkins, has had for some time a three years course for the A. B. degree.

To-day, the four years college course is not doing the greatest good to the greatest number, nor is it in harmony with the present system of higher education. There is a wide spread feeling that the college does not meet the demands of American life. The percentage of college-bred men in this country is very small. It should not be so. Our business men look on the college course as a luxury. It is hard to see the equivalent in mental discipline for the time and money consumed. Many young men, who see the true worth of a col-

lege course, are unable to secure it. It is to just this class, more than to those possessed of means, that the college owes a duty. The reduction of the time to three years would give opportunity to thousands of young men who have the desire but not the time or means for a four years course. The condition of limited time and money is, in a sense, peculiar to American society; and it is a duty of the college to the citizen, that it shall, if possible, adapt itself to this condition and make higher education more universal.

Again, the men who follow professions in this country are largely from the middle classes. When to four years academic culture, three years university work is added, and then the period of starting in their profession, time becomes an important element of success. The college man who enters life with no special training of any kind is sadly handicapped. The less favored, but experienced, man who works by his side outstrips him. Specialists are in great demand. The field of opportunity is open to the man who can do one thing well. The tend of higher education is toward utility, as is witnessed by the rapid growth of technical courses in our universities.

Those who favor shortening the college course that more time may be given to this class of work are told that it will produce narrow men, that a ripened culture demands more time. While indeed the classics are elevating and broaden in their effects, are not the sciences equally so? Can not the study of philosophy elevate the theologian? Does not the study of history and law broaden the lawyer? Professor Shaler, in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, says, "True culture is not to be made a mere possession, a fixed quality of the man at rest. True culture is a function of the living, active man, a habit of mind, not a sentiment."

Whether or not the degree of A. B. can be earned in three years is answered by the course of study now pursued by Seniors in our colleges. In Columbia, by a new regulation, the Senior who wishes a law course elects ten of his fifteen hours in the law school. These ten hours cover the entire first year of professional work. The natural interpretation of this step is, that the college work is virtually finished at the end of Junior year. Senior year of all our colleges contains work covered by the first year of the specialist's study. That the col-

ge course should overlap the university course is not right. he limits are as yet but faintly traced. There must be soon a accurate discrimination in order that system may prevail. wing to the advanced standard of admission, the study of e classics and mathematics, and the greater part of the science and modern language courses are completed Junior year. enior year consists often of such special work as the college fords, a smattering of history, philosophy and political economy, and a liberal padding of soft electives. It is usually the ast fruitful year in college to those about to enter either mmercial or professional life.

The three years course is a step towards the perfection of our lueational system. It will increase the possibility of higher lueation for a large number of men in the ordinary walks of fe, and thus fulfil the obligation of the college to the state.

will shorten the preparatory course of professional men, id will unify and harmonize the entire system of higher education. Since the reduction to three years will accomplish these ends without destroying the efficiency of the A. B. ource, the affirmative favors its adoption.

J. M. CURRAN, '92.

NEGATIVE.

Four years has long been the established period for acquiring a liberal education. The presumption, then, is against a change. It must have overwhelming argument in its favor. The country and the colleges of the country have become so accustomed to existing arrangements, that a change would entail many inconveniences and difficulties.

It would be extremely expensive. Some of the larger and althier colleges might be able to sustain this extra expense, many of the smaller institutions would be compelled to se their doors.

The proposal is a reduction of time, with no lessening of the mber and variety of subjects taught. Is not the curriculum an American college sufficiently crowded? Much of the k is now superficial. Crowd what is done in four years p three, and what will be the result? Surely, either an exlingly superficial knowledge, or ruin of health by overwork.

Our preparatory schools are adapted to the present requirements for admission. With a shortening of the college course, a student would need to be better prepared in order to sustain the greater pressure of work. This would require much better drill in preparation, or a longer time spent in preparatory school. Concerning this matter, the President of Tuft's College says: "It is far better to spend three years in a fitting school and four in college, than four in a fitting school and three in college."

Again, tradition binds the older institutions to the old four year course, and they will not easily be induced to abandon it. It is true, many changes, contrary to tradition, have taken place within the last twenty-five years. Greater prominence has been given to modern languages—more freedom in electives—better advantages for scientific instruction. All these, have been in the line of extension. Is it natural, then, that curtailment should follow?

It is claimed that more professional men would take a collegiate course. The negative realize that too few take time to acquire a liberal education. We admit that, in a few cases, this shortening of the course, would improve matters. But with the majority it would make no difference. This is an age of intense activity. The tendency is, to hasten on to the practical business of life. The utilitarian spirit of our time, is what makes so many hurry from the academy to the professional school. Haste for material rewards is lowering the standard of professional education. One year difference in the college course would have little effect.

Do those who take a four year course before professional study, enter too late, upon the active duties of life? Under the present system a man may enter professional life, with an A. B. degree, at twenty-four or twenty-five, having spent four years, from thirteen to seventeen, in preparatory school, from seventeen to twenty-one in college, and three or four years more in technical preparation. Who would wish to trust his life in the hands of a physician, a mere boy; or an important legal case to a stripling under twenty-four? The people demand maturity and long training. They will not sustain the present tendency toward hurried preparation, and a reaction

will come. The longer course will meet with popular approval.

College men become leaders in the thought of the nation. For dealing with weighty national and international questions, what education can be too long or thorough? The very hurry and intensity of American life warn us not to shorten the student's preparation. The question is not how quickly, but how thoroughly, can a young man be prepared for the responsibilities of life.

Therefore, since the change would bring with it many difficulties, since all the improvements of the past have tended toward extension, since a shortening of one year would not, in itself, induce professional men to take a collegiate course, and since the people need and demand thoroughly educated men, the negative claim that the college course should not be shortened.

W. T. COUPER, '92.

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE STATE.

Human progress comprehends the diffusion of liberty and intelligence, the just division of property, and the promotion of piety and conscientiousness. The latter is the peculiar province of the church, while in the first three forces, the Individual and the State are participant and necessary factors.

The harmonious and parallel extension of liberty and intelligence, and the equitable distribution of property, characterize a secure and progressive society.

The social troubles of the nineteenth century are due to a lack of equilibrium in these forces, and to a failure to fulfill their reciprocal and necessary relations.

Monopolies, illiteracy, convict-labor, the race question, and the problems of taxation and of labor vex the minds of statesmen and economists, increase the irritation in the body of labor, and overwhelm the mind of the public with morbid speculation and fitful apprehension of social revolution.

Yet, were mankind perfect in will and wisdom, life would lack its purpose. If illiteracy were abolished, if labor and

capital were harmoniously striving for a common end, if impartial justice were meted out to all, if waste were minimized and poverty but a name ; if these and kindred problems were finally solved, we would await the millenium, confident that man had nothing further to strive for, and had accomplished his task on earth.

Humanity would fail of fulfilling its destiny, did it calmly accept as irremediable the conditions in which it is placed, and take as the food of its mental life the lotos of indifference.

Progress is found only in constant endeavor. Wisdom is learned through defeat.

For social ills there can be found no immediate panacea. Untiring effort alone can devise a system of treatment that will effect a cure and build up humanity strong and fair in the image of its Maker.

There is, to-day, no lack of theories and suggestions for the cure of our social evils. Each can be referred to one of two great systems, to one of two fundamental principles—socialism and individualism : the one asserting the Divine sovereignty of the State and its absorption of man's individuality, the other founded on the doctrine of the absolute rights of man, modified, only in a degree, by the interests of society.

The socialist, perceiving poverty and misery, the unequal strife between capital and labor, and the menace of ignorance, condemns the system of competition, the right of property, and the inefficiencies of private enterprise. To remedy this he proposes "State-control" ; the assumption by the government as the agent of society, of all those powers which, benevolently exercised, bring immediate benefit to its constituents.

The individualist, usually upon the defensive, denies the ultimate beneficence of "National Law" in the place of individual duty, and reposes confidence rather in the qualities of men than in the merits of administrations.

Immediate utility versus ultimate utility is the particular difference in purpose.

In the phase that this controversy has taken at present, there are but few novel features. The socialism of Henry George is substantially the socialism of Saint Simon and of Fourier ; the nationalism of Bellamy is the nationalism of Louis Blanc and the French experiment of '48.

Individualism, limiting itself to reasonable opposition, resists any attempt to over-step the normal bounds of legislation. "It advocates the greatest possible liberty of each, compatible with the equal liberty of all." It would use society as an instrument rather than as a director.

Civilized beings have other needs than food, clothing and shelter. These needs form a subject for consideration which the practical utilitarian of to-day is too apt to perceive imperfectly.

Herbert Spencer defends the doctrine of "Natturrecht" in these words, "If life is justifiable, there must be a justification for the performance of acts essential to its preservation and development, and therefore justification of those liberties and claims which make such acts possible."

The right of the individual is found in his possibilities for self-development.

Without doubt the contests in which men must take part, if they would achieve success in life, are exhausting and severe; yet there can be no manhood that is not wrought out through self-control and self-dependence. It has been aptly said that in a purely socialistic community "Man cannot choose for himself his own course of life, nor forge for himself the weapons for life's struggle."

The test of a social system may be found in the quality of men it produces. That form which, in a paternal capacity, crushes out what Carlyle terms "self-rule" must be feared, however benevolent the motives that suggest it.

Yet socialism, in magnifying the importance of the State, is not to be contemned.

Aiming at equality, it would abolish centralization of wealth, avoid industrial competition, provide great national improvements and better the environment of men as, to-day, it has established an extensive and uniform system of education.

If the socialist recoils from the extreme of state-idolatry, so would the individualist shrink from the absolute application of the doctrine of non-interference.

The mergence of the militant in the industrial phase of society has, of necessity, regarded the peculiar conditions of life consequent on the rise of the modern city, the extreme differentiation of labor, the invention of peculiar industrial corpora-

tions, and the perversion of capital by monopoly. Changing somewhat the premises of economics, it has made the limited exercise of the power of society over private enterprise not only expedient but just.

In education is found a field for the proper exercise of this power. Although a concession to the doctrine of "State-control," in the hands of the State it serves the same purpose as individualism. It aims toward the ultimate good of man in the enlargement of his possibilities for self-help.

In his "History of Civilization," Guizot remarks, "Nothing so tortures history as logic." With equal force might this be said of the theory of individualism as applied to the exigencies of our nineteenth century civilization. In the blending of that theory with limited state-control, is alone found the system of relations between the individual and the state that satisfies our intuitive apprehension of crying needs and our thoughtful knowledge of cardinal principles.

A union in application of these two systems, regulated and ascertained by the peculiar aspects of our industrial régime and carefully observant of the fundamental rights and needs of the individual, will result in the conservation of the vital forces of the nation. It will advance the welfare of man through the betterment of his environment, and place a higher standard for future generations.

Monopoly, which would stifle competition, must be opposed in its aggressive attitude by the force of the public will. An eminent authority on state-socialism says with evident truth, "Government, as the representative of the will of the people, should in general, attempt the regulation or control of industrial matters only to benefit the people as a whole. The restriction of monopoly is certainly within these limitations."

The necessity for care in conceding more power to the State is marked by Mr. Fawcett in one of his later pamphlets in which he says, "The conclusion above all others which we desire to enforce, is, that any scheme, however well-intentioned it may be, will indefinitely increase every evil it seeks to alleviate, if it lessens individual responsibility by encouraging the people to rely less upon themselves and more upon the State."

Individualism, the doctrine of self-help and self-rule ; the State, the abode of social freedom and the custodian of social welfare ; two principles, which, combined in that proportion dictated by the intelligent appreciation of the exigencies of the hour, will mark the economic policy of coming years.

Freedom to its greatest feasible extent, and equality among men, not interfering with the law of competition will occur in a society containing the elements of an altruistic individualism, and which is not a popular despotism.

To have a state fit to assume such functions, imposes upon each the obligation of unselfish patriotism and strict self-rectitude.

The approximation to success in these endeavors will inaugurate a golden era, in which compulsory co-operation may give way to voluntary co-operation in the light of the Master's precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." When this has been attained, we can say:

"That which we are, we are ;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

* * * strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

EDWARD L. STEVENS, '90.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

[T was a beautiful, clear cold night. There was a full moon and although not long up its light was already killing the starlight.

The approach to the castle is a good preparation for what follows. By day it is odd enough ;—at night it is positively uncanny.

You go up a steep, narrow lane ; your feet sound loud on the pavement. There are few lights and one, perhaps two, or three passers—no more. The houses on either side are old, small, and low—and dark, for the heavy shutters are closed and there is scarcely a sign of habitation, only a faint streak of light here and there escaping through some narrow crack. There are no sounds and you wonder what is going on within. It might be anything and neither you nor any one else would

be the wiser : and you peer around the next corner half expecting to catch the gleam of a rapier, to hear a challenge out of the darkness. But no old time robber lurks within the shadows ; and you pull yourself together—this is the nineteenth, not the fifteenth century, you know,—and you go on.

Arrived at the castle gate, you turn to the left, and go out on the first terrace, out where Goethe used to sit ; and there you pause, for at your feet is as beautiful a sight as you shall see in many a day. From the terrace you could jump down amid the houses of the town. There they lie, and beyond are the lights of Manheim, and the river running between reflects the lights from either side, and where the bridges connect the two are alternate bands of black and gold, shimmering with “the stream’s continuous flow.” Down by the station the lights are clustered thick ; beyond them in the distance are the lights of Manheim, and to the left those of some smaller town. All this in the valley ! and on either side, rise the hills ; blue and dark, yet almost silvery in the mingled moonlight and starlight.

You stand and listen ; occasionally you catch a sound from the traffic in the streets below : then, one by one, the bells begin to strike the hour. The first seems far away ; the last—the bell of the Jesuit church—sounds right beneath you, so heavy and full that you can *feel* the vibrations. You shut your eyes for a moment, then draw a long breath and turn away. At first everything seems black ; but gradually you distinguish the branches of the trees, dark and bare against the moonlit sky ; and to the left, a ruined wall, with its vacant windows staring down.

You hadn’t noticed the wind before ; but now as you hear it in the leafless branches above it makes you shiver ; and you wish that it didn’t sound quite so suggestive. You follow the winding path ; right here you catch a glimpse of the moon shining through a quaint old oriel window. How sharp and clear it brings out the ancient tracery ! You gaze down into the moat. It is wide and deep ; and in its shadows the trees take on strange shapes. And what is that white something there on the other side ! You listen and you catch the sound of running water, and know that it is only *this*, frozen into a long white mantle.

It is cold ; you must not stand still ; you follow along the moat, and passing under the outer tower find yourself on the bridge. On either side is the moat ; on either side the sound of running water. You half imagine you can feel it running down your spine ; and you hurry through the inner tower, for here there is a huge drop gate, and though it is surely fast, even the idea of being pinned under it is unpleasant in your present state of mind. In the central court you feel better. It is all so peaceful and still. There is no running water here and the moonlight is bright. But what is that !—the clanking of ghostly chains ? No ! it is only the creaking of an old weather vane ; but for all of that you are glad you are not quite alone. If you were I think you would have already had quite enough of it.

On all sides rise the ruined walls, grim and ghostly ; here bright in the moonlight, there dark in the shadow. Those vacant windows are the eye-sockets of some vast skull ; those empty halls the former seat of life and thought ! What means it all ? and wherefore ?

You turn towards the promenade : but as you approach the passage leading thither you stop. Right in the entrance is something dark ; and you can see it moving. It is only your own shadow but as you go on your steps echo so loud through the passage that you glance back half fearing lest that shadow be following.

In summer the promenade would be crowded ; now you have it all to yourself—you and the wind ; and the shadows. You wander up and down and there is nought to hinder your dreaming of those by-gone days when the lords and their ladies wandered here, even as you are doing. It is quite dark, for the moon is not far up ; and the walls are black in their own shadows. How sharp the outlines of the octagonal town against the brightness in the east ! Below are the lights of the town and the river and beyond the silvery darkness of the hills. But the wind blows cold and there is a chill in the air. You hurry through the passage, across the court, over the bridge and find yourself without again. The way continues along the moat. You follow it and a little farther on you catch sight of the shattered tower, and this is quite the finest bit of all. It stands so white in the moonlight, covered

with vines so dark and green. You leave the castle proper and follow the winding path in and out among the trees, finally coming out on that farther terrace whence you can view the whole.

It is a grand old ruin at any time ; and in the stillness of this winter's night it is something more than grand. By day you cannot tell where the masonry begins, so thickly stand the trees upon its natural base. At night it rises from the valley, one continuous pile, so high and sheer, and so boldly projecting. How black the trees at the base ! How white and cold the superstructure ! How dark the empty window places ! How grim, and gaunt and ghostly the whole ! It is a beautiful sight ! an impressive sight.

You would fain linger but you dare not. You take the path that leads down among the trees ; follow along under the castle, and thence to your hotel.

As we left the castle park, and emerged into a by street of the town, H—— said " We have left the fourteenth century behind us, and now come into the fifteenth, or perhaps, the sixteenth." In a larger street we found the seventeenth, in "Haupt-strasse" the eighteenth; but, as H—— remarked,—“we won't strike the nineteenth century until we get back to America.”

D. DE W. S., '90.

MY STAR.

The Creator, it is said, formed as many souls at first as there are stars, on each of which, as on a chariot, he planted one to watch from that heavenly station the divine order of things, but, after a time to be born into a human coporeal body. Men are heavenly natures fallen from their spheres—*Plato's Timæus*.

Which, which of all the glorious host is mine ?
I look athwart the blazing night and cry,
Into my very spirit shine, O shine,
Thou other starry self on high !

Hast thou no occult sign, no subtle gleam
Which no man living knows save only me?
Across the spaces shoot that kindly beam,
Which finds an answering fire in me and thee.

I see the ruddy shield of crested Mars
And answer him in flames of high desires ;
I hail the field of elemental wars,
I shout to catch the glow of passion's fires.

Alone and far o'er tracts of evening sky,
I wander blessed to the verge of heaven ;
I feel the Eternal Stillness passing by,
And cry, 'Tis mine ! the lucient star of even.

Then yearns the mounting spirit past all bounds.
It sits the central orb mid Saturn's rings,
And eyes with scorn their glittering rounds,
And mocks the endless flight and whirl of things.

Or driven through the wilderness of night,
O'er wastes of shapeless worlds borne on and tossed,
Some unknown star I seek in aimless flight ;
I fall adown the darkness spent and lost.

Come home my wandering soul ! Thou art the Lord,
The Master of them all. Abide thou still
Upon thy throne. Peace thou canst well afford.
Thou holdest them all in rein by thine own will.

JAMES H. ECOB, '69.

Editors' Table.

HAMILTON COLLEGE—A DEFINITION OF ITS POSITION.

The first and most natural inquiry by the friends and by the rivals of our College is, "How many students have you now?" or, if it is at the beginning of the year, "How many Freshmen?" The graduate, young or old, is surprised to learn that we have no more students than when he was in college. For from 1847-1852 inclusive there were graduated 233 students in six classes, and from 1882-1887, 329 students in six classes. It is true these two periods lying thirty-five years apart were the most flourishing as to numbers in the history of the College. We have apparently come to a standstill in numbers, and we might as well face this fact and these figures.

But though placed at the disadvantage of defense and apology, our explanation shall be rather a clear definition of our position among the rival colleges and a no uncertain setting forth of the advantages offered by Hamilton and of the progress made, though the number of students have not increased.

As to our position we call attention to the fact, that two new Universities have sprung up in our immediate neighborhood, viz., Cornell and Syracuse. Their courses are very numerous. Cornell counts its endowment by the million. Syracuse is backed by a stirring, ambitious denomination. The meshes of their nets of admission are so minute that the most immature small fry of either sex cannot easily escape. Very lately Hobart and Union have been reorganized. Cornell's classical course was established three years ago and the number of its classical students has already risen to 126. Madison and Rochester seem to have taken a new start. Now, do you wonder that Hamilton has a hard row to hoe?

Again, are you aware that Hamilton is now the only college with one course, in the state of New York, holding the same position that Williams seems to hold in New England? We have just one course, the so-called "classical" one. Now look at our neighbors and rivals. Cornell has, we were going to say, countless courses, from the forge up to the most abstruse philosophy. Syracuse has courses in the fine arts and in music, in fact it has a college of the fine arts. Madison, Union, Hobart, Rochester have from two to four courses. Brown university has two courses, does not distribute its students between them in the catalogue, and one-tenth of its students pursue "select" courses. (Brown likes these

"nibblers." See the last paragraph of an article by its president in the February *Educational Review*.) Brown now bestows only two degrees, Ph. B. and A. B. Trinity College has four courses and of its 123 students one-tenth are special ones. Amherst has two courses. According to its catalogue of 1889-90, if we have not miscounted, it has twenty-six scientific students and twenty-three special ones, exactly one-seventh of its whole number, (343.) Dartmouth has two courses. Seventy-one out of its 256 students are non-classical, but it has no special students. Williams College, like Hamilton, has only a classical course. It does not enumerate its special or partial students separately. If we have not miscounted, nine of its eighty Freshmen are "specials." Twenty-eight of its whole number (308) are special or partial students, who were admitted on Geography, History, English and Mathematics. Finally, Union has one classical Senior out of twelve, and eighteen classical Freshmen out of forty-eight. Now, Hamilton has forty full-fledged, live, classical Freshmen. Five students entered last fall, who are called "first year" special students. They had no Greek and are not counted as Freshmen, and are put in a separate place in the catalogue. They can get no degree, have only a slight hold upon the skirts of Alma Mater, and drop out after one or two or three years. Is it fair, then, to say Williams has eighty Freshmen, Union forty-eight, Hamilton only forty? The fact is, we have more classical students—the only students we can have at present—than any college or so-called university in the state of New York, Columbia College alone excepted.

It would be surprising that we have as many students as we do have, were it not that our one course is so excellent. Our required Freshman and Sophomore years with the traditional excellence of their Elocution and Rhetoric, with their rigid Mathematics and thoroughly taught Languages challenge comparison with the corresponding years of any of the above mentioned colleges. We have never rushed headlong into the elective system, but have taken a somewhat conservative road, which an experience of ten years has proved a wise one. We have comfortable department rooms instead of the old class rooms. Our beautiful Silliman Hall has given a new impetus to Y. M. C. A. work. Within twelve years two new chairs, one of Natural History and one of Modern Languages have been established. Two new assistant professors, one in Elocution and Rhetoric, and one in Greek, also an assistant librarian, have been appointed. Our library has been increased, catalogued and made accessible and useful to students as never before. In Athletics, considering our primitive gymnasial facilities, we have done wonders, for twice we have carried off the pennant in the State Inter-collegiate Sports, competing with rivals that could draw from law and medical schools, whose members take marvelously long courses. There is a spirit of work, of loyalty, of manliness and of gentlemanliness in college which, we are told, has never been so manifest. One of the alumni who has a son now in college said to a member of the faculty, "Your boys, especially the first two years, have not 'fun' enough; they must have a new gymnasium."

But with all these advantages and improvements which cannot be gainsaid, why cannot Hamilton increase its number of students? Why is it such hard work to keep up our old number? Let us be frank. With our one course we stand among our rivals with their various courses like a grocery that sells only one article, or like a physician that has only one prescription for "all the ills that human flesh is heir to." Does this pay? How long can we hold our own? Our one classical course no longer satisfies all the reasonable demands of the time nor the inherited capacities of the young men of the country. We must add another course, a Latin-Scientific one, whose aim like that of the classical one shall also be a general education. Mind, we say add such a course. We would not impair, much less supplant, the old course by the new one. But the need and the nature of the new one and its relation to the old one, we will speak of in our next issue.

ADVERTISING THE COLLEGE.

It is an unpleasant and discouraging fact, yet none the less true, that no college in the land of the standing of Hamilton is so little before the public at the present time. The college columns of the New York papers are filled with long accounts of the happenings in almost every college in the country, yet when we search for news from Hamilton, we meet with as much success as did Diogenes in his quest of an honest man.

We believe the students are responsible for this state of affairs. True, the faculty are not without blame, and have not done all they could by any means; yet the real responsibility lies at the door of the students, for to them every one looks for action.

We may be loyal to "Old Hamilton"—and who is not? But who is loyal to the "New Hamilton?" We all believe and trust in the good old spirit, but why not add works to our faith and put the new spirit and the new life before the eyes of the people of to-day. Athletic pennants may be won, laurels may be won in the oratorical league; yet if no one hear of these victories, wherein is the college directly helped? Yes, we arraign the students of Hamilton for neglect of duty. One might mention social events, class and college honors and prizes, alumni reunions, improvements in the course, the work of the conference committee, etc., all of which would be very interesting to the 1956 alumni who listen in vain to hear and who watch in vain to see something that will indicate to them that Hamilton is abreast of the times. Do we wonder that a few of our alumni forget their college? What does appear, is good, but, being so small, it does not portray even faintly the student and college life.

The success of the college of the future is dependent, to a great degree, upon the students of the future. We must have students and the time is passed when we can live on the record of the sixties and seventies to ob-

in these. We need something in the present. It is no doubt true that action is the one characteristic of the college man. The student of the day loves to be in a college where there is action. It is a difficult matter to convince such a man that a college mentioned in the *New York Tribune* and *Post* but three or four times a year, is all activity and energy. What he sees of it would not indicate this at any rate.

To be a success in politics the politician must be before the public; to be a success as a college, that college must be before the public. If we want to see large classes, if we want to see those classes filled with young men of energy and life, let us show the fathers and mothers of the coming college men that there is life in Hamilton, and that prizes and honors taken here will have as much notice as those of any in the land.

The financial question is another feature that presents itself in this connection. An intimate friend may influence a Fayerweather to leave Hamilton \$100,000, but every wealthy man has not an advisor who is partial to our college, and the prominence of our college happenings in the daily press, may bring us many times this amount.

Let us consider this from the point of loyalty, remembering that it is the students of a college who must advertise that college. Let us extend the name of Hamilton with as much zeal as we seek to promote her local interests. Our only reward will be the consciousness of having done our duty, of having added to the prosperity of our college.

THE PROPOSED RESOLUTIONS.

It is probably well known throughout the college that a set of resolutions, tending to abolish certain college customs, was offered for consideration at the December meeting of the Faculty Student Conference. At the last meeting of the conference, the opinions of the classes upon the resolutions were given by their representatives. Judging from these reports we do not think the resolutions were fully understood or the arguments in their favor fully considered. Let us consider then, briefly, the object of the resolutions and their effect, if adopted by the student body.

The first resolution in regard to the "rowing season" of the first few weeks, probably met with the greatest opposition. It has been claimed that it would tend to remove class distinctions, freshman training and subvert our time-honored college customs. Such results, however, were neither desired by the framer of the resolutions nor, we think, would follow its adoption. We firmly believe in class distinctions and freshman training, but fail to see how the present method of an upper classman escort to and from recitations, of throwing water and an occasional "set up" is able to remove the emerald halo which encircles the brow of the freshman. The system as it now is, protects those freshmen who most sadly need training and harms others who least deserve it.

The most judicious and efficient training can be done by the Fraternity or Society with which the freshman is associated.

By such a resolution only the individual hazing is abolished and the class contests are by no means affected. By such contests, fairly conducted, class distinction and upper-classman authority will be maintained as of old. Upper-classmen will retain their dignity but will not be forced at the beck and call of a six foot freshman to drop work, however important, and escort him perhaps twenty-five feet.

Another evil of the present system is that a freshman is prevented to a great degree from exercising freedom of choice in regard to the organization which he will join. Without such restraint greater fairness would result both to the freshman and the societies.

The same argument is true in regard to athletics of all kinds. With no restraint upon movements of freshmen the best material in the class for athletics, foot-ball and base-ball, could much more easily be discovered and developed.

It has also been argued that this resolution would injure Hamilton by taking away a feature which distinguishes her from other colleges throughout the country. This seems to us one of the strongest arguments for adopting the resolution. On the ground that a bad reputation is better than no reputation, of course the argument would have force but to be noted for a custom which will turn men from Hamilton to other colleges seems to us to be a distinctive feature hardly worth preserving.

The resolution in regard to "chapel rushes" is another which we would like to see adopted. It is related of a prominent and formerly loyal alumnus of Hamilton that, being present at a morning chapel which was followed by a rush, he has never since attempted to aid the college or appeared interested in her welfare. To one who has the best interest of the college at heart, such an incident would seem to be sufficient to condemn the custom. But there are other considerations. To many it seems sacrilegious in the extreme to follow a religious exercise with a row in the chapel entrance and certainly such feelings should be respected by others although of different opinions. Again, the row is an unfair one and places the members of the Faculty in an unpleasant and undignified position sometimes, to say the least.

The discontinuance of disturbances in the chapel at the use of certain words in the presence of strangers need not be urged as it meets with the approval of all. It seems to us that such occurrences in all chapel exercises should be discontinued as productive of no good and as a display of class feeling, suitable in places and at times other than the chapel and rhetorical or religious exercises.

The so-called "salt and flour row" is of minor importance. The chief argument against it is that it takes place immediately before an examination but it is of such a short duration and is of so little importance that it matters little whether it be continued or abolished.

The argument that the resolutions tend to deprive us of old customs seems to us of little importance if not directly an argument in support of

our position. In matter of fact, however, the present restraint upon Freshmen is of recent origin. But granting for argument that all are old customs does it follow that simply for the sake of sentiment as characterizing the past we should cling to customs which injure the Hamilton and which greater colleges have abandoned as relics of a somewhat barbarous past. Following out such a line of argument Hamilton should revive the "good old custom" of having scholastic standing partly dependent upon good behavior and again require the catechism as a text book for senior year.

We hope these resolutions will have more careful consideration and better support than has thus far been awarded them.

INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

New York State colleges are not slow in adopting any measure or in urging on any movement in which there is united benefit to them. The colleges of our league present two striking characteristics, an intense rivalry between the colleges singly, and a strong bond of union and harmonious response in all matters of general interest. We believe that this is just as it should be, for the bitterest rivalry serves as a spur, and can result only in a better growth to the individual college, if such rivalry does not dwarf the more liberal spirit and lead to selfishness. Thus, that a harmonious feeling may exist side by side with the private ambition of each college and that the growth of narrowness may be prevented, there is need of constant inter-collegiate intercourse and association.

Upon this ground we heartily favor the formation of the New York State inter-collegiate press association. General athletics, base-ball and foot-ball bring the colleges together in conferences and in contests, and the good results they produce in keeping up the proper feeling between colleges are prized by all. The press association will be something new to our league and of a very different character than the contests above mentioned. Its aim is mutual aid and not competition.

The press association between other colleges has been found to be profitable, and undoubtedly such an association in New York state will be of interest and benefit. We at least hope that a fair trial may be made. It can lead to a better system of exchanges and probably be of great advantage in securing certain advertisements. But the value which will be derived from exchanging ideas and in discussing matters pertaining to college journalism, together with the social pleasures, constitute the main reason for favoring the scheme. We shall expect that in time this association which as yet is not perfected but which was endorsed and planned for by the delegates who met recently at Syracuse, will not only be the means of elevating the present standard of college journalism, but will promote a feeling of good will and charity in the journalistic field of the college of our state.

BASE-BALL CONFERENCE.

The history of the Inter-Collegiate Base-Ball Association for the past two seasons has been anything but a source of gratification.

The season of 1890 closed under a mass of protests, charges and bad faith, insults offered and vengeance longed for. That was astonishing, when we consider who the high contracting parties were.

That colleges claiming to represent the refinement, intelligence, and manliness of New York State, could exhibit the rowdyism that has been accorded to the visiting teams, the manifest intention to win whether or not it required *ten* men or the whole student body, passes ordinary comprehension. And yet all this was true.

To prevent recurrence of the graver evils the delegates who met at Syracuse radically changed the old constitution, on those particulars which have heretofore been prolific of evils to the Association.

The constitution as amended defines a student or candidate for a position on the "nine" as a student taking not less than ten hours per week lecture or recitations; said student to be a member of the college at least three months previous to the first league game. These facts to be certified to by himself and three members of the faculty of that college, that no man can play more than four seasons in the team.

The guarantee of \$50 shall be paid, one-half before the game begins, the remainder at the close of the game. A college failing to comply forfeits the game, and cannot play its other games until the deficiency is made good.

These are the principal changes. This constitution will, so far as a constitution can, make the season of '91 business-like and successful.

But that the full good be realized from these college contests, a different spirit must prevail among the student body. The visiting team must be treated as guests of the college, given every consideration that fairness demands. The game must be won on its merits. The college in its collective capacity should never do, what as individuals they would shrink from.

FOOT-BALL MANAGEMENT.

We take this opportunity to compliment the manager of the foot-ball team upon his excellent management, and to give expression to the gratitude which the college feels it owes him for his faithful and earnest efforts in behalf of foot-ball. It is at least a rare thing for a college organization of this character to end the season with a surplus in the treasury, yet such is the case with our foot-ball management. Therefore we certainly have reason to rejoice that we have not let a matter of dollars and cents stand in the way of Hamilton's taking the high position in the

league which is hers by nature. This is certainly indicative of the growing love which the students of Hamilton feel for their Alma Mater.

But now having done your duty to the foot-ball team, do not we pray you, fall back with a self-satisfied air of duty done and refuse to support the many other college organizations, which are just as deserving, and which, without your hearty support and co-operation cannot be worthy of us, the students, nor the College which honors us.

A CRITICISM.

[The editors are not responsible for the following communication but, as the opinion of students, we give it place in the student publication.]

To the Editors of the Lit:—

There lies now in our possession a copy of a document so remarkable in every respect that compared to it the "Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder" or the sherd of Amenartas in Mr. Hazard's tale sinks into shrunken insignificance. It has occurred to us that to keep this literary wonder to ourselves would be an act of unpardonable selfishness, particularly as it is directly connected with the college, therefore we would beg to use your magazine as a medium through which to enlighten our fellow-students on the subject. Appended is a copy of the manuscript in question, accurate save for the name of the student designated thereon, whom we shall call Mr. Brown.

Resolved, That it does not seem advisable for Mr. Brown to return to college on account of the state of his health, his lack of application when a member of college, on account of the lateness of his return and because he cannot fill out the required number of hours with suitable studies.

January 23, 1891.

BY ORDER OF THE FACULTY.

Read it through twice, oh student of Hamilton college, study it carefully, it will repay your efforts. Observe what masterly logic, what conciseness, what force blended with elegance, and at the bottom the dread signet of infallibility "By Order of the Faculty." When such a production as this dawns upon our startled vision, we cannot but feel a mild surprise that all of our professors have so long escaped being apprehended by the state commission of sanity and incarcerated in an asylum for the weak minded.

Though we are aware that by so doing we are calling down upon our devoted head the lightnings that imperial Jove keeps labelled "For use in cases of Impiety only," yet let us glance in a spirit of mild criticism at these resolutions, and perchance point out a few weak places in them. There are four reasons given why "it does not seem advisable for Mr. Brown to return to college." (1) "On account of the state of his health." What a tender, fatherly anxiety breathes forth from every syllable of this first reason. Would you inquire how the members of the

faculty are so well posted as to Mr. Brown's "state of health," better apparently than Mr. Brown himself? Have you never learned, then, skeptical questioner, that the whole theory of our college government is based upon the omniscience of the faculty, which, like the divine right of kings, must not be questioned?

How do you know but that in the coat-tail pocket of every subscriber to those resolutions there lurks a certificate that qualifies its possessor as a full-fledged M. D.? Henceforth let no student be surprised if the President stop him on his way to chapel for the purpose of counting his pulse-beats or of ascertaining whether or not his tongue is coated; let no man murmur if the Professor of Mathematics call him up after recitation to catechise him concerning the condition of his liver; neither let him wax wroth should the Instructor in Greek send for him to come to his private office and sign a certificate that to the best of his knowledge and belief there is no hereditary consumption in his family. These questions it behooves him to answer thoughtfully, for upon his replies may depend the duration of his existence as a member of Hamilton College. Let us now, secure in the conviction that the guardian angels of our physical condition are ever on the watch, pass on to reason number two. Mr. Brown must go (2) because of his "lack of application when a member of college." We will assume that this "lack of application" refers to Mr. B's studies, though it may have reference to mustard plasters and hot cloths with a view to alleviating the "state of his health" concerning which the members of the faculty are so deeply stirred up. Here we see that they, unlike Hamlet's physicians, can minister to a mind diseased as well as be arbiters of physical condition. But their "ministering" is heroic treatment for it consists in a species of amputation, an amputation which is not justified by the college laws. These latter give no provision for the separation of a student from college unless he has three delinquent examinations, or unless in the case of a special student his general average is below five. Mr. Brown had but one delinquent when in the Fall term he was obliged to leave college on account of his health, and his general standing was above five. Hence there seems to be a discrepancy here. Let us see if reason the third gives more valid justification for the faculty's action. "On account of the lateness of his return" etc.

The faculty do not think it advisable for Mr. Brown to return, "on account of the lateness of his return." Shade of Mandeville! What rhetoric! But does the august body consider the reason for this lateness? Mr. Brown's mother was dangerously ill with pneumonia, and he, being the only one of the family within two hundred miles, very properly stayed at her side. True he failed to hand in an excuse prior to the absence. But was that oversight wholly unpardonable? Should filial devotion be deemed a crime punishable by expulsion and disgrace, and this at the hands of a body of avowedly Christian men? Is it not a recognized principle of law, that "the extremity of the law works the extreme injury?"

In the fourth reason (4) "because he cannot fill out the required number of hours with suitable studies" the faculty have fairly surpassed themselves and shown that there are other places besides on a jury where twelve men can decide on a question without having brought to bear upon it the faintest glimmering of reason. Have none of the members of the honorable body ever perused a catalogue? If not they can be supplied at the library and their attention is respectfully called to page 22, where they will find the following:

REGULATIONS AS TO ELECTIVES.

I. A student who does not return his elective card properly filled up within the time named on the card, will be assigned to studies by the Faculty at their next regular meeting, unless before that meeting such student shall present to the Faculty a properly filled card and a satisfactory excuse for not presenting it on time.

Why then, if Mr. Brown was unable to fill out his elective card, didn't they do it for him? We are forced to one of three conclusions: First, that they are unpardonably ignorant concerning their own regulations; second, that they wilfully neglected to fill out the elective card as provided; third, that they and not he "could not fill out the required number of hours with suitable studies." Whose fault is it if there are not suitable studies in the college curriculum? Surely not that of the student, but rather of the professors who fail to provide such subjects. So much for the reasons given.

The question now presents itself: Why were these resolutions drawn up? If for the purpose of being sent to Mr. Brown the faculty has added malice to feeble-mindedness and insult to injury. If for the enlightenment of the public, it is a failure, for they have illuminated instead of a council chamber where justice and reason hold sway, a dark and dismal abode of prejudice and bigotry. If for their own satisfaction, to hear themselves talk, as it were, much good may it do them.

O learned gentlemen of the Faculty, if you must play at drawing up resolutions, for heaven's sake keep them to yourselves. Don't give reasons when you haven't any, but like Mr. Tweed of "ring" renown put your hands in your pockets and ask "what are you going to do about it?" And above all, in the name of the common sense that you ought to have, and for the sake of those few worshipers at your shrine who still believe you animated by a spirit of fairness, when next you draw up a set of resolutions, put one copy under lock, burn all the others and bury their ashes deep in the quiet earth of the college graveyard.

AROUND COLLEGE.

- Rushes are popular no longer. Good!
- Dr. Terrett occupied the College pulpit January 25.
- Perine and Crockett '90, have visited on the Hill recently.
- Three months of sliding is a good record for the old hill.
- The underclassmen distributed their posters very quietly this year.
- The German Reading Circle with Prof. Brandt, numbers seventeen.
- Prof. Brandt represented the college at the alumni reunion in Chicago.
- The class of '93 were entertained at the X Ψ house January 26, by their classmates of the fraternity.
- The Glee Club photos have been taken. "When will the first concert be given"? is the question of the hour.
- By the Will of a lady of Auburn, Hamilton will receive two thousand dollars for the founding of a scholarship.
- The auction of the old papers and publications of the reading room was held January 17. The bidding was very spirited.
- Colgate admires "Hamilton oratory" just enough to engage our professor of elocution to show her theologs "how to speak."
- The Southworth prizes in physics have been announced as follows: 1st. John McCullum Curran. 2nd. Walter Thomas Couper.
- It was rumored that a number of the Freshmen were initiated into a Freshman fraternity which has recently been founded at Union.
- The Seniors are having the privilege of reading "Prometheus Vincetus" with Dr. North at his home, and report enjoyable work.
- C. W. E. Chapin, '89, of New York, has been resting at his home in Clinton during February. The Clinton climate seems to agree with him.
- On the day of Prayer for Colleges the students were addressed by Rev. Allan Macey Dulles of Watertown. He took as his topic "Usefulness."
- The Faculty have awarded winter orations as follows: Head, George M. Weaver; Pruyn, Thomas L. Coventry, Kirkland, Aurelian Post.
- President Darling and Dr. Hudson exchanged pulpits on Sunday the 8th.
- The printing of the *Hamiltonian* has been given to Beers & Kessinger. It is expected that the publication will be out by the opening of the spring term.
- The Inter-Collegiate Athletic meeting was attended by Northrup and Lee, '91; the base-ball meeting by Sheppard and Hayden, '91; and the Press Association by Feltus, '91.

—The tenth annual reunion and banquet of the Central New York Association of *G. A. Y.* was held in Syracuse at the Globe, February 20. The Hamilton charge was well represented.

—The mid-winter reception at Houghton was given Friday evening, February 6, attended by many collegians. The hostess is to be congratulated upon the pleasant evening enjoyed by all.

—George F. Wood, '92, is conducting a very successful course of Bible Study with the Freshman class. The class study the book of Samuel, expecting to take up the New Testament the coming year.

—Rev Charles E. Allison, '70, of Yonkers, the author of "The Hamilton College Sketch Book," recently lectured before the Junior Greek division. The lecture was very pleasing and instructive.

—The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in Lockport, February 19—22. The delegates from Hamilton were Wood, Skinner, Swinnerton, '92, Orsler, '93, and Ostrander, '94.

—There is some talk of having the new incumbent of the astronomical chair fill the chair of physics also; of creating a chair of biology and enlarging all the scientific departments. This is a movement in the right direction.

—At the request of the Clinton W. C. T. U., W. D. Crockett, '90, Geo. S. Budd and G. F. Wood, '92, delivered addresses in the interest of temperance in Scollard opera house, Sunday afternoon, February 1. The house was filled.

—Elihu Root, counsel for the College in the Fayerweather will case, writes that the legacy of \$100,000 to the College is secure, and that there will be no attempt made to break that part of the will in which the college legacies are mentioned.

—"Hardy" Richardson of the Bostons, is coaching the base-ball team in the rink. Manager Sheppard is arousing much enthusiasm and there is no little strife for places on the nine. The outlook for good ball at Hamilton this year is fine. Support the team.

—The officers of the Athletic Association for the ensuing year are, President, J. H. Taylor, of Hobart; Vice-President, H. Z. Jenkins, of Hamilton; Secretary and Treasurer, L. F. Potter of Hobart; Executive Committee, Hamilton representative, E. H. Northrop.

—Philip M. Ward, '91, has been elected gymnasium director by the active athletes. Work will be begun at once under his direction and it is expected that before the spring opens the athletes will be in a better condition than last year by far. The prospects for another pennant are quite flattering. Who of us will not help Hamilton to get it?

—The Inter-Collegiate Press Association was organized with the following officers to hold over until next meeting: President, Duncan C. Lee of the *Hamilton Literary Monthly*; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Hillyer of the *Syracuse News*. The next regular meeting with programme and banquet will be held early in June. The Boards of twelve college papers will be members of the new organization.

—The last game of '92's whist tournament was played at the *Θ. Δ. X.* house February 2. Following are the respective positions for the whole number of games played: *Δ. T.*; *Δ. K. E.*; *E. L. S*; *X. Ψ.*; *Φ.*; *Δ. Δ. Φ.*; *Θ. Δ. X.* On Friday evening following, the club enjoyed a banquet and sleighride to Utica. At nine o'clock the members of the club assembled in the parlors of Caterer Lapham, where a sumptuous repast was spread. After the gastronomical feats there was a "flow of soul." The fellows reached Clinton in the wee small hours after a very pleasant evening, all agreeing to form another whist club next year.

—At a college meeting held February 9, the report of the manager of the Foot-Ball Association was presented and referred to an auditing committee consisting of Wilkes, Hayden and Weaver, '91.

The following was read and unanimously adopted amid much enthusiasm:

Resolved, That we, the students of Hamilton College, do hereby make a formal acknowledgement of the untiring efforts, the calm control, and the unquestioned honesty and impartiality which we all have observed in the acts of Manager Coventry, of the Foot-ball Association; Therefore, we hereby thank him and congratulate him on the success that has attended his efforts.

There was a ball,
In a certain hall,
By college youths attended,
While ladies' smiles
And loving wiles
In giddy waltz were blended,
In full-dress suits
And patent boots,
We strove to be admired,
But in the waltz
The smiles were false
The dress-suits, they were hired. A. E. S., '91.

"SEM." GIRL'S REPLY.
They were sitting alone
In a corner, away
From the guests, promenading
In ev'ning array;
And their tastes they compared
In this way and that,
While the moments were hast'ning
Their sweet little chat.
Spake he then: "Don't you think,
To ride would be nice,
With the chaperon in,
Sitting prim and precise?"
"That *depends*," said she quickly,
On what you *call* nice." C. A. F., '92.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

- There are four crews at work at the University of Pennsylvania.
- The National University at Tokio, Japan, enrolls 50,000 students.
- The Freshmen at the University of California are all examined by an oculist.
- Columbia, Dartmouth and Williams have dispensed with commencement exercises.
- It is reported that no graduate of Vassar College has ever been divorced from her husband.
- A very fine art museum, to cost \$150,000, is to be added to Stanford University, by Mrs. Stanford.
- Foot-ball has been prohibited, as a "fiendish" game, at the Carlisle Indian school, at Carlisle, Pa.
- An average of one out of every 549 men in Connecticut attends college. No other state equals this.
- According to the *Crimson*, there are about 500 men at work in the Harvard gymnasium every afternoon.
- Lectures in Volapuk are now delivered at Yale, which is the first American college to add the language to its curriculum.
- By the death of Mr. Bancroft the Rev. Dr. Frederick Augustus Farley, of the class of 1818, becomes senior alumnus of Harvard.
- A bill has been introduced in Congress appropriating \$1,000,000 for establishment of a university for the education of the colored children.
- A plan is on foot to establish in New York city a national university on the European plan, with an endowment of \$20,000,000.
- Brazil with a population of 14,000,000 people, has no college worthy the name. Graduates fail to pass higher than a preparatory class there.
- Statistics show that the 94 universities of Europe have 1,723 more professors and 41,814 students than the 360 colleges in the United States.
- The Columbia College tug-of-war team has accepted the challenge of the Northwestern University team, and will meet them during the latter part of March.
- Bowdoin will probably be admitted to the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association at present composed of Cornell, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania.
- The Harvard graduates of New York city have given a fifty dollar cup to each member of the victorious team, and a valuable loving cup and sword to Captain Cumnock.
- President Patton, of Princeton, once remarked about going to college that he believed it was better to have gone and loafed, than never have gone at all.—*College News*.
- Cambridge and Oxford occupy the same relative positions in their ball contests as Yale and Princeton. Since 1873 Cambridge has won 12 of the annual games and Oxford six.

—Princeton College has received a gift of 30,000 pieces of pottery and porcelain illustrating the history and progress of art from the earliest Egyptian period down to the present time.

—An English paper has started a Foot-Ball Insurance System. Football players are insured against fatal accidents for the sum of £100. A penny secures this benefit in addition to buying the paper.

—An effort is being made to raise a subscription for the erection of a gymnasium at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, Mich. This University has over 2,000 students, and as yet has no gymnasium.

EXCHANGES.

—The story "Mademoiselle Réséda" by Julien Gordon, which has run through the two last numbers of the *Cosmopolitan* is very interesting. The plot is good and it has a good literary style. It has an abundance of spice and hence is the more attractive.

—The first article in the February *Cosmopolitan* "Nikolai Palkin" by Count Tolstoi is well deserving the prominent position it is given. In this we get a glimpse of the domestic life of the Russian peasant, we read with eagerness, and shudder at the terrible condition of society, of the deformities in the marriage customs, and the general degradation of woman.

—The month of January has been productive of exchanges of an unusually high literary value. This improvement is doubtless due to the fact that the release from college and editorial duties, during the Christmas holidays, has had a salutary effect upon the editors, and enabled them to instill an added spirit into their respective publications. We are heartily glad to note this, and trust the year which has opened so auspiciously for college journalism, may continue favorable throughout its course. It is impossible for us to notice each publication, however deserving it may be, so we will confine ourselves to a few brief remarks on those which strike us the most forcibly.

The Yale and Vassar *Lits.* are two of the best received for the month. They differ from many other exchanges in that they bear the distinctive stamp of the colleges from which they come. This is as it should be. The college periodical should endeavor to be the representative of its own institution, portraying truthfully and faithfully the work performed, and the student life. Whatever the character of the college, the character of its representative should correspond, for in this way alone can the individuality and distinguishing features of the publication and the college as well, be maintained. "Comparisons are odious," yet the contrast between the Yale and Amherst *Lits.* is so striking that we cannot but notice it. It seems unfortunate that the Amherst *Lit.*, which is so good in some of its departments, should fall so far below the standard in others.

—As a review of the February *Chautauquan* since we could not enter into a criticism of the many deserving articles to the extent necessary to do them justice, we will simply quote a portion of the contents, which we trust will at least show the general character of this excellent magazine:

"Practical Talks on Writing English" by Prof. Minto, University of Aberdeen, Scotland.

"British India," by R. S. Dix.

"Religious History of England" by Prof. Fisher of Yale.

"Constitution of Japan," by William Elliot Griffis.

"Rise and Fall of Boulanger," by T. F. De Gournay.

"The Russian Peasant Woman," by Nina Von Koribaut Daschkewitsch.

"The Tignon," by Grace King.

The February *Lippincott* contains a story called "A Wave of Life," by Clyde Fitch. It is a story of two sisters, one of whom is engaged to a man who does not possess a temperament at all fitted to hers. Her sister falls in love with another man who in turn becomes fascinated with the engaged sister. Through force of circumstances the two latter are thrown together, and the girl breaks her betrothal bonds and elopes with him, both being drowned at sea while on their wedding tour. A marked feature is a description of a game of base-ball, the outcome of which was to affect the love affairs of all concerned. The style is pleasing, the plot is not so much so; the ending is a disappointment to the reader and is couched in obscure and unpolished language.

CLIPPINGS.

—Job was probably the most precocious child on record. He cursed a day that he was born.—*Life*.

FRESHIE ABROAD.

"Chollie—"Give me a ticket to London." Agent—"What class?"
Chollie—"Freshman."—*Harpers Weekly*.

GOOD SIZE.

"John steal? Oh no?" He looked askance,
"He's too benign a countenance,"
Whereat thinks Patrick, with a shrug,
"Heu! Two by nine! O, what a mug!"
—*W. C. L., Fr., Brunonian*.

CUT.

Though Caesar was a wild young man
And many frolics led,
He stood well in society
Till Brutus cut him dead.
—*F. T. E. Brunonian*.

AT VESPERS.

In the shadowy aisle she's kneeling
While the organ soft is pealing,
And the notes come faintly stealing
Through the heavy-scented air.

From the windows manifold
Blazoned there in blue and gold,
Heroes, martyrs, saints of old,
Watch the maiden at her prayer.

—*Cornell Era*—

—Precocious Boy—“Mamma was Ananias killed for telling just o—
lie?” Mamma—“He was, my son.” Boy (thoughtfully)—“There h—
been a change in the administration since Ananias’ time, hasn’t the—
mamma?”—*Hatchet*.

The hall was dark. I heard
The rustle of a skirt.
“Ha ha,” thought I, “I’ll catch
You now, my little flirt!”

Softly I sallied forth,
Resolved when I had kissed her
That I’d make her believe
I’d thought it was my sister.

The deed was done, Oh, bliss!
Could any man resist her?
Apology was made—
Alas! It was my sister.

—*Exchange*—

—Tillinghast—“You can buy a good fishing outfit now for \$—
Winebiddle—“H’m! It would be mighty poor whiskey at thatfigure—
—*The Jury*.

—“Well,” said the monkey as he fell from the tree, “I shall have
try another clime.”—*Yale Record*.

GOOD GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

Brown and Smith not long since, were walking in town.
When Smith for a double X blandly asked Brown;
“But will you pay it?” Brown cautiously said,
Still walking along without raising his head.

“I—I will pa—pay you,” Smith soon made reply,
“As—as soon as I—I can, you—you may rely.”
Said Brown, “I can’t do it, nor believe what I’ve heard,
For a stuttering man so oft breaks his word.

—*Lampoon*—

MY CHARMER.

Seated in the deep bay-window
Hid from prying mortals’ view
Curtains drawn, which by their swaying
Let the lamp-gleams filter through,
You can wager we were happy
In our quiet tete a tete,
Never dreaming of the rascal

Ever watchful, wily Fate.
But my artless, heedless charmer
How she froze my heart with fear,
Making audible one question,
"Am I not too heavy, dear?"

—*Brooklyn Polytechnic.*

ALL FORLAWN.

Two "tennis balls" out on a "racket" one day
Were brought into "court" before night;
"Five all" they were fined
By a judge wise and kind,
Who declared that he "served" them just right.

—*A. N. L. Brunonian.*

NOT IN IT.

I asked her heart of Winnifred,
Ah! If I could but win it;
She laughingly replied, "Dear Ned,
I fear you are not in it."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

SHE WANTED NO DISTURBANCE.

Once strayed I with a maiden fair
By gentle woodland stream.
I put my arm around her there.
When "Oh," she said, "I'll scream!"

Then cried I boldly, "Ha! I'll kill
Who e'er disturbs us dear."
"Be still," lisped she, "beloved, still!
Perhaps some one will hear."

—*Goethe.*

OUR GLEE CLUB.

A state of things has come to pass
Which makes our city weep,
For Lake Champlain has ceased to roar,—
Its waves seem all asleep.
And this is why the sparkling waves
No longer sing and dance,—
The Glee Club roars so very much
The lake can't get a chance.

—*University Cynic.*

LOVE AND THE SEA.

Roll, roll—
Roll on O dark blue sea!
For o'er thy billowy waves
My love is coming to me;
And pure like thy white-capped waves
Her love is strong and free.

Roll, roll—
Roll on O dark blue sea!
For like thy pulsing heart
Her love throbs out to me.
And swift as thy white-winged gulls
My love is speeding to me!

—*Harvard Advocate.*

HORSES OF FIRE.

Elijah, in translation, rose
 Until he reached the sky ;
 And now, as then, the "horses" are
 What makes us stand so high.

—E. F. S. Brunonian.

THE TWO ANSWERS.

I asked a maid with a fair young face
 The hue of the flower the men call love ;
 She smiled and blushed with a sweet, shy grace
 And eyes like the blue above.

"White—snow-white,
 And it blooms at night,
 As well in the dark as in the day—
 Hid in the shadow or out in the light—
 And best of all, it knows no blight,
 And it never fades away !"
 I asked a woman out in the street,
 Clothed in misery, want and shame.
 Her face was defiant and hard—not sweet—
 Like a rose held in the flame.

"Red—blood-red,
 Is the flower," she said,
 "And its leaves are sin-color, though fair.
 It cannot live and grow in the head,
 So it springs up in the heart instead
 And kills the white flower there."

—Nassau Lit.

R. S. V. P.

Now what in thunder could I say?
 It happened somewhat in this way.
 It was the first call I had made,
 And yet she didn't seem afraid
 To sit beside me in a nook
 And gaze upon a picture book.
 And so some impulse made me haste
 To slip my arm around her waist.
 She seemed to like it pretty well,
 Just how and why I couldn't tell.
 But soon she brushed aside a curl
 And said, "I'll bet no other girl,
 When first you called upon the miss,
 Has ever acted just like this."
 I smiled, and tried to look quite gay,
 But what in thunder could I say?

—G. H. F. Brunonian.

AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

"Why did dey lose five yards?" "Didn't yer see 'em a-holdin' dat feller down in de puddle?" "Well, what of it?" "Dey was a trying to drown 'im. If yer tries to drown a man yer loses five yards." "An' if yer *does* drown him?" "Then yer loses twenty-five yards."—*Exchange.*

TWO QUESTIONS.

The Butterfly said to the Katydid
 "I always wondered why,
 As butter has not any wings,
 They say the butterfly?"

The Katydid replied "Alas !
 To me the reason's hid ;
 And can you tell me what it is
 They say that Katy did?"

—*Yale Record.*

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED.

"I tell you," said one Congressman to another, "the situation in that district is something to raise your hair when you contemplate it." "I think," said the other, as he took off his hat and disclosed a bald head, "that I'll go out and take a look at it."—*Washington Post.*

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
 The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
 Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees ;
 What wonder is it that the corn is shocked ?

—*Jeff.*

POLITICAL.

—Jack—"How intensely Englishmen hate their political opponents." Jim—"Yes. I know a Tory who won't let his son have a Liberal education."—*Yale Record.*

SONG OF THE SPORT.

The winds they are a sporty set,
 The lambs they gambol light and free ;
 The earth drinks all that it can get,
 That's where they're just the same as me.
 See ?

The mountains have a lot of jags,
 The biggest tanks are in the sea,
 The stars are pretty speedy nags,
 But still they can't keep up with me.
 See ?

The sun he likes to paint things red,
 There are no flies upon the flea ;
 The sod is always on the dead,
 That's where they all take after me.
 See ?

Now here's a tip. We take the lead.
 So if you join our gang of glee,
 You'll have to hurry up your speed
 To keep along with them and me.
 See ?

—*Brunonian.*

ALUMNIANA.

Εὖ γὰρ πρὸς εὖ γαννίσει προδύκηται πέλοι.

—ROBERT W. PERKINS, '84, has removed from Oxford, N. Y., to Ogden, Utah.

—Hon. GEORGE G. McADAM, '83, of Rome, is spending the winter with friends in Scotland.

—BENJAMIN W. JOHNSON, '65, is assistant treasurer in the Albany Savings Bank, whose assets exceed \$14,000,000.

—Rev. HIRAM H. KELLOGG, '66, recently of Windham, has been installed pastor of the Presbyterian church in Havana.

—On Sunday, December 14, Rev. C. S. STOWITTS, '72, received eleven new members into the Presbyterian church in Rondout.

—JONATHAN M. DAY, '41, and ORDELIA S. [ROOT] DAY celebrated their golden wedding at Frenchman, Colorado, on Wednesday, January 14, 1891.

—ROBERT B. PERINE, '90, has resigned his position as teacher of Greek and Latin in Lansingburgh Academy, and has entered Auburn Theological Seminary.

—JOHN D. CARY, '84, of Richfield Springs, has been elected one of the school commissioners for Otsego county, and the schools are glad and grateful.

—ANDREW H. SCOTT, '87, has removed to 1718 Seventh Street, West Superior, Wis., where he is engaged in the real estate business with the firm of Scott & Getchel.

—Daniel Huntington, '36, has been re-elected president of the New York Century Club, which has 770 members, and an investment of \$230,000 in its new club-house.

—A new course of elocutionary work has been inaugurated this term in the Hamilton Theological Seminary under the supervision of Professor ARTHUR S. HOYT, '72, of Hamilton College.

—The new president of the New York State Bar Association is Hon. GEORGE M. DIVEN, '57, of Elmira, who is also president of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Hamilton Alumni.

—Among the recently elected directors of the Utica Female Academy are CHARLES C. KELLOGG, '49, CHARLES C. KINGSLEY, '52, WILLIAM M. WHITE, '54, and Judge ALFRED C. COXE, '68.

—PUBLIUS V. ROGERS, '46, has been re-elected president of the Fort Schuyler Club, and its enlarged membership includes Professor WILLIAM L. DOWNING, '69, and FRED M. CALDER, '82.

—Rev. ROBERT A. KING, '85, professor of German in Wabash College, Ind., was ordained November 12, 1889, by the Presbytery of Crawfordsville, and since then has preached nearly every Sunday.

—Rev. Dr. ADDISON K. STRONG, '42, has resigned the Presbyterian pastorate at Carmel, Putnam county; and Rev. MARTIN E. GRANT, '70, has resigned the Presbyterian pastorate at Verona, Oneida Co.

—Professor HENRY A. FRINK, '70, formerly of Hamilton College, now of Amherst, has declined a call to the new Willard professorship of rhetoric and oratory and the chair of logic at Dartmouth College.

—BENJAMIN W. ARNOLD, jr., '86, belongs to the firm of Arnold & Company, lumber dealers, Albany. The recent death of Mr. Arnold's father is deeply mourned, both in Albany and wherever he was known.

—The *Troy Daily Times* announces the engagement of Prof. HARLOW H. LOOMIS, '87, Superintendent of public schools in Waterford, to Miss MAY LAWRENCE, daughter of the late Hon. John Lawrence of that village.

—Among the speakers appointed by the faculty of Auburn Theological Seminary for its commencement next May, are HENRY KENDALL SANBOURNE, '84, WILLIAM HENRY CHAPMAN, '87, DAVID LOVEJOY BRADLEY, '88, and WALTER MITCHELL, '88.

—A valuable series of lectures on the Ely Foundation was given at Union Theological Seminary by Rev. FRANK F. ELLINWOOD, D. D., '49, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings during the month of February. The general subject was the Conflict of Christianity with the great non-Christian Religions of the World.

—Rev. THERON L. WALDO, '63, after five years of pastoral labors at East Pembroke, has removed to Prattsburg, Steuben county, where his good citizenship will be a help to Rev. GEORGE W. WARREN, '84, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and a help to Principal CURTIS B. MILLER, of the Prattsburg academy.

—The *Amsterdam Democrat* states that the Stereopticon lecture of Principal S. REED BROWN, '84, of St. Johnsville, "proves him to be a young man of rare accomplishments. Although the lecture continued two hours and a half, so spell-bound were his hearers that it seemed as if he had been speaking only half that time."

—Dr. HENRY WADE ROGERS, '73, the new President of the Northwestern University, read an able paper on "Legal Education, a Special Plea for the Higher Education of the Law Student." In consideration of his distinguished services, Dr. Rogers was unanimously made an honorary member of the Illinois State Bar Association.

—Since the beginning of his first pastorate in Franklinville, Rev. ROBERT R. WATKINS, '79, has added 120 new names to the roll of his church; since the beginning of the year, Rev. ORSON L. WHITE, '81, has added sixty-eight new names to the roll of the Presbyterian Church in Skaneateles; and since the first of October Rev. COURTENAY H. FENN, '87, has added thirty-five new names to the roll of the Presbyterian Church in Tonawanda.

—Rev. JUNIUS H. JUDSON, '76, and Rev. FRANK V. MILLS, '77, are Missionary laborers at Hangchow, the capitol of Chikiang Province, 156 miles northwest of Ningpo, China. In Mr. Judson's school at Hangchow, every desk and bed are occupied. New students are denied admission for lack of room. The number of students is 51. Rev. GILBERT REID,

'79, is stationed at Chenanfoo, capitol of the Shantung province, 300 miles south of Peking.

—Rev. Dr. HENRY A. NELSON, '40, editor of *The Church at Home and Abroad*, reports that this monthly has about 18,000 subscribers. It speaks for 6,000 ministers and 776,000 communicants. It represents all the boards of the Presbyterian Church, and costs \$1.00 a year to each subscriber, but more than that to the publishers. In the estimation of its readers, it is conducted with signal ability and a hearty recognition of all branches of religious enterprise.

—The *Arbor Day Manual* by Hon. CHARLES R. SKINNER, New York's Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, is highly commended by Hon. DAVID L. KIEHLE, '61, Minnesota's State Superintendent of Schools; by Hon. FRED DICK, '75, Colorado's State Superintendent of Schools; and by Principal WILLIAM H. BENEDICT, '75, of Elmira. Superintendent Dick calls it "a grand work that will be of untold benefit and pleasure to both old and young, inspiring in them a love for the beautiful and useful in Nature."

—Rev. WILLIAM H. SQUIRES, '88, writes from Leipzig, Germany, that Rev. Professor A. G. Hopkins, '66, preached December 28, in the First Bürger-schule, Leipzig, to a large and appreciative audience of students from the University and the Musical Conservatory, with many Americans who are in Leipzig for the winter. His text was from Galatians, VI. 2: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." A sermon more able, earnest and helpful had not been heard this season, in the American church in Leipzig.

—The organizing and devoted energy of President CHARLES E. KNOX, '56, is revealed in the new catalogue of the German Theological School of Newark, N. J., whose past year has been one of more than ordinary prosperity. The debt is practically paid, the demand for graduates is urgent, and the new year opens with a large increase of students. There are now forty-eight in the school, two being Italians and three Bohemians, the others Germans. The number of Alumni is fifty-six, who are preaching in eight different States.

—Rev. B. FAY MILLS, '79, has concluded labors in Syracuse, which have been very largely blessed. He was assisted in them by a sweet singer, Mr. Greenwood and others; especially by the cordial unity and co-operation of the pastors of the city. A powerful and salutary impression was made on the whole community, and the number of genuine conversions, even after all proper allowances are made, must be regarded as large for only a fortnight's labors. More than nineteen hundred individuals asked for and signed cards pledging themselves to lead Christian lives hereafter.

—On Sunday, January 25, two confirmation services were held by Bishop A. C. COXE, of Buffalo. At Brockport, in St. Luke's Church, where twenty were confirmed, the Bishop referred to the rector, Rev. JAMES A. SKINNER, '57, as one in whom he had the fullest confidence

that the duties of the rectorship would be discharged with earnest and fruitful fidelity. At Holley, where twenty-five were confirmed, the Bishop was assisted by Rev. J. A. SKINNER, '57, rector of St. Luke's church, Brockport, to whose devoted efforts the founding and unexpected success of the mission at Holley, have been so largely due.

—At the January communion Rev. CHARLES C. HEMENWAY, '74, welcomed fifteen new members of the Central Church in Auburn. The first of March begins the thirteenth year of his pastorate. On the 18th of this month Mr. Hemenway set sail in the "Westernland" of the Red Star line, for Antwerp, to carry out a long-cherished plan of travel in Egypt and Palestine. This journey will combine needed rest and great pleasure with intellectual and spiritual benefit. He hopes to return about the first of next July. One of his companions will be Rev. Dr. WALLACE B. LUCAS, '66, of Meridan, and another will be Rev. E. B. COBB, '75, of Elizabeth, N. J.

—On Sunday, December 7, the First Presbyterian church in Leavenworth, Kansas, received forty-four new members. The church is thoroughly harmonious and united, and the pastor, Dr. W. N. PAGE, '63, is now in the eighteenth year of his pastorate with them. The congregations are large, the Sabbath school has an average attendance of nearly five hundred, and the Society of Christian Endeavor an average attendance of nearly two hundred. All lines of mission work are thoroughly organized, including two boys mission bands. The Sabbath school makes a standing offer to support any of its members in the field who will go as foreign missionaries.

—At the January meeting of the Illinois State Bar Association, Judge ELLIOTT ANTHONY, '50, of Chicago, delivered an elaborate and carefully prepared address on "The Need of a Constitutional Convention." The paper sketched the history of the constitutional conventions previously held, gave an account of the events that called them into existence, and of some of the men that took part in them, discussing in the light of the experience of a member of two constitutional conventions, what was required in the way of amendments to the organic law as it already exists, the whole forming an exhaustive treatise on the constitutional history of Illinois, and a scholarly work of great value.

—The Second Presbyterian church in Scranton, Pa., has been abundantly blessed during the four years of the pastorate of Rev. Dr. CHARLES E. ROBINSON, '57. Its temporal affairs are in a most healthful condition. Every branch of Church work is carried on with zeal and energy. Within the time mentioned it has undertaken the support of a foreign missionary and his wife and of a city missionary. It organized a suburban Mission Sunday School last Fall which is in a prosperous condition. Devotedly attached to each other and profoundly thankful for God's favor in the past, both pastor and people are looking forward to yet greater blessings and more abundant service in the future.

—The Electrical Supply Company, of Chicago, has sent out to its patrons and friends a New Year's circular that is quaintly embellished with

a composite photograph of the ten men who form the heads of its various departments, one of them being HENRY DWIGHT AMES, '79, of the accounting department. As in all such results of photographic combination, the portrait is a fascinating study, in which classmates through the bewildering mistiness can detect such suggestions of a peculiar turn of the head, and such hints of familiar feature that they might respond to the greeting of the Electrical Supply Company "As in the past, so in the future, let all the ends thou AMEST at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

—Colby Academy at New London recently closed its first term under the administration of its new president, ALBERT L. BLAIR, '72, late of Troy. It was a very prosperous and successful term. Mr. Blair, coming to the school and to the state as a stranger, has proved himself to be a man eminently fitted for his responsible position, and has won the confidence and esteem of students and citizens alike. He is a man of broad general scholarship and knowledge of affairs, firm but gentle in administration, easy of approach, and interested in the personal welfare of every individual student. These are the qualities that win and wear, and that go so far toward building up a school on permanent foundations. It is safe to predict an enlarged patronage of the school, and a reassured confidence on the part of friends and patrons in its success in the future.

—We are indebted to Rev. J. WILFORD JACKS, '67, permanent clerk of the Synod of New York, for the published proceedings of the Ninth Annual Session, held in Lockport, October 21-24, 1890. Among the delegates from thirty presbyteries were Rev. Dr. L. MERRILL MILLER, '40, Ogdensburgh; Elder F. M. BARROWS, '45, Clinton; Rev. W. L. PAGE, '54, Rochester; Rev. John C. Long, '57, Castile; Rev. S. T. Clarke, '62, Buffalo; Rev. H. H. KELLOGG, '66, Havana; Rev. J. WILFORD JACKS, '67, Romulus; Rev. JOHN McLACHLAN, '70, Buffalo; Rev. GEORGE R. SMITH, '70, Campbell; Rev. D. A. FERGUSON, '71, Hammond; Rev. L. R. WEBBER, '72, Sacketts Harbor; Elder RODOLPHUS C. BRIGGS, '73, Rome; Rev. C. C. HEMENWAY, '74, Auburn; Rev. GEORGE S. WEBSTER, '78, New York; Rev. WILLIAM S. CARTER, '79, Waterloo; Rev. ANTHONY H. EVANS, '82, Lockport. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. HENRY KENDALL, '40, for Home Missions; by Rev. Dr. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, '57, for Foreign Missions; by President CHARLES VAN NORDEN, '63, for Elmira College; by Elder HORACE B. SILLIMAN, for Hamilton College.

—The lecture in the Chapel of Calvary Church, Utica, by GEORGE I. DUNHAM, '79, of the Utica Press, occupied about 45 minutes, and was full of practical suggestions. The subject was given as "Various Things" and was well chosen, for the talk touched upon a variety of topics, all aptly illustrated and all demonstrating the necessity of a training that shall enable one to make a practical application of his knowledge. The utter helplessness of one who might excel in letters unless he have the faculty of turning his knowledge to a practical use was demonstrated by illustrations and anecdote. The speaker said the tim

tending toward greater independence in thought, action, religion and politics, and this created a need of men intelligent enough to know the truth and honest enough to do it. Men who had the courage to stand by their convictions were in demand. Each man's own conscience is the court before which every issue must be tried and a verdict reached, its determination is final, for it is the court of last resort. Conscience is a court which is always in session. When its mandates are obeyed it visits penalties as severe as any judge of flesh and blood has power to inflict.

Rev. Dr. DAVID TORREY knows whereof he writes in his hearty welcome to Rev. SILAS E. PERSONS, '81, the new pastor in Cazenovia: the congregation was converted by the first sermon, in the sense that their hearts were turned toward him. Some of them declare they were satisfied when the first sentence was uttered. It was found to be a case of mutual admiration, almost at first sight, and the more the parties learned of each other, the more decided and pervasive was the satisfaction. A call, unanimous and hearty, was made to him, about the middle of October, and promptly accepted, so that he commenced pastoral work on November 1st. He was duly installed on Tuesday, November 30th, 1890, by the Presbytery of Syracuse, amid the clearest manifestations of heartiness and delight on the part of all concerned—Pastor, Presbytery and People. It is safe to say that Mr. Persons is satisfying every expectation of his parishioners—perhaps not too much to say that, to the most appreciative of them, a continual surprise by the bright and interesting thoughtfulness of his preaching. Mr. Persons seems a man of excellent spirit, and genuine devotion to his work, and during twenty years and more that the writer has known this people, they have not been, in respect to their pastoral relations, more happy and grateful and thankful than now."

The Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute has 800 students. This number will be increased to 1,000 or more, when its new building is completed. DAVID H. COCHRAN, '50, has been president of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute since 1864, when he was elected to succeed Dr. John H. Mond. Dr. Cochran was born at Springville, N. Y., July 2, 1828. The year after graduation he spent as professor of natural science at the Union Liberal Institute, and then he became principal of the Fredonia Academy for three years. In 1854 he was made professor of natural science at the State Normal School in Albany, and the next year was president of the faculty of the school, and retained that office until he was called to his present place in 1864. In 1862 he visited Europe to examine systems of education, and he has made many scientific excursions to the mining regions of this country and British America. The museum of the Institute will be enriched by many choice specimens as collected. In 1869 the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him at Hamilton, and he is now a trustee of the college. Dr. Cochran has delivered many lectures, and has published a number of valuable educational reports. He possesses the organizing and executive ability needed

for the work he has done. In the Polytechnic he fills the chair of history and philosophy. The faculty associated with him includes fourteen professors and twenty-seven instructors.

—HENRY C. MAIN, '70, now widely known as the sunspot observer of the Rochester *Democrat*, reports a destructive earthquake as occurring in Algeria, January 15, the day of the last great solar disturbance. Earthquakes have also been reported from other localities, including Maine and Mexico. The facts are of special interest for reasons which are thus set forth in the *Democrat*:

During the last maximum of solar disturbance, beginning in 1881-2, there were many destructive earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Spain, Italy and the east suffered severely and Charleston was partly destroyed. The most destructive earthquake was experienced in the island of Ischia, on the 29th of July, 1883, when from 2,000 to 3,000 people lost their lives in the towns which were destroyed. The greatest volcanic eruption was that of Karkatoa in the island of Java on the 26th of August, 1883. The straits of Sunda were changed in form, and the tidal waves drowned 25,000 people. Another sunspot maximum is approaching and it will be interesting to see whether the earthquakes increase in number and violence. During the last sunspot maximum it was noted that the great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions were coincident with marked solar disturbance.

Should it turn out that disastrous earthquakes and great solar disturbances are once more coincidental, it will certainly go a great ways toward upholding the sunspot theory.

—Rev. Dr. HERRICK JOHNSON, '57, of McCormick Theological Seminary, puts a solid argument into the form of his question, when he asks: "Shall the United States be true to her historic past, as it concerns the Sabbath, in the Exposition to which now by official voice she has invited the Nations of the Earth? In other words, shall America exhibit her own goods? The American Sabbath is a distinct institution, characteristic of our soil, a child of the new continent. The Columbian Exposition will indeed open its gates to all the nations, but the Exposition is Columbia's own, in commemoration of the discovery of this continent, and in honor of four hundred years of American history. That history would never have been written without the American Sabbath. Conspicuously this day has been at the forefront of influences contributing to our national prosperity, and to the benignant favor of Almighty God. When we come to call the roll of our institutions and tell the world about them, shall we thrust out the American Sabbath from the list, and substitute for it a continental importation? One would think the question need only be asked to be answered. But it might as well be understood that if this Columbian Exposition is not to trample on our national traditions, and strike a blow at the chief safeguard of labor and the home, the people of this land who care for the Sabbath have got to do some mighty vigorous protesting, and to make their sentiments unmistakably heard."

—The *Elmira Gazette* has collected the facts for a sketch of Principal AMES B. HASTINGS, '84, of Wellsboro, Pa. : He was born in Bovina, Delaware county, N. Y., in 1860. His father was T. E. Hastings, who is said to be the oldest merchant in that county, and who is still doing business at Bovina. Prof. Hastings in 1880 graduated at the Delaware Literary Institute, at Franklin, N. Y. In 1884 he was graduated at Hamilton College taking a full classical course. During his junior year he took a Hawley prize medal in Greek and Latin. At graduation he received the fifth honor and election to "Phi Beta Kappa." Leaving the college he became principal of the South Hampton Academy, on Long Island, where he successfully labored until 1887, when he was elected professor of mathematics and natural sciences in the Delaware Literary Institute at Franklin, where he did very effective work. His reputation as instructor led to his selection as superintendent of the Wellsboro schools, and principal of the High school. There were about fifty-three applications for this position, many of them being very well known teachers. Professor Hastings holds a New York State teacher's certificate. He is a member of the Congregational church. In 1889 he was married to Miss Jessie A. Sherman of Davenport, N. Y. Professor Hastings has 650 pupils under his supervision, and eleven teachers. In the academical department there are 132 pupils and three teachers. The schools at Wellsboro at present seem to be in a very prosperous condition, and a real live school board is at the head.

—On Tuesday, February 2, Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT, '40, resigned his position as Warden of the Columbia Law School in New York city. The resignation was accepted, to take effect July 1, and he was appointed a professor emeritus. This will entitle him to one-half of his regular salary for the rest of his life.

"A resolution was also passed expressing the appreciation of the Trustees for the lifelong services of Professor Dwight, and asking that he sit for his portrait, the Committee on Library being charged with the duty of arranging for the painting of the portrait.

Professor Dwight has been identified with the Columbia Law School ever since its organization. He had been known, probably, more widely, and liked more generally, than any other instructor in the law in this country, and is to-day regarded, without doubt, as one of the best living legal authorities.

The son of Dr. Benjamin Woolsey Dwight, who was the second son of President Timothy Dwight, of Yale College, Professor Dwight was born at Catskill, July 18, 1822. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1840, and studied at Yale Law School in 1841-2. He became a tutor at Hamilton College, where he remained until 1858, having been made Professor of Law, History, Civil Polity, and Political Economy in 1846. In 1858 he was chosen Professor of Municipal Law in Columbia College. The Law School was organized under his direction, and he was immediately made warden of it.

Professor Dwight gave courses of lectures on law at Cornell University in 1869-71, and at Amherst in 1870-72. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Rutgers College in 1859, and from Columbia in 1860. In 1863 he published "An Argument in the Rose Will and Charity Cases," and in association with Dr. E. C. Wines he published "Prisons and Reformatories in the United States." He edited Maine's "Ancient Law" in

1864, and was for several years an associate editor of the *American Law Register*.

In 1867 he was a member of the New York Constitutional Convention, and was for several years Vice-President of the State Board of Charities. He was an active member of the well-known "Committee of Seventy" of this city. Gov. Dix appointed Professor Dwight a Judge of the Commission of Appeals, a court sharing the duties of the Court of Appeals, and in 1878 he was appointed by Gov. Robinson, under a joint resolution of the State Legislature, sole State Commissioner to the International Prison Congress held at Stockholm, Sweden. He was Secretary of the Elmira Reformatory Commission, and associate editor of Johnson's *Cyclopedia*."

—Rev. Dr. HERMAN D. JENKINS, '64, of Sioux City, Iowa, ought to be an editor. He need not retire from the pulpit where he wields a benignant power, but he is amply able to do the work of two men, and one of the two should be an editor. No one will doubt it, after reading his brilliant word picture of November on the Upper Missouri:

"We stand upon a high bank, beneath which the turbulent Missouri slips and slides between its sandbars, and from the vantage look upon the city, distant little more than a league. It seems hard to realize that two score years ago the Indian arrow whistled in these thickets, and that the bison, swimming southward, choked to repletion this broad flood. Now a city of 40,000 swings its hammers and flashes its electric cars by the confluence of these streams. To us, standing here under the bower of bitter-sweet, as to Keats upon St. Elmo's heights above Naples, 'the city's voice is soft as solitudes.'

No violets peep from under the alder's roots, but the wood is not without its floral treasures still. Whether this be the native home of the bitter-sweet, I confess I do not know, but every thicket is brilliant with its gay festoons. Fence and bush and tree alike are wound and garlanded with their brilliant wreaths of color; and in which ever direction the eye turns, it meets the glimmer of this mock-sunset.

I have searched through all my books, and I give it up. Why is it that all the carrels of our autumn shrubs are red? Here, within the sweep of my two hands, I can pick the bitter-sweet and the burning bush, the rose hip and the thorn apple, each of the four brilliant as a ruby. Our later naturalists have taught us that we must look for utility until we find it, but for my part I think the God who painted the sky without reference to 'natural selection,' may have painted the lily and the rose just to please. When the guest of some dear friend, I find the snowy linen of the pillows etched by delicate needlework, and the draperies of door and window woven through and through with Tyrian dyes, I understand that the philosophy of household art is hospitable intent. And when I see the bird disdain what the child gathers in its arm, I think that perhaps to please a human eye may be dearer to divine purpose than to fill a crow's maw. The bee will find the linden tree without a peach blossomed petal to mark its stores of honey; and the squirrel says of the chestnut, as Shakespeare of good wine, that it 'needs no bush.' And in these scarlet arils of the climbing vines or blossoming bush I am content to find God's hospitable welcome to my soul. He has decorated his guest chamber and spread his board with something more than food. I am by these made not a pauper, but a friend; his bounties are not alms that degrade, but gifts that honor. And so from this autumn walk I go back to my study and my pastoral duties with new heart, feeling that not as a servant with 'bread enough' am I to serve him, but as a son upon whose shoulders he has cast his robe, and on whose hand he has slipped the ring."

CHICAGO REUNION OF HAMILTON ALUMNI.

There was no lack of loyalty or enthusiasm among the members of the Western Association of the Hamilton Alumni at their fifth annual banquet at the Union League Club, Thursday evening, January 29. Every member present was proud to be enrolled as a graduate of Hamilton College. The responses following the supper showed a genuine interest in the welfare of the college which many were willing to express in a more substantial way than by singing college songs. The supper was served at 8 o'clock on a large round table, ornamented with cut flowers. Among the alumni present from classes representing half a century, were Hon. W. W. Farwell, '37; Hon. George E. Dexter, '43, Charles City, Iowa; Henry G. Miller, '48; Hon. Henry M. Burchard, '47, Marshalltown, Iowa; Hon. D. Pratt Baldwin, '56, Logansport, Ind.; A. M. Woodhull, '61, Forestill, Mo.; Thomas D. Catlin, '57, Ottawa; Hon. John E. Burke, '55, Franklin H. Head, '56; Charles M. Fay, '62, P. S. Sherman, '51, Frank W. Plant, '63, Ira W. Allen, '50, M. E. Dayton, '64, Rev. Dr. E. C. Ray, '70, Topeka, Kansas; Dr. Alfred H. Champlin, '65; Alexander C. Soper, '67, Amos J. Allen, '69, Prof. William Jenkins, '67, Mendota; Prof. H. C. G. Brandt, '72, Hamilton College; Lansing L. Porter, '73, F. S. Weigley, '75, Rev. Dr. M. Woolsey Stryker, '72; Perry H. Smith, '74; Rev. Charles S. Hoyt, '77, Henry D. Ames, '79; G. I. Chittenden, '84, C. C. Arnold, '85; John P. Montrose, '87.

The Rev. Dr. Stryker, the president of the association, officiated as toastmaster. He congratulated those present on being spared to enjoy another banquet of the Hamilton alumni and told how many there were who were unavoidably detained.

The first speaker called upon was Prof. H. C. G. Brandt, who represented the faculty of Hamilton College. Prof. Brandt occupies the chair of modern languages and is the author of several well-known text-books. The professor first briefly referred to the death of Dr. Peters and spoke of how much he had done for the college and how much he had added to its fame. An interesting feature of his talk was his description of the everyday life now at the college, comparing the present with the days when the boys used to get together and burn up all the furniture in the middle of the night just to amuse themselves. The object now was to furnish as many comforts as possible, and he said there was less inclination to destroy than when those seated around the table were in college. After speaking of the library, and the need of a new gymnasium, he turned his attention to the position which the college occupied as compared with other Eastern colleges. He pointed out that Hamilton College in New York and Williams College in New England were the only Eastern institutions that were one course colleges. He advocated the establishment of at least one other course. This, he thought, should be a B. S. course. He also told what was necessary to do this.

Dr. Ray presented the greetings of the Mid-Continental Alumni Association. He asked the co-operation of the Western association in secur-

ing the appointment of Dr. W. N. Page of Leavenworth, Kansas, as a trustee.

Following Dr. Ray, of Topeka, came A. M. Woodhull, of the same city, presenting the greetings of the Mid-Continental Association, and requesting that Dr. Page's name be presented for trustee of the College. Then came responses from F. S. Weigley, Thomas D. Catlin, G. E. Dexter, A. C. Soper (who responded for the Class of '94, his son not being present), and Professor William Jenkins. The latter gentleman spoke of some of the needs of the College, and supplemented the remarks of Prof. Brandt, in so far as advocating the necessity of another course looking to the giving of the degree of B. S.

The two thoughts before the gathering were the enlargement of the course, as outlined by Professor Brandt, and the desirability of further representation in the West on the Board of Trustees.

As to the first matter, it was the unanimous opinion that there should be no abatement whatever in the standard of admittance, save only in Greek; but it was felt that it was becoming necessary for the prosperity of the college that the Latin Scientific Course be offered those who in their preparatory course have been unable to secure the study of Greek. Professor Jenkins emphasized this when he said that in the state of Illinois there were but two or three High Schools where the student was prepared for the study of Greek; and Professor Brandt's allusion to the condition of affairs in Binghamton was emphatic enough not only to show the desirability but the necessity of this change.

There was just one sentiment regarding the Western representatives on the Board of Trustees. It was felt that the College should enlarge its borders, and as it sought for help outside its own state, it should be possible that the Board of Trustees could have among its numbers those who lived in other states than New York. There are many successful business men in the West who would honor the Board by their presence on it, and who would add to its influence and draw from this great territory needed assistance. A resolution was passed to this effect.

Another resolution was passed, the substance of which was that a committee of five be appointed, called the Committee of Ways and Means, for the purpose of advancing the interests of Hamilton College in the West; the thought being the raising of a fund to aid in the endowment of additional chairs, which would be required if the Latin Course was added to the present curriculum. A. C. Soper, Perry H. Smith and Thomas D. Catlin were appointed that committee, with power to add two more to their number.

It was a great pleasure to meet Professor Brandt and to hear from him in detail some of the great improvements which have taken place in our college. There can be no doubt but what it is a great advantage to have some one here with us every year, who can speak directly of the college, and its condition and needs.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Hon. George E. Dexter, '43, Charles City, Iowa; vice-president's, Henry G. Miller, '48, Franklin H. Head, '56, William Jenkins,

'67, Mendota; secretary, Henry D. Ames, '79; treasurer, G. I. Chittenden, '84. Directors, Thomas D. Catlin, '57, Charles M. Fay, '62, James D. Woley, '82.
H. D. A.

NEW YORK REUNION OF HAMILTON ALUMNI.

Fifty loyal and loving sons of Hamilton—if hearty greetings and enthusiasm are a just criterion—met at the Hotel Brunswick in New York, Friday evening, December 19, 1890, to renew old associations, to form new friendships, to felicitate the College on its brightening future, and celebrate the annual reunion. The hour before the dinner, was given to the interchange of fraternal greetings, and all were made welcome, from the oldest alumnus present, to the youngest son, just released from the fostering care of “the dear Mother on the Hill.”

The festivities were presided over by Hon. Elihu Root, '64, who in his own inimitable way helped to make the reunion one of the most enjoyable we have had. A blessing on the feast was asked by Rev. Dr. William A. Bartlett, '52, of Washington, D. C. Early in the banquet we were surprised and delighted by the appearance of Senator Joseph R. Hawley, '47, who was greeted with hearty applause. The finish of the menu was followed by President Root's humorous remarks, ending in a graceful and loving tribute to the learning, the achievements, and the worth of our great astronomer, Dr. C. H. F. Peters.

Dr. Hague gave some reminiscences of his college days nearly sixty years ago. Senator Hawley responded in his best vein, as did Professor Root and Rev. Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Charles L. Corbin, Rev. Dr. Charles E. Knox, Mr. Walter L. Sessions, Rev. Dr. Rufus S. Green, Dr. Isaac H. Hall, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, of the board of Trustees, Professor Brainard G. Smith, of Cornell University, and Hon. John Jay Knox.

The following alumni were present: Rev. Dr. John B. Hague, '32, Hackensack, N. J.; Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, '47; Hon. John Jay Knox, '49, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, trustee, Gideon W. Davenport, '48, President D. H. Cochran, '50, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. William A. Bartlett, '52, Washington, D. C.; Prof. Ambrose P. Kelsey, '56, Rev. Dr. Charles E. Knox, President of the German Theological School, Newark, N. J.; Prof. Oren Root, '56, J. S. Baker, '57, Hon. George M. Diven, '57, Elmira; Dr. A. Norton Brockway, '57, George S. Hastings, '57, Hon. William L. Bostwick, '58, Dr. Isaac H. Hall, '59, James S. Greves, '61, John N. Beach, '61, George H. Starr, '61, Hon. Warren Higley, '62, Hon. Edward H. Wardwell, '63, Elihu Root, '64, Albert Phillips, '65, Hamilton B. Tompkins, '65, Charles L. Corbin, '66, Frederick E. Barnard, '67, Rev. Dr. Rufus S. Green, '67, Orange, N. J.; Judge Charles H. Truax, '67, George W. Hubbell, '67, Newark, N. J.; Rev. Frank A. Johnson, '67, New Milford, Conn.; Rufus T. Griggs, '69, Rev. Dr. Lewis R. Foote, '69, Francis C. Pope, '69, Rev. Charles E. Allison, '70, Yonkers; Prof. H. C. G.

Brandt, '72, Clinton ; Dr. William P. Northrup, '72, Prof. Brainard G. Smith, '72, Ithaca ; Chester S. Lord, '73, Chauncey S. Truax, '75, Rev. George S. Webster, '78, Dr. George E. Brewer, '81, Dr. David R. Roger, '82, Prof. Archibald N. Shaw, '82, Elmer C. Sherman, '82, Edwin B. Root, '83, Walter L. Sessions, '88, Dr. S. G. Tracy, '88, Walstein Root, '90.

The following officers were elected for the year 1890-91:

President, Hon. George M. Diven, '51, Elmira ; Vice-Presidents, George W. Hubbell, '67, Newark, N. J. ; Charles B. Curtis, '48, New York ; Hon. Warren Higley, '62, New York ; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. A. Norton Brockway, '57, 50 East 126th Street, New York ; Recording Secretary, Prof. Chester Donaldson, '84, 113 West 71st Street, New York ; Treasurer, James S. Greves, '61, 32 Park Place, New York ; Executive Committee, President David H. Cochran, '50, Prof. Chester Huntington, '66, Hamilton B. Tompkins, '65, Gideon W. Davenport, '48, Chauncey S. Truax, '75, John V. B. Lewis, '70, John T. Perkins, '77 ; Dr. Walter B. Winchell, '80, Prof. N. Archibald Shaw, '82, Thomas H. Lee, '83, Charles B. Cole, '87, Robert A. Patterson, '87, Edwin A. Rockwell, '76, Hon. D. Ogden Bradley, '48, Hon. Elihu Root, '64, Percy L. Klock, '80.

NECROLOGY.

CLASS OF 1841.

Rev. ROBERT DICK, died of pneumonia, at his home in Buffalo, December 9, 1890, aged nearly 77 years. He was born in Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, or West Lothian, Scotland, January 12, 1814. He was the ninth child and fourth son of James and Janet [Brown] Dick, who were married in 1798. These godly parents so trained their children that in early life their five sons and six daughters found pleasure in Christian work, and four of the sons entered the ministry. In 1821 the entire family emigrated from Scotland, and settled in Lanark, Upper Canada, now Ontario. The Dick family settled on lot No. 13, which fortunately proved to be better than the average. At 14 Robert Dick was ready for a man's task at chopping, rail splitting, hoeing, reaping, mowing, or potash-making. At 18 his thirst for college learning was intense, and he began the study of Latin and Greek. At the age of 22 he entered what is now Colgate University, with his older brother William Dick. A year later, the brothers Dick were suspended by the faculty, with seventeen other students, because they declined to abandon an anti-slavery society which they had organized. Fourteen of the suspended students withdrew from the anti-slavery society, and were restored to their classes. Robert and William Dick held their ground as abolitionists, but were granted honorable dismissals, and were admitted to the Freshman class of Hamilton College. At the age of 16, he had been licensed to preach as a Freewill Baptist, and he preached many practical sermons during his

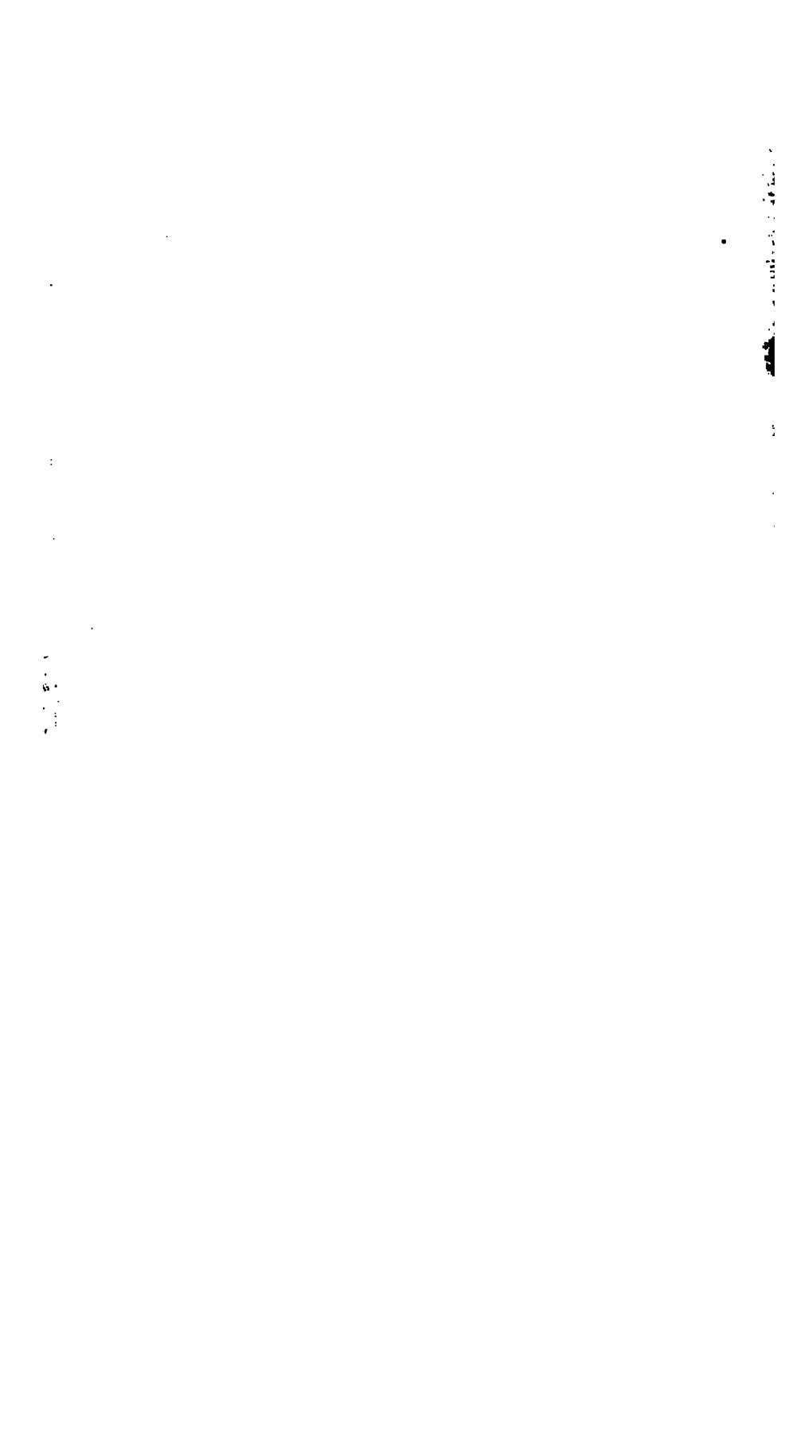
rs in college. After leaving college he spent a year in organizing 59
sions of the Sons of Temperance in Canada. Then he began the
lication of religious works, of which 20,000 copies were sold in Can-

In 1854 he began the publication of the *Gospel Tribune*, a monthly
nal. It was for this that he invented "Dick's Mailing-Machine,"
ch afterwards brought him a substantial income. In 1860 he re-
ed to Buffalo where the closing years of his busy and useful life were
t. He became a familiar and welcome friend among the people in
lanes and alleys. He was a leader in Buffalo's "Law and Order
ety," and labored, without permanent success, for the closing of
ons on Sunday. No one ever questioned his opposition to rum-sell-

although he persistently declined to join the ranks of the Prohi-
n party. He believed that young men should be trained to resist
ptation, and labor for the enforcement of existing laws.

nuary 11, 1838, Robert Dick was wedded to Mary Muir, daughter of
ngas Muir, a Canadian, and a Presbyterian elder. Two sons and
e daughters were born. The oldest son died from illness caused by
gue and exposure in the 100th Regiment, N. Y. V. The second son,
ert S. Dick, born in 1846, hurried to Gettysburg with the 74th Regi-
it. He died in Buffalo about two years ago. The first daughter died
nfancy; the second, Mary F. Dick, at the age of 20. A third daugh-
Jennie E., is the widow of the late Dr. A. M. Barker, of Buffalo.

ev. Robert Dick was widely known both in Canada and the States,
large-hearted, conscientious, and full of out-spoken enthusiasm.
ile successful in business, he was generous, and freely used his large
me in helping the needy.



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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91.

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THE PRINCIPLES THAT DISTINGUISH HAMILTON AND JEFFERSON AS STATESMEN.

AMONG all the great men who belong to the formative period of our national life, there are two who are especially distinguished, not only for breadth of intellect and lofty patriotism, but from the fact that to them, above all others, we owe the political doctrines and principles upon which our system of government is founded. These two men, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, were the master-builders of that political system, under which the United States has prospered as no land had ever prospered before. In it are incorporated their own sound though sometimes opposite theories of government; and their teachings have powerfully influenced the thoughts, not only of their countrymen, but of the civilized world. To them are mainly due the two great documentary landmarks in our history, the one declaring a people "free and independent," the other organizing that people under a national government, whose powers and duties are definitely settled and carefully balanced, and are guarded and limited by definite methods and to definite ends. Aptly have Jefferson and Hamilton been termed the creator and the organizer of the nation. But

while each of these statesmen worked zealously for the welfare of the people, each strove after an ideal of his own; and these ideals though similar in many respects, were in others radically different.

Born a controversialist, and trained from boyhood to close analysis and clearness of expression amid the broils and contentions so common throughout the country just prior to the Revolution, Alexander Hamilton wrought out for himself a system of government far in advance of the conceptions of his contemporaries. Its leading idea was a strong central government, aristocratic in some of its features, but thoroughly republican in form and intent, whose corner-stones were "free representation and mutual checks" in the executive, legislative and judicial departments. He had but little faith in the ability of the people to govern themselves, and hence believed in the concentrations of power in the hands of those specially fitted and set apart to govern. While his officials were to derive their authority from the people, it was his policy to remove their administration as far as possible from the people at large. In pursuance of these tenets, he advocated a chief executive and upper house of the legislature elected for life, and a strong federal judiciary appointed to hold office during good behavior. In a government such as he proposed, the great danger to the federal power lay with the states; and therefore he counseled the division of the larger states, and the appointment of the several state executives by the federal executive.

Like Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson was the originator of a policy, and the founder and leader of a party. To him what is known as the Democratic idea as it has existed throughout our history owes its origin, shape and expression. Jefferson's faith in the people was as strong as was Hamilton's distrust of them. While the latter would choose out from among them a governing class and perpetuate its power, the former would have no class distinctions, even though temporary in their nature. He would shorten the term of all office-holding, and remit all government frequently to the people for their ratification or rejection. Jefferson founded his entire system upon the broad theory of the political equality and equal rights of all men. As the natural result of such equality, and as

the only sure means of preserving it, he recommended a representative government, based upon universal suffrage. He believed that in order to become competent to govern, every individual should have a share in the government. "Men" said he "cannot become fit for freedom by remaining slaves."

The second principle which distinguished Jefferson from most of his fellow-statesmen, was his doctrine that the sphere of government is limited, and that its action should be confined to that sphere. He held that government has certain well-defined and inherent bounds, beyond which, when it is exercised, it savors of tyranny, and becomes not only unprofitable, but sometimes injurious. "That government" he maintained, "is best which governs least." The test question, therefore, which should decide the power of the general government over any matter should be "Is it necessary?" In accordance with this principle, he insisted that affairs of purely local importance should be relegated to the local authorities; and that the maintenance of public security, being the common object, should be the sole duty of the common agent.

Two more different characters than Hamilton and Jefferson can scarcely be imagined. Jefferson was the more literary, more refined, more popular. Hamilton more acute, more practical, more domineering. Jefferson was somewhat lacking in logical ability. His convictions were the result of intuition, of his wonderful creative power. He appealed to the intuitive perceptions of his hearers, and controlled them by enlisting their sympathies in his favor. Hamilton on the contrary, was strictly logical. He reasoned on every point. The one was a positivist; the other a rationalist. Jefferson was a keen judge of human nature; Hamilton was sadly deficient in this faculty. When he was unable to convince, he attempted to control, and so made himself unpopular.

Hamilton was an aristocrat by nature, a Republican in theory and practice. Jefferson was a Democrat, by nature and principle, but like Hamilton favored a representative Republican form of government. Hence it comes that the result of their efforts is an harmonious whole, for while they worked along different paths, they were seeking a common goal. Hamilton feared Democracy, because he thought it must lead, as it led in ancient times, to anarchy and ultimate despotism,

Jefferson hated aristocracy because it meant tyranny and oppression, and was diametrically opposed to the principles of liberty and equality.

Both Hamilton and Jefferson, each by the adherents of the other, have been too severely judged. The one has been accused of monarchical, the other of anarchical tendencies. Neither charge is true. Hamilton was a monarchist only in that he believed the English form of government the best that had hitherto been invented, Jefferson was an anarchist only in his position that the lowest had equal rights with the highest.

Under the standards of these two statesmen, were gradually martialled the opposing political forces of the country. The Federalists, with Hamilton at their head, distrustful of the people, demanded a stronger central government, an increase of the power and influence of federal officers, and a corresponding diminution in the authority of the states. The Republicans, under the leadership of Jefferson, confident in the ability and integrity of the people, stood for state supremacy and local self-government.

The crowning glory of both Hamilton and Jefferson is, that while each founded a party, both together established, with the aid of their co-workers, a nation.

GEORGE M. WEAVER, '91.

BY STARLIGHT AND SUNSET.

[Compiled from the journals of Monsieur Maurice de Bourdillon and Monsieur Jean Pierre Lutrin, and a Memoir, published by *l'Academie des Arts et des Sciences*, of Versailles. The journals are preserved in the library of the same society.]

I.

THE GUIDANCE OF THE STARS.

IT was midnight. On a hillside, near the hamlet of Montpellier, the ruins of an old chateau, enveloped in a mantle of shadows, revealed their antique beauty in dim outlines. The pale light of the stars only sufficed to render indistinct the dismantled towers and ivy-clustered walls. All was silent, save for the occasional hooting of an owl, or the restless moaning of the watch-dog. A dim light was burning in an upper

chamber, in the western wing of the castle; and on the roof above, an old man stood, and gazed at the stars. He was a remarkable old man:—one whom, having once seen, you could never have forgotten. Long white locks hung down over the shoulders, bent with age; but the venerable bearing and demeanor were contrasted by vigor, almost youthful. He stood there on that summer night, a sky-searcher, attempting to wrest from the Keepers of the Royal Seal of Heaven, their knowledge of his destiny.

Suddenly the astrologer trembled violently. The hoped-for but almost unexpected sign appeared—a sign of prophecy, and of warning. And now he watched more ardently, impatient for another, better omen. At last he noted a peculiar brightness in golden Saturn, and an unusual sparkling lustre in the Polar star. When satisfied with these, and other, phenomena, he descended to his laboratory to deduce the results of his observations. He made innumerable calculations, referred frequently to the mystical tables and charts of the astrologer, and finally arrived at conclusions which previous observations had led him to expect.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, he set out, alone, for Paris. The journey was not long; before sunset the traveller had reached his destination.

At the time of which we write, there was, at Paris, a little society of mystics, who styled themselves the “Knockers at the Portal.” Its members were “devoted to the attainment of knowledge of the essence of things.” They expressed the utmost contempt for much of the progressive wisdom, so-called, of their century. At the head of this little company of scientific free-thinkers, was a Monsieur Lutrin, an alchemist and astrologer, well-versed in the learning of his profession. It was to see him that Maurice de Bourdillon had come from Montpellier to Paris.

After the usual greetings and gossip of old friends, who had been long separated, the stranger explained, as the object of his visit, a desire to examine a certain volume on alchemy, which he was assured he should find at Paris. The book was an old duodecimo an early specimen of the printer's craft. A compilation of Robert Flood, it set forth, in the fantastic and enigmatical formulas of the Rosicrucians, several pro-

cesses for the transmutation of metals. (Alas! that all had proven defective!) Like all enthusiasts of his order, Maurice de Bourdillon believed himself to be the chosen one, who should discover the great secret; but like the true scientist, he searched for nature's secrets only that he might be a benefactor to the race. The stars had assured him that the mystery should be solved, and had directed him toward this book, which might guide him to success. The discoveries of Paracelsus and Basil Valentine, recorded there, would surely aid him in his own researches. When he obtained from Monsieur Lutrin the book which he had described, he could scarcely contain himself for joy, and the next day returned in haste to his laboratory, confident of success.

II.

THE GUIDANCE OF DESTINY.

Monsieur Bourdillon now applied himself to his task with unprecedented energy. He worked from morning till night, following a fixed plan in his operations. The fires glowed hotter in his furnaces from day to day; and his ardor seemed to burn more fiercely than his fires. As his experiments became more complicated, his enthusiasm grew still more furious. He labored far into the night, that he might more carefully attend to those operations which needed long and patient supervision.

He had worked late one evening, meeting with unusual encouragement,—for all that he had undertaken that day had turned out well,—and before retiring he had begun to plan the operations of the morrow. He was poring deeply over his books, when, on turning a page of his newly-acquired volume, he saw the mystical Rosy Cross; and beneath it, in glaring letters of crimson, was written: "At the Threshold,—Beware!" Unconsciously he trembled, in anticipation of some wonderful discovery. To him those cabalistic words were familiar. They were the Rosicrucian's omen of success. While he was still pondering on their significance, they slowly faded, till no trace of them remained on the page.

Deeply impressed by this phenomenon, he abandoned his studies for a time, and once more ascended to the roof, to seek an explanation from the stars. For a long time he gazed up

into that dome of jet, glistening with a thousand diamonds ; but his brain reeled—those prophetic words impressed him strangely, as though they were a portent of unknown danger. Gradually, the expanse of stars grew more distinct, but even more confused. At length it formed itself into one great picture. He saw the clearly-defined outline of a giant, bending over the prostrate figure of a man ; and above all the fateful words : “At the Threshold,—Beware !”

Now entirely overcome, he staggered to his chamber, hoping that sleep might drive away these fearful phantoms. Overwork, he argued, was beginning to tell on him : his mind was weakening beneath the unaccustomed burden. So he longed for rest ; but sleep would not come to dispel those illusions. Ever and anon, the vague image of a giant, with face hideously distorted, as though in rage, and glaring, blood-shot eyes, rose and pointed to words of direful portent, written in letters of fire on the background of night.

The next day he rested from the operations of the laboratory ; and, his mind freed from thoughts of alchemy, he wandered through the woods adjoining the chateau. Now he saw those visions only as hideous nightmares, induced by overwork. He was no longer terrified by a dream. Although he had fancied that the giant was sent by the Dæmon who watches over the mysteries of the Rosicrucians to warn him to secrecy ; yet he renewed his vow to record in his journal the results of his experiments. The bracing autumn air invigorated him. He was filled with a spirit of bravado ; he challenged the Dæmon to do his worst ; he cursed his Rosicrucian oath ; he cursed the secrecy of scientists, he swore by his hopes of success that the world should benefit by his discovery.

III.

SUNSET.

When Monsieur Bourdillon again took up his work, he labored no less diligently than before, but with more regard for his health. He walked to the village every morning, for exercise, and chatted with Madame Dupré, his housekeeper, every evening, as of yore. Nevertheless, he seemed to be making still greater progress in his search for the “golden

fleece of alchemy." The supreme moment of his life seemed not far distant.

It was late in December, when he began the final series of operations, in which he confidently looked for success. On the day after Christmas, he sent a message to Monsieur Lutrin, requesting him to come to Montpellier in all haste. That evening and the next, he became so wrapped up in his experiments, that he disregarded his rules, and worked late into the night. He was so frenzied by his approaching success, (which even the stars now prophesied), that his mind could not remain inactive, even while he slept. In his dreams he filled a large retort with coals. He stood over a furnace that glowed with heat so intense, that the earthenware retort seemed transparent; in its center, where black coals had been, lay a liquid lustrous mass. Then the smoke, which the furnace emitted, began to whirl and wreath and curl, until it assumed the form of a vaguely weird giant. In terror he recognized the monster of his former night-visions. He vainly tried to rouse himself. The giant raised his hand as though in warning, and he lay still. The air grew hot and stifling. A great weight burdened his chest. Sharp buzzing sounds made his head swim, his brain throb; but the buzzing ceased; the giant began to speak: "Oh thou Mortal, who wouldst learn that knowledge which only the Eternal Beings know! —Ere long, thou shalt stand at the portal. Then thou must be cleansed by the fire, unburdened of the frailty of the flesh. And thou shalt dip thy finger in the crucible, and Power shall glitter within thy grasp. Bear well in mind the sacred Red Cross emblem. Forget not the Rosicrucian's oaths; and fear the Dæmon's vengeance." While the apparition was speaking, he pierced the retort, and dipped his finger in the molten mass. Raising his hand, he displayed a sparkling, crystal line atom. With the last words of warning the vision disappeared. That night sleep brought no rest to the alchemist's troubled mind.

It was the last day of the year 1762, when the final operation was to be performed. Monsieur Bourdillon was so engrossed in his work that he did not come down to his meals and his housekeeper feared to interrupt him at a critical moment. He had left word with her to admit his friend from

Paris, should he arrive, and conduct him directly to the laboratory; for he still hoped that the man who had assisted him, would be with him at the critical moment.

The day was drawing toward its close, when a coach drove up to the castle, and an old man alighted. Madame Dupré met him at the door. "Monsieur had hoped that you would be here sooner," she began. "Am I too late then?" He was interrupted by a fearful explosion, which shook the castle to its foundations. Both rushed to the laboratory. Bursting open the door, they saw the old man lying prostrate on the floor. A cloud of smoke from the shattered furnace, had taken the form of a gigantic dæmon, which bent down over its victim with an expression of mingled hatred and vengeance.

The smoke quickly vanished; and the setting sun flooded the room with rose-hued light. There on the floor lay the broken retort, and beside it the lifeless form of the old alchemist. Over the retort and over the corpse clear, sparkling diamonds glistened in the sunlight.

The Philosopher's Stone—the alchemist's dream—realized too late.

BEN JOSIBOTO.

MILITARY CAREER OF GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

THE military career of General Sheridan began with the civil war. True, he had been in military life since his graduation from West Point in 1853, and had rendered good service fighting the Indians. In 1861, assigned as Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the South-west, he longed to go to the front; a desire soon gratified in his appointment as Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. Sheridan's first engagement prophesied his future. His single regiment was attacked by a full brigade of rebel cavalry at Boonville, Mississippi. Neither the importance of the situation, nor the position of the army, whose front he covered, required that he hold his ground; but it was not in Sheridan to refuse a fight. Forming his line, he received the first onset in handsome style, showing the enemy, that, if they would succeed, they must make a more systematic attack.

While they were preparing for a second effort, Sheridan sent a small detachment to the rear of the enemy, and, by a sudden attack in front and rear, routed and drove them from the field in confusion. This engagement won for him the star of a Brigadier General.

Although peculiarly fitted for the dash of the cavalry service, Sheridan was a soldier worthy of his calling in any command. His first conspicuous service, as a Brigadier, was in command of a division at the bloody but indecisive battle of Stone River. Here his leadership shone out in brilliant contrast to the work of many of his fellow commanders. He was not merely the General, he was the soldier, always in the thickest of the fight, inspiring, leading his men by his enthusiasm and example. He never lost his head. No matter how heated by the excitement of conflict, his orders were clear and concise. At this battle, like Thomas at Chicamauga, he fought long after other divisions had one after another retired; and not until his ammunition failed did he fall back, and then with a steadiness and order which looked rather like a maneuver for a new stand, than a retreat. This battle made him a Major-General of Volunteers.

At Chicamauga, as at Stone River, he was the impersonation alike of daring and self possession. Wherever the need was sorest, there was Sheridan waving sword or hat, now cursing the enemy, now encouraging the deserving or reproaching the delinquents among his own men. Never did a man fight for a forlorn hope with a braver tenacity; but he might as well have tried to check the flow of a mighty river as to stop the current of that throng which writhed and struggled, cursed and fought, in the choked up road leading to Chattanooga.

At Mission Ridge Sheridan first came under the immediate eye of Grant; and, as he led his division up the steeps to and over the rebel batteries, he was no less swiftly climbing the ladder of fame. In his intrepidity, his coolness, the enthusiasm he inspired, and above all in the method pervading all his movements, Grant saw the General, where others had only discovered the fighter, with the result, that, the great silent General had thenceforward no plan in which Sheridan was not principal factor.

When Grant, as Commander in Chief, at the opening of the great campaign of 1864, made his head-quarters with the Army of the Potomac, he gave Sheridan the command of the Cavalry Corps of that splendid army. Soon followed that series of brilliant cavalry battles and raids in which Sheridan passed clear around Lee's Army, severed his communications, threatened Richmond and, above all, in the defeat and death of Stuart completely broke the hitherto invincible prestige of the Rebel Cavalry.

Sheridan was always in the right place at the right time. He kept Lee completely bewildered as to his whereabouts ; and thus was of the greatest assistance to Grant and Meade. By a counter movement under Early, up the Shenandoah Valley and on Washington, Lee tried to compel Grant to loosen his grip on Petersburg and Richmond. To meet this movement, Sheridan was given his first independent command, in a department including the Shenandoah Valley, and nobly did he discharge the trust.

Maneuvering along Early's front, now advancing, now retiring, until the Rebel Commander, thinking the Union General was afraid of him, laid himself open to attack, Sheridan pounced down upon him, gaining a decisive victory at Winchester. Then followed, in quick succession, that series of brilliant victories of which Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek are the most famous. At Cedar Creek General Wright was in command during Sheridan's absence at Washington. In the night Early stealthily marched his men close upon the Union Lines, and at dawn attacked, completely surprising Wright's Army. This attack was made with such fury, that, in spite of the brave attempts of the officers to rally the men, the Union lines were forced back and a large part of the Union Army became a fleeing mob. Sheridan, returning from Washington had reached Winchester the night before. Early in the morning the rumors of a battle reached him, and, mounting his black charger, he started for the front, quickening his speed with the increasing roar of the conflict. As he neared the scene of action, he turned back the fugitives, shouting " You are going the wrong way, we will lick the rebels out of their boots before night." The wounded beside the road seeing him, sent up a feeble

cheer ; and the strong filled with new courage at the sight of their leader, faced about. Reaching the battle-field

“ What was done—what to do
A glance told him both,
And striking his spurs
With a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line
’Mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked
Its course there, because,
The sight of the Master
Compelled it to pause.”

The battle had been lost, but Sheridan snatched back the victory and transformed what would have been an ignominious disaster into one of the most glorious and fruitful successes of the war. Napoleon won back Morengo when Desaix arrived with his timely assistance. Shiloh was lost to Grant, but was regained when Buell appeared with his much needed aid. Cedar Creek was lost, but it was not the trained battallions of a Desaix or a Buell which retook it. It was the appearance of one man ; a man who loved his soldiers, and was loved by them ; a man, the magic of whose voice and presence metamorphosed a chaotic mass of fugitives into an organized army, replaced fear and panic with enthusiasm and confidence ; so that the army, but now a routed mob, not merely made a stand, but assumed a furious offensive.

Never was victory more complete, or more vigorously followed up ; and never was more credit due to the personal exertions of a commander than was due to Sheridan for the battle of Cedar Creek.

The power of the enemy for mischief in the Valley being destroyed by a winter raid with ten thousand cavalry from Winchester to Petersburg, Sheridan was placed by Grant in command of the advance of the Army of the Potomac for the final campaign in the Spring of 1865.

At Five Forks, at Sailor's Creek and in all the tremendous marching and fighting of that two weeks' campaign, he showed all the qualities which had made his Valley campaign so successful, and won the highest praise from General Grant and the country. It is not too much to say that with less than the energy, the daring, the vigilance and the generalship of Sher-

idan, even Grant could not have destroyed the great Army of Northern Virginia in that short campaign.

The close of the Civil War practically ended the active military career of General Sheridan, though he continued in the Army, conducted a successful Indian War, and ere his death reached the highest rank possible in our Army.

Of his character little additional need be said. All his life showed the qualities of a great soldier, vigilance, decision, energy, nerve, boldness without impudence, caution without temerity. He grasped a situation at sight, and always took every chance. He fought to win, disregarding odds, and justified himself by results. Modest and quiet in common life, in battle he was a tornado. He was a born belligerent; the roar and din of conflict were his element and inspiration. He was quick to act, but

"He had a wisdom that did
guide his valor
To act in safety."

Perhaps, he did not possess the great strategic ability of Grant or Napoleon, but as the commander of an army in the execution of a plan, history shows not his superior. Like his great compatriots, Grant, Sherman and Thomas, he fought for his country, not for himself; and so long as American History is written, one of its brightest pages shall be illuminated by the name and fame of *Philip Henry Sheridan*.

S. D. MILLER, '90.

A CAREER: USEFULNESS.

An address before the students of Hamilton College, by Rev. A. M. Dulles. (Stenographically reported and published by request).

I COME before you this morning to talk with you, rather than to make a formal address. The average college student does not realize how much pleasure it gives a man who is in the habit of addressing other audiences to come before them. The speaker always appreciates this privilege a great deal more than his hearers do, because even though they may not be many, they certainly are very mighty. You remember the saying of Goethe, that the fate of any nation is determined by

the opinions of those who are under twenty-five years of age, and I do not suppose that anybody who is acquainted with the history of the world will question the truth of his words.

The subject I have in mind is so plain and homely that I am almost afraid to announce it. Yet homely topics may be beautiful, as Wordsworth says of Duty :

"Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon the face,"

And you remember that when Tennyson talks about humanity he says: "All her form shone out with sudden light—USEFULNESS is what I want to talk about. It may be that there is such a power and beauty in usefulness that it is worth a while to think about it.

The words of the Lord to Elijah, when, threatened by Jezebel, he had fled to the wilderness, "What doest thou here, will give the keynote to our thoughts. It is a practical question which God addressed to him at that time in order to remind him of the fact that he had something to do upon earth and that his place was not there, seeking his own satisfaction or gratifying his own spirit of despondency (which is sometimes a spirit that we like to gratify); but that there was great work for him to do in the world and that he had left in the floodtide of victory. Many a man begins a retreat when he might reap laurels; and so Elijah had fled from Ahab and had taken refuge in the wilderness, and God says "What doest thou here?" The question was meant to remind him of his duty, and so there comes to us the question of life "What are we doing here?" It is not merely "What are you doing here in college," which is important by itself, but, "What are we doing here in life at all?" Is there any purpose that we have in our existence, and if there is, can we find it? You know that there are those who are exceedingly prominent to-day in the thinking world who practically throw away with all purpose in life, all theology, and they want to reduce men's life to the same law as that of a mullenstalk or a cabbage that has a *vis a tergo*, but nothing in front of it. Humanity is a sort of Jack-in-the-box. There are evolutionists who have the idea that there is something in man but where it comes from they do not know. Simply lift the lid and up it jumps. To these, circumstances are, as By-

says, the mighty God, and conscious purpose is reduced to a vanishing point. There are others, however, who hold to the old-fashioned idea of a final cause in this world and toward which every man can work, if he will. This is the difference between man and the brute beast. The difference between you and the cattle that are browsing is that you know what you are doing, and why you are doing it. Cattle when they are full of grass go and ruminate but have no conscious purpose when they chew the cud. We as students in life, study for some purpose; we know what we are doing and we are not simply browsing and ruminating and then dying without any thought of the meaning of our life. There are indeed plenty of people who seem to live that way. There are a class of students that are as unproductive as an oak tree, dry as an acorn, merely the highest type of the worm, the book-worm. We should think of ourselves as immortals and as rational beings. We should be aware that there is some purpose for which God has made us and it is exceedingly desirable that every young man should find out what that purpose is. Reflection makes me say that usefulness is man's greatest glory and that for which man was created.

I was interested in seeing the sleds go up and down the hill, I wish I could partake of the sport; I probably would be a better thinker and student for it; but the reflection came into my mind, what if that were all in life, simply to pull a sled up for the purpose of going down quicker. Yet there are some people who have no other purpose in life. They think some day they will reach the top of the hill; they hope to reach a station of advantage, when all they will have to do will be to take an easy position and slide down. But life is not that sort of a routine. We were made for some very distinct purpose and we want to find out what it is. I don't know anything more incongruous in the world than the inscription which was written by Gay, which is over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, the great mausoleum of the English people. Monuments are there which impress us and it is a grand place to go and spend hour after hour—but the incongruity of Gay's epitaph amid such surroundings:

“Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it.”

Just think of it ! On the other hand there are monumets to Shakespeare and monuments to great heroes and warriors. Now there is such a thing as regarding life just in that way ; but a question that comes to us like God's to Elijah " What doest thou here ? " ought to remind us that there is a purpose for which God has created us. When you see any great machine whether in use or not, you know that it was made for a purpose. You take your watch out of your pocket and you know that the watch was made to keep time. When you see a magnificent steamer out on the dry-dock,—(and there is nothing more ludicrous in the world, except a duck out of water),—you know that it was meant for something ; and I presume if the meanest savage would examine it, he would know by a sort of instinct that it was not made for that purpose. It is not in its element. Man was meant to float out in life and accomplish some purpose. You know what Shakespeare says, " What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculties ! In form and moving how express and admirable ! In action how like an angel ! In apprehension how like a God ! " And when anybody looks into his own nature he finds out that he is " fearfully and wonderfully made." The mere machinery of man's body when in life, is marvellous. I came here from a funeral ; I looked yesterday upon the pallid face of a corpse, and I could not help thinking what a marvellous thing life was,—that it ever could animate that cold thing, cold as ivory or marble, and make it full of life and action. What a wonderful thing it is ! We have our minds ; we have our bodies ; we have our spirit ; and these are not given us for nothing. There is a purpose for which God has made every one of us, and there is nothing more worth our while to think about than what this purpose is.

I apprehend that we can get some light on this matter when we take a simple thought like that in the first chapter of Genesis. I don't know that you have ever had your attention called to it, but the *oldest commandment* God ever gave to man was, *to subdue the earth*. " Subdue it ! " It is a short commandment. I want to impress it upon you that the first thing God said to man, made in his own image, was, to subdue the earth, and that is something we are sent out for, to make the earth fruitful, to make the earth worth living on. It is al-

together a mistake to think that God finished his creation. The Savior said "My father worketh hitherto and I work;" creation is not really over. This process of making beauty come out of chaos, God simply began. You may say He made the world, but He left to man the subjection of it. Just think of what this earth once was! You learn that by going back merely six thousand years, the world was in a rudimentary condition. All the world was like the heart of Africa. What is the use of going to the heart of Africa merely to discover a lot of negroes, or, to find out the sources of the Nile and Congo? The object Livingstone had was the subjection of Africa. That is what took place before our day. Columbus came here to our country and found only a trackless forest, but in the course of four hundred years we have the beautiful land in which we are living. When Cæsar went out into Gaul and finally came into Britain, North Europe was a wilderness. Just think what has taken place in Britain since Cæsar saw it! Think of London, that magnificent city! Think of what has taken place in the course of these ages since Cæsar was there, and you have an idea of what God put man on earth for, to subdue the earth and make it beautiful. The conclusion of that great poem of Goethe, his Faust, has something that is a great deal more sublime than many people take it to be. Most people when reading the first part seem to think that Goethe was almost inspired; but when you come to the conclusion of the second part it seems almost as though the great man had lost his inspiration, Jove were nodding, and he did not know how to end the life of this man Faust. He has tried every possible career, he has gratified his senses in every possible way, he has been a soldier and a statesman and has done everything in the world. How is the poet going to end the life of Faust. You know Faust agreed in the beginning of his career, that when he should say to any moment "Remain here you are yet so beautiful" at that moment Satan is to have him in his power. But Faust is not satisfied with any sensual pleasure, nor with knowledge, nor with authority, nor power; but at last the old man is out there simply facing an expanse of water that is wasting the land and he sets himself to work to build barriers to the water and redeem the land from destruction and having redeemed it he looks forward to the time

when it shall be not only habitable but beautified, and he said to this moment "Remain, you are so beautiful." That seems almost like an anticlimax and yet Goethe, the aged, wise man, knew perfectly well what he was writing about and he said, I am willing to say to all the world that the redemption of the world, the subjection of natural forces is something that is well worth any man's power and life. Have you ever thought of the significance of that vision in the Apocolypse, in which St. John says, when he sees the heavenly city, "There shall be no more sea." In other words he looks forward to the time when everything that devastates shall be done away with and everything will be beautiful and habitable. Now, man is here, I take it for this purpose, and one of the things that we glory in, in this generation, is that man has succeeded comparatively so well. We see how the earth has been compelled to bring forth its increase, the sea gives up its riches, the air is robbed of its concealed powers and little by little the forces of nature are being placed at the disposal of man. Man is now realizing what Shakespeare seems to have had in mind when he wrote his last play, the "Tempest," how Prospero held the forces of nature in his grasp, and compels the tempest to come and to subside, and he uses these subtle messengers that nature has put at his disposal and he uses them with a purpose. So the old man Shakespeare, it may be, like Goethe had the subjection of nature in mind as perhaps the greatest thing that a man can accomplish. Now then, if this be true, and I think it is, you see what is the point of very many of your studies and you see what is the point of your active work. Not long ago I had to address the largest grange of farmers in the country and I told them that really I sometimes envied them the privilege of digging potatoes out of the ground; for the man who enriches the world by so much as a good potato is doing something for it and is leading a manifestly useful life. Of course, the more potatoes the better, the more man sows the better, the more machinery or inventions to aid man in his work here below the better; but the usefulness typified in digging a potato out of the ground is not too humble for any man.

This leads to a second and higher thought. It is impossible for a man to subject this earth unless man himself is sub-

jected to law and order. I suppose God has made man as a co-worker in this scheme of making an earth here. What his purpose is we will not stop to analyze, but there is one thing that is quite certain and that is that man himself must be subjected. The reason why barbarism prevails, or what is the same thing, why nature is superior to man, is because man is as yet undeveloped or misdeveloped, either one or the other. When Magellan was sailing round the Southern seas he found a tribe of savages who apparently did not know what fire was, they thought that it was an animal which was eating the wood and when the flames came at them, they thought that the animal was biting them. A state of ignorance like that means that nature is superior to man and the only way we can subject nature is by man himself being developed in the proper way and having the mastery of his own powers. Thus you perceive that the next thing and the higher thing for man to work at in this world is the subjection of himself, the development of man in the right direction, to take out the roots of misdevelopment, to get rid of all vices and habits that destroy his integrity, vitality and vigor. This presents itself to us who have larger intelligence, as our work to bring man himself into subjection to some high principle. We are working upon man. Your professors are at work upon you; you, in your turn, will go to work upon others; you will embrace some profession in life, take up some occupation. The probability is that it will bring you in connection with other men and your work, in life my young friend, is this: to bring man into a proper condition so that he may be able in turn to subdue himself and so subdue nature.

Now this career of usefulness may not seem, as I said at the outset, quite so beautiful a scheme of life as may flash before us in certain moments of enthusiasm. It is a little hard for us to go down into the practical work of life. I know there always keeps shining before us in this world some more or less imaginative career and we are thinking of the wealth that we may succeed in amassing, or how much applause we may have, or how much power we may exert in the world, but I tell you frankly I do not think there is anything more important than simply to make up your minds *to be useful* in the world, to choose our career in life and to study for the purpose of being

useful. There is a great deal of difference between being self-centred and having your centre out beyond you. A man who lives for himself however high he may rise in the world's estimation, can never really rise any in God's estimation and in eternity. The trying of that man's work, will prove it null and void. Let us recall the words of Schiller :

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

Thy duty ever.

"This did full many who yet sleep unknown."

Oh, never, never!

Thinkest thou perchance that they remain unknown

Whom thou knowest not?

By angel trumps in Heaven their praise is blown

Divine their lot.

And so it is that though we may not be conspicuous in this world it is true, divine is the life of the man that is useful, even though it be simply in giving a cup of cold water. You remember those words of Whittier, which he entitles "My Soul and I":

"Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark

I will question thee

Alone in the shadows drear and stark,

With God and me."

"What, my soul, was thine errand here?

Was it mirth or ease

Or heaping up dust from year to year?

Nay none of these."

"Speak soul aright in His holy sight,

Whose eye looks still

And steadily at thee through the night,

To do His will."

My friends, it is a great thing to learn the wisdom of some of these wise men. Since I first read those words, now years ago, I have made it the conclusion of my life that there is nothing for a man to do here on earth save to do His will. To grasp that idea is worth everything else. Why, what we call fame and reputation, attractive as it is, to any one of us—and I want it, just as much as any of you do,—is after all very easily acquired, there are so many easy ways in which a man may become distinguished. The old Greek Herostratus who set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus—the grandest monument that had ever been erected by the genius of

the Greek—is known throughout all time. Then after him came Alexander, born in the same year that that event took place, and Alexander said, if you will let me inscribe my name on the temple at Ephesus as its builder I will rebuild it at my own expense. Fame and distinction and power are fine things. We all appreciate them and yet they are not half so good as being useful. “What doest thou here?” Elijah, what are you doing under the juniper tree, when all the world is going after Baal, when Israel is in the hands of despotic superstition? Elijah must not be idle and mope and moan. And so does not the thought and the question come back to us young men as we look out over all this world in which we are living—“What are we doing here?” Do not the cries of Africa in all its dismal desperate bondage and superstition and ignorance, rise up and ask us what are we doing here? Does not China, and does not our own country, and does not our own locality, right around us all, ask what we are doing here? Young men, are you being useful in life or simply looking for your own personal advancement and gratification? Well, you know what Elijah did, he went back to his work. And you know how he came to the end of his life,—how he went safely over the Jordan, and smote its waters, and it parted; and then there came the whirlwind and the chariot of fire and Elijah ascended into the very heavens. Can you imagine the reception which that man had in heaven? Why, all heaven must have crowded to the very gates to see this man who stood there, having done God’s work upon earth, having braved everything; and all heaven must have echoed with shouts as he came in. We also can make the world miss us when we are gone; we also can make heaven glad when we come into it. A man is received there very much as he is missed here. A man’s glory there depends very much upon his usefulness here, not upon his wealth. Do you suppose that the millionaire or the coming billionaire has any higher place in heaven than the widow who gave her mite? Do you suppose the monarch has any higher place than the one who gives a tract in the Salvation Army? God has his own ways of estimating usefulness. Our place there will depend upon this. We have read this morning the 13th chapter of John’s Gospel, for one thought there is in it with which I shall close.

It is the most striking thing in the Bible to me. It is said there that Jesus knowing that he came from the Father and that he was going to God, that Jesus, comprehending fully, that he was God, then did what? Think of it! What would you do, suppose there came to you the full consciousness that you were the son of God, as indeed you are in a sense, but if you realized it and if you were going to the Father as you came from the Father, what then? Would you place yourself upon a throne and have vassals fan perfumed odors about your face? Would you seek pomp and power and have all the world pass by in adoring procession? What did Jesus do, knowing that he came from the Father, and that he was going to the Father, the Son of God, divine in his nature, what did he do? He took a towel! No man ever would have thought of saying that unless it had been true. It is sublime in the contrast. The Son of God took a towel! took a basin! poured water in it and went out and washed the feet of his disciples! My friends, if we contemplate the sublimity of that lesson at all, we shall never be ashamed to do any service in this world.

I just want to say what I had intended to dwell longer upon, that in order to be useful in this world there is one essential thing and that is to be a Christian. Otherwise the probability is that you will do more harm than good in the world however desirous you may be of doing good. It is only when a man is a Christian, when he follows the law of Christ — and when the spirit of Christ is in him, that he is sure of being useful in this world. Be a Christian if you want to be useful and realize the end for which God has made you. Nobody is a complete creature of God without faith in Christ. Be bold as Christ was. Do not be ashamed of religion. It is a grand thing to follow a man like Jesus Christ. It is a glorious thing to have such a Master as He is. Don't be ashamed of being a Christian. Strive to make others Christians and there is the chief sphere of your usefulness here upon earth. May God help us all. I spoke of Elijah's dying. That same death may come to every one of us. The last words of Christ — mas Evans, the Welsh preacher who worked such a revolution in the north of Wales, are worth remembering. He simply said to his friends on the one side, "Good-bye," and

then turned his face to the wall and said "Drive on." And what had he in mind? He must have had Elijah in his mind. To die like that, to say "Good-bye" to your friends and then step into the chariot and say "Drive on to the gates of Heaven," that is a death worth living for. It is not death but translation. As has been said of the apostle Paul, he achieved greatness by aiming at usefulness. As our Lord said, "I am among you as one that serveth." So may usefulness be the career we chose in life, that it may be said of us: "They do rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

THE POETRY OF JOHN HAY.

A FEW short poems by John Hay have earned for themselves a high place among the agencies of reform. His chief production and those which have introduced him to the literary world are "Little Breeches," "Jim Bludso" and "Banty Jim."

The incident of the first would make an ordinary item for a newspaper,—to be read one day and forgotten the next. This fact might rule it out of the list of poetic compositions; and yet should our literature be pruned of all such verse, the language would lose much that now answers the mission of poetry. The description of the honest farmer's recovery of his child in a sheepfold, after a long and exhaustive search in a driving snow storm is graphic and unique.

Not less so is the homely logic by which he establishes a belief in God, and concludes that the real mission of angels

"Is a demed sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."

Although it has had much of the popularity of his other works, lacks their stirring interest and fascination of incident. Its chief merit is its pleasing versification, and the simple faith and grotesque reasoning of its hero.

"Banty Jim" is the reply of Titmon Jay to a white man's committee that had passed resolutions ejecting from an Illinois town a negro who had carried him from a battle-field. This incident is a marked instance of the supremacy of patriot-

ism over partisan spirit and traditional prejudice. It is introduced by no wearisome prologue nor burdened by a long-drawn conclusion. The speaker and interest of the reader both begin in the first line and part only in the last word. Every patriotic impulse of the reader is aroused as he advances until he shows the sympathies and earnestness of the speaker and his indignation toward that class who remained at home and used their influence against the negroes, some of whom were fighting in the Union ranks.

A happy style of narration, an absorbing interest, and a concise directness are prominent merits of the poem.

But the crowning effort of Mr. Hay is "Jim Bludso, of the Prairie Belle." The rough, frank, honest character of Bludso, his commendable heroism, the race and explosion make up a remarkable conception. In this short ballad the poet has given a perfect delineation of a truly admirable character.

When he describes him as "Keerless in his talk and awkward in a row" we conceive a man of "rough exterior and poor but honest parents." When he tells us that "he never flunked nor knowed how to lie" we recognize within that exterior the elements of true manhood; but when he sacrifices his life to enforce his oft made declaration to

"hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galloot's ashore"

and that his "ghost went up alone," we breathe a farewell benediction and confer upon him the lasting title of true nobility. The theology expressed in the closing stanza is peculiar; but in this connection it seems justified. For it appears plausible that Jim, who had lived a useful self-sacrificing life, although "he wernt no saint" and had died for men, would run a good chance at judgment,

"Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him."

It is probable that we could not make a mistake should we say that if many of our church-goers would exhibit more of the qualities of the heroes which John Hay has conceived, the world would be much better for their being in it.

GEORGE C. HAYES, '93.

SECOND SIGHT.

HEBREW XI-1.

Beneath all form and rite and creed,
Behind all hymn and litany,
Beyond all outward word or deed,
My heart makes search, O Lord for Thee.

Unreal to my weary mind
Thy very truths and sacraments,
Unless in Thee Thyself I find,
And find in Thee their inner sense.

I sorely need Thee for my friend ;
Without Thee all is loneliness !
Where, but in Thee, can wandering end—
Who else can cure a soul's distress ?

O Son of God and Son of Man !
Thou knowest what I cannot say,
I hold Thee fast as best I can ;
Thrust not my feeble faith away.

Forgive me that I cannot speak
What once I thought so well I knew !
I only know my flesh is weak—
I only know that Thou art true.

My willing spirit bends to Thee,
And in the watches of my night,
It is my sole security
That what Thou orderest must be right.

Come nearer, Lord ! beside me stand,
And help me praise where once I grieved,
Bring me to Thine unshadowed land
With them who saw not, yet believed.

Chicago, Ill.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, '72.

Editors' Table.

HAMILTON COLLEGE AND A LATIN-SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

We would define a Latin-Scientific Course as one in which natural science predominates over the humanistic studies. Its aim, like that of the classical course, is a general education. We must emphasize this point. There are colleges who offer a Scientific Course without any Latin, with just enough French and German to read a scientific treatise, without history and mental science. Such a college is a scientific school or technological institute and is not entitled to the name of college. Its studies are all "utility studies" that afford no culture worth speaking of. It trains civil and mechanical engineers, architects, dentists, etc. The Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, Conn., has a course of this stamp and bestows the degrees of B. Ph., C. E. etc. The Rutgers College Scientific Department has six different courses, one in Agriculture, one in Chemistry, one in Civil Engineering and Mechanics, etc. Rochester University has a Scientific Course without any Latin whatever, but with two terms of German and two of French. Such courses afford a very narrow education and are often mere "short cuts" of the specialist, and of young men who had a deficient early schooling. We have no such course or department in mind. We mean a course that will run parallel with our classical one. Instead of the Greek of the latter, more required Natural Science, Geology, Physics, Biology, Mathematics, French and German. The same amount of Latin but different reading, Eloquence, Rhetoric, English, Moral and Mental Science, History and Political Economy. The degree to be either B. S. or B. Ph. if that is preferred. The students to have the same rights, privileges and obligations. We would not give the degree of A. B. to any student without Greek. A. B. has always implied Greek and it is to be regretted that two large institutions, the Johns Hopkins and Harvard, break the long line of its history. But the Johns Hopkins has always treated its Collegiate department in a stepmotherly fashion. Its three years course is only a short cut to a specialty and a kind of local preparatory school to the University. For our course the requirements for admission in Latin, Mathematics, English and History would be the same as for the Classical Course. In addition French and German or one of the two might be required. It will not be a difficult matter to settle, in which studies the A. B. and B. S. students can be together, in which they must be separated. Classes of '40 we divide even now, and we can handle classes of 60

or 70 as conveniently in two divisions. Our excellent department of Rhetoric and Elocution would be very beneficial to the B. S. student. There has been much talk about the substitution of French and German for Greek. We do not at all believe in it. We want to keep the classical course entirely intact. We want to do more, we would strengthen it. Furnish us the means to strengthen and expand the A. B. course and you furnish us at the same time the means for a B. S. course. For Natural Science new and ample provision must be made in our college. The following are the usual scientific chairs in colleges: 1, Physics and Mechanics. 2, Chemistry. 3, Geology, Palaeontology, Mineralogy. 4, Biology, with Zoology. 5, Botany. 6, Astronomy. The traditional chair of Natural History covers a multitude of subjects, which are now generally distributed. Once there was a Professorship of languages. The poorer colleges cannot afford as many different chairs as are enumerated above. They often combine 1 and 6, 4 and 5, or Chemistry and Mineralogy as we do. For a Geological department Hamilton College is situated in the most favored region on the Continent. Within walking distance of Knox Hall are geological deposits which Professors, with their classes, from other institutions travel hundreds of miles to see. Our Oren Root Collection contains specimens from our immediate neighborhood and from all over the State that cannot be had for love or money. And by whom were they collected? By a man who with Peters and Silliman belonged to the old encyclopedic group of scholars in this country, who tried to cover the whole field of science in their investigations; by a man, who taught all the Mathematics now in our course, and yet lectured on Geology, Mineralogy, Conchology and optional Botany. These sciences have developed so now, that they demand specialists in each and Hamilton College to keep up, rather to catch up, with the times must provide for these branches. Geology especially has made rapid strides in advance. It was a mere babe 30 years ago. It is a young Titan now, that engages a whole man's best ability, energy and attention. Biology has never been taught at all here. Rutgers College has it in its Classical Course, Freshman year, required two hours a week. Nor have we ever made of Physics, what should be made of it as a disciplinary study.

We will anticipate here an objection, viz., before we strike out in a new line, let us strengthen what we have. You cannot do one without the other. With two new chairs now included under Natural History we could do both. We should only need in addition a couple of tutors to help out in Mathematics, Latin and Modern Languages. We need a Librarian very much. He could give four or five hours instruction a week without seriously neglecting his chief duty.

Nine-tenths of the natural Science required of the B. S. students would be elective for the A. B. students. We have a course of six terms (2 years) in Chemistry and Mineralogy. It is the only full science course now provided. We have a Professor of Moral Science, one of Mental Science, one of Political Science. Are we not open to the objection made by a Junior in his discussion? (see page 201 of this Magazine), "Owing to the advanced standard of admission, the study of the classics

college without a well equipped gymnasium can scarcely be found. But they do not stop here, there is a constant effort made to enlarge the old gymnasia and to improve and perfect the old systems, giving more advantages and more encouragement to this department. We say department, for as such it has come to be recognized, and in many institutions to the extent that a certain amount of training is required as a part of the college curriculum. And already as a result of the increased interest in bodily development, America is taking front rank in the development of the physical man. It is said that photographs of some of our typical athletes have recently been sent to Germany to be used in the art museums in the attempt to classify Greek statuary. This is more than a compliment, for it is believed to indicate the conviction of scientists of the unity of man, and that if exercises be continued there will be the same results as were realized by the practice of similar exercises over two thousand years ago. Physical examinations and measurements have proved that the body can be improved by systematic training patiently continued, and that the advantages of a well developed physique are well worth the pains taken to acquire it. Thus it is in answer to the great demands which professional life makes upon the physical constitution of those who enter it, that colleges are giving magnificent gymnasia to students with the injunction to improve the body.

Notwithstanding the encouragements given to athletics and the inducements offered by base-ball, foot-ball, and general athletics, there are comparatively but few who participate in healthful sports and exercises. The reasons urged are usually these: a lack of time and the belief that enough development or progress can not be made to make it profitable. Now no student can conscientiously make the first excuse named. Too often more time is used in unprofitable ways than is necessary for systematic training. Ten minutes each day is sufficient to keep the flesh hard and firm, and but little more time is required for a great degree of muscular development, if the time is regularly given. Besides this, one's health demands more exercise than many students take. Then we owe a duty to ourselves in acquiring as great physical powers as possible. Again lack of faith in attaining ability in any line of athletic work perhaps is the greatest hindrance to the cause of athletics in college. The fact is, each man is fitted for something, and he can not tell what he can do until he makes an earnest trial. The physical characteristics of men distinguished for great speed, strength, and endurance have been revealed only by the long continued practice of athletic sports.

We have given some general reasons why men should embrace all opportunities for physical development, but there is one reason in particular which should appeal with great force to every loyal student of Hamilton, and that is, it is every man's duty to contribute what he can, during the season just before us, to aid Hamilton in taking even a higher position in athletics than she has ever taken heretofore. The prospects for Hamilton's future in the various fields of her activity have never been brighter; but how a little neglect in our athletics the coming season might impair that brightness. We can not confidently rest upon our past

provide for them in a regular course. But the faculty, as it is now, cannot do it. In 1875 we had a professor of Physics. In his place we have a Professor of Natural History. The trustees must provide the new chairs and instructors, and that they may do it, our Alumni must furnish them the money. It seems the more exasperating to have to turn away students when our dormitories are so empty. For almost two-thirds of our students live in Society Halls and private houses. Our treasury feels this change only too much. The Society Halls are full. The new comers will have to go into the dormitories and pay rent to the college. We are not for more students at any price and under any condition. Far be it from us! We are not for starting a preparatory school, or for the revival of a sham law school. But we do believe that our one A. B. course is not enough, does not satisfy the demands of the times. We are convinced that our A. B. course in its last years should be strengthened and expanded on the Natural Science side and that, if we do this, we can with very little extra help start a regular B. S. course, and a course without sham that would be a credit to our Alma Mater. There is a demand for it. We have many applications. One Alumnus has three sons. The oldest graduated here, the second went to Michigan University for a Latin-Scientific Course, the third one though a classical student joined the second one at Ann Arbor. We know of a city high school, not far from us. Its head and its assistant are loyal Hamilton Alumni. In that school are now five students, who would come here next fall, if we had a B. S. course. Surely there is a demand for this course. There is room for its students, of whom a larger proportion than of classical students are paying ones. There is need of the new course, because it will at the same time strengthen the old one. Standing still with our one course means to lose ground.

We are glad that our Western Alumni have taken up this matter. Give them the representation among the permanent trustees that they reasonably demand, and they will furnish the where-withall to enlarge our borders. At a great celebration in Oriel College, Oxford, one of the speakers said truly, "A college, like man, is never quite happy; but it always is to be. Its hopes are immortal, though its methods may change and its members pass away."

ATHLETICS.

Our age has been characterized in many ways and by many different names, but it has seldom been styled an age of athletics; nevertheless it is not inappropriate to thus distinguish it. Perhaps not since ancient times has the great value of physical culture been so thoroughly appreciated as now. Never has there been so much genuine activity in physical training in colleges and in private athletic circles as at present. Colleges have come more and more to recognize its importance, until now a

REUNION OF THE CENTRAL NEW YORK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The second annual reunion of the Central New York Alumni Association was held Friday evening, February 20, at Oneida Hall, Utica; and the loyal sons of Hamilton have again had the pleasure of looking into the faces, and taking the hands of their old college friends. It was a source of much pleasure to us undergraduates, present by the courtesy of the Association, to watch our older brothers as they made new friendships or revived old ones; and talked themselves back to their student days, which were spent in this fair spot, where "Calm learning thrills our listening hills with sounds that sanctify."

Of those who might well turn toward these "listening hills" when they thank their Allah for the blessing of a liberal education and the consequent capacity for usefulness, the following were present: President Henry Darling; Dr. F. H. Peck, '79, G. E. Dunham, '79, E. D. Mathews, '73, George V. Edwards, '91, P. L. Wight, '91, M. E. Dodge, '90, E. C. Morris, '89, H. Platt Osborne, '91, J. M. Martin, '92, W. T. Couper, '92, A. W. Gray, '92, Duncan C. Lee, '91, E. L. Hockridge, '89, W. M. Collier, '89, A. R. Kessinger, '88, T. L. Cross, '81, Hon. M. H. Merwin, '52, Professor Clinton Scollard, '81, D. G. Dorrance, '72, J. W. Rayhill, '74, Rev. R. L. Bachman, '71, Charles H. Searle, '69, J. D. Griffith, '73, C. M. Huntington, '84, Dr. H. Shumway, '84, Henry Darling, '85, L. N. Southworth, '69, Professor Clarence S. Geer, '90, C. L. Stone, '71, Bradley Sheppard, '91, Walstein Root, '90, H. D. Cunningham, '66, Rev. Dr. W. H. Maynard, '54, Elia S. Yovchoff, '77, Dr. F. F. Laird, '77, Professor A. M. Scripture, A. M. Wright, '72, Professor Edward Fitch, '86, Dr. Jessup, '64, Josiah Perry, '77, Edward Curran, '56, Hon. W. M. White, '54, James Bailey, '45, Professor A. G. Benedict, '72, Professor A. S. Hoyt, '72, Professor Oren Root, '56, J. H. Cunningham, '66, Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Hudson, '51, Fred H. Gouge, '71, Frank S. Williams, '81, B. L. Peck, '91, Rees Pugh, '84, Alfred C. Coxe, '68. Other guests were Andrew McMillan, superintendent of the Utica public schools; Dr. Edward J. Hamilton, Clinton; Professor Curtis, C. C. Benedict, Oneida.

Shortly before the banquet hour, Hon. Wm. M. White, President of the Association, called a preliminary business meeting, and upon the report of the committee on nominations, Professor Root, Hon. A. C. Coxe and C. L. Stone, the following officers were elected: President, Hon. William M. White, Utica; vice president, Hon. W. H. Northrup, Syracuse; treasurer, L. N. Southworth, Utica; secretary, Frank S. Williams, Utica; executive committee, one year, A. Gardiner Benedict, Clinton; Emmett J. Ball, Utica; Fred M. Calder, Utica; two years, J. H. Cunningham, Utica, George E. Dunham, Utica; three years, A. R. Kessinger, Rome; Harrison Hoyt, Syracuse. The business meeting adjourned; and after divine blessing had been invoked by Rev. Dr. Bachman, Jacobs' Orchestra struck up a lively strain and the banqueters were seated. When they had done justice to the excellent menu, toastmaster White gave a most hearty and interesting address of welcome, to which President Darling responded in his usual happy manner. Then

triumphs, for a most critical period has been reached, and more requirements than ever before will be made from us if we continue to hold the pennant of the State Inter-collegiate Association. We believe that we shall hold it for we have the material to insure this confidence. What the most urgent need is, that this material may be developed. We have every reason to expect that much new material will be developed this season, for the new gymnasium will give an impetus to the athletic spirit. Now let there be a much greater number to train this year, and let the subscriptions be liberal, in order that we may not fall short of our very sanguine expectations. A trainer should be secured at once and work should begin in good earnest immediately after the spring vacation. Let every man prepare.

SOPER MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM.

Seldom in the history of Hamilton have the students had greater reason for rejoicing than at present. Immediately following the \$100,000 Fayerweather bequest comes the assurance that Middle College will soon be transformed into a gymnasium.

The building when completed, will be called the Soper Memorial Gymnasium in honor of the late Albert W. Soper of Chicago. Thirty years ago Mr. Soper was a resident of Rome, N. Y., and moved from there to Chicago where he was eminently successful as a lumber merchant. The funds necessary to carry the plan of Architect Frederick H. Gouge, '70, of Utica, into execution are furnished by the three sons of Albert W. Soper,—Arthur W. Soper, of New York City, Alexander C. Soper and James P. Soper, of Chicago.

The first floor will be left in the main as it is. The second floor, access to which will be from the south hall, will be furnished with a running track around the outer edge while the interior will be given up to the ball nine. The northwest partition will be left standing to serve as a back-stop thus giving, a space of sixty feet for the battery. The third story will be reached by a somewhat ornamental stairway and will be the gymnasium proper. The upper floor will be taken out and the east and west walls lowered producing a very steep roof of about the present height.

Middle College has for a long time been of no value as a dormitory. The building of fraternity chapter houses has so increased the available space that we have room for more than two hundred students without Middle College which is in such a poor condition that it would have cost five or six thousand dollars at least to make it fit for a dormitory.

The new gymnasium is only one more step gained for the furtherance of athletic sports. The first step was the interest manifested by both faculty and students. Now that we have secured so much let us still continue striving to advance the interests of athletics and of the college at the same time.

—Work on the new athletic track will begin with the opening of Spring. Dr. Chester has had the drain system perfected and with filling and levelling, we will have the finest college track in the league.

—The "raging Oriskany" was higher the 26th ult. than it has been for years. Heavy rains had swollen it until it overflowed its banks. College street was inundated and travel seriously impeded.

—Frasure, '92, is the Hamilton representative on the editorial board of *The College Man*, an inter-collegiate publication that seeks to advance the interest in literary competition among the colleges represented.

—The Faculty has issued a second edition of the Annual Catalogue. The new cover and frontispiece are decided improvements, and the students and other friends of the College will appreciate the change.

—A bright story from the pen of Miss Frances, daughter of President Darling, has appeared in the *New York Observer*. It received honorable mention in the recent prize competition conducted by the *Observer*.

—Professor Hamilton lectured in Scollard Opera House; March 4, for the benefit of the local G. A. R. The subject was "The Battle of the Wilderness." The Glee and Banjo Clubs assisted in the entertainment.

—"Hardie" Richardson of the Bostons has finished his work of coaching the ball team, and has gone South to practice with his own team. Under his direction the work of the College nine has improved materially.

—Dr. Terrett delivered a powerful address on the Prohibition amendment question in City Hall, Utica, March 23. An organization in the interest of the amendment will be effected at the opening of the Spring term.

—Among the old Hamilton men recently seen on the Hill have been Hon. Elihu Root, '66; Blue, '77; Stone, '78; E. B. Root, '83; Cary, '84; Mitchell, '88; Collier and Badgley, '89; Sharp, Smith, Burton, Kittinger, Root, '90, Brockway, '91.

—It is rumored that Jermain G. Porter, '73, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been offered the Astronomical chair. He is director of the Cincinnati Observatory and is well known as an author of Astronomical works. His election would be well received.

—Elia S. Yovchoff, '77, of Sofia, East Roumelia, has visited the Hill. He is now an exile from his country, banished for demanding through the columns of his paper the rights of the people against the government. He addressed the E. L. S. during his visit.

—At a college meeting held March 7, the following officers of the Football Association were elected for the ensuing year: Manager, J. M. Curran, '92; secretary and treasurer, George F. Wood, '92; Directors: for '92, George S. Budd; for '93, C. R. La Rue; for '94, Winslow Judson.

—Professor Hamilton's criticism of Professor Schurman's new book, in the *New York Observer* has attracted much attention. The proof sheets of his new logic—"the Modalist," have been returned to Ginn & Co., and the work will appear before Commencement. It will be used first by the class of '92.

followed the toasts which showed that the former occupants of this "Modern Home of Oratory" have not forgotten the training of their college days. The toasts were as follows: "Hamilton College," Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Hudson; "The Trustees," Mr. C. L. Stone, '71; "The Faculty," Rev. Professor Arthur S. Hoyt, '72; "The College in the Pulpit," Rev. Dr. William H. Maynard, '54; "Hamilton in the Law," Judge Coxe, '68; "The College in Medicine," Dr. F. H. Peck, '79; Hamilton and Utica," Mr. Edward D. Mathews, '73; "Why America is better than any other country," Mr. Elia S. Yovchoff, '77; "The Hamilton Boy," Mr. H. D. Cunningham, '66; "The Coming Alumni," Mr. Duncan C. Lee, '91; "The Alumni of Hamilton," Mr. George E. Dunham, '79.

AROUND COLLEGE.

- Yes,
- \$100,000
- Is very good; but—
- \$300,000 is what we want.
- Sliding over: A good time to return those sleds you "snaked."
- Brainerd is the Senior class photographer.
- Four of the six Commencement speakers at Auburn are Hamilton men.
- Many collegians enjoyed the Delsarte entertainment at "Houghton," March 9.
- Rev. O. A. Kingsbury, Yale '66, of New York, has been the guest of Dr. Hamilton.
- March 11, Lee, '91, was in New York attending the wedding of his brother, T. H. Lee, '83.
- The next person to pun the name Fayerweather ought to be punished severely. One exception—Prex.
- Competition for the Curran and Hawley classical medals is very brisk. "Round goes the golden wheel." Who will win?
- The under-classmen enjoyed a short vacation in the Mathematical Department, while Professor Root was nursing his sprained arm.
- As soon as the proposals and bids for the new gymnasium have been accepted, the work will be begun and pushed forward rapidly to completion.
- The athletic teams have been photographed by Gardner & Frey. The photos will appear in the *Hamiltonian*, which the editors affirm will be out "in about two weeks" (?)
- Political Economy with Professor Terrett will be a Junior third term required subject hereafter, taking the place of Astronomy. Beginning with '92, Astronomy will be required third term Senior.

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—The Library has had an unusual number of additions as gifts during the past month. The increase in the number of students found in the Library and of books used each day shows the advantage of the new system of classification over the old. In progress, the Library is not a whit behind the other departments of the college.

—P. A. Burdick, the temperance orator, delivered a second series of lectures in the Stone Church, February 16—23. The fact that Clinton elected a no-license commissioner at the recent election, indicates the success of the meetings and the work done by the friends of the cause. The Glee Club sang at the last lecture.

—The athletic training has been interfered with seriously by the heavy college work incidental to the end of the winter term. After vacation, practice and training should be begun in earnest. Manager Northrop is negotiating for the services of "Billy" Elkes to assist in bringing the State championship to Hamilton again this year.

—The following newspapers are represented in College: *New York Tribune*, Adams, '91; *New York Sunday Times, Mail and Express* and *Utica Herald*, Hooker, '92; *Utica Press*, Osborne, '91; *Albany Journal*, Frasure, '92; *Syracuse Courier*, Northrup, '91; *Boston Herald*, Wight, '91; *Inter Ocean* and *New York Post*, Lee, '91. A Press Club will be organized at once.

—George H. Feltus, '91, G. S. Budd, O. T. Fletcher, and P. S. Stoeff, '92, represented Hamilton at the Inter-National Convention of Student Volunteers for Foreign Missions, held in Cleveland, Ohio, Feb-26—March 1. Over 600 delegates were present and 152 Colleges represented. In many respects it was one of the most wonderful conventions ever held in America.

—Manager Sheppard is doing well in arousing base-ball interest at this time of the year, and this work leads us to predict a successful season for the team in the Spring. While the make-up of the nine has not been settled finally, it is expected that the following men will find places: Northrop, Hayden, Sheppard and Mills, '91, Welsh, Allison, Davis and Willard, '92, and Rice and Payne, '94.

—The College was well represented at the State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held in Lockport, February 19—22. In addition to the regular delegates, Professors Kelsey and Wilkes, '91, attended. The "pink" was seen on all sides and appeared to be the popular color. Hamilton was honored in having George B. Swinnerton, '92, elected Assistant Secretary for the coming year.

—The annual election of officers of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in Silliman Hall the evening of the 5th. Reports of retiring officers showed the association to be in a very prosperous condition. The officers elected for the ensuing year are, President, George F. Wood, '92; vice-president, John B. Hooker, Jr., '92; corresponding secretary, Charles E. Orsler, '93; treasurer, Alexander Wouters, '93; recording secretary, Leroy F. Ostrander, '94.

He held a crib within his hand,
 It had no further use;
 He'd "bled" in Biblical "Exam,"
 Was happy as the deuce.
 He touched it off with lighted match
 His chum reproof then spoke;
 He silent was, at first, and then
 Low muttered,—*"Holy Smoke."*

P. L. W., '91.

—At a harmonious and quiet '91 class meeting held February 27, the following commencement officers were elected: Class Day—President, Bayard L. Peck; orator, Philip M. Ward; poet, William H. Kelley; historian, Thomas L. Coventry; prophet, Samuel H. Adams; presentation committee, Thomas E. Hayden, Frank B. Hathaway and James W. Fowler. Campus Day—President, George H. Harkness; orator, George M. Weaver; poet, Albert H. Dewey; responses—class '92, J. B. Hooker, Jr.; class '93, Alexander Wouters; class '94, Leroy F. Ostrander. Senior Ball committee, Bradley Sheppard, Frank B. Hathaway, Percy L. Wight. Invitation committee—Eugene H. Northrop, Henry P. Osborne, Charles A. Mills. Executive committee, Albert E. Stuart, Duncan C. Lee, George H. Feltus.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

—The West Point Military Academy is to have a new building costing \$450,000.

—The college physician at Yale has advised the discontinuing of the tug-of-war.

—Columbia College has furnished thirteen bishops and thirteen college presidents.

—The trustees of Cornell have decided to build a Law School building, as well as an annex to the gymnasium.

—Bowdoin students are required to file on their admission a bond of \$200, with sureties, as security for term bills and charges.—*Exchange.*

—There are so few students taking a classical course at Cornell that some of the academic professors have threatened to resign.—*Exchange.*

—The glee club at Rutgers has discarded "swallow tails," and will hereafter appear at its concerts in gowns and mortar boards.—*Exchange.*

—It is reported that the heir of John Jacob Astor's immense fortune, William Waldorf, has promised to give \$1,000,000 to endow a negro university in Oklahoma.—*Exchange.*

—The Dartmouth College Glee Club have made a rule under which each man must be present at every rehearsal or give a sufficient excuse. Three unexcused absences will expel a man from the club.

—Princeton has given her country nine of the fifteen college graduates who sat at the constitutional convention, one President, two Vice-Presidents, twenty-eight Governors of States, 171 Senators and Congressmen.

—Last year three colleges completed Y. M. C. A. buildings. Cornell at a cost of \$60,000, Hamilton at a cost of \$30,000, and Johns Hopkins of \$20,000. These colleges are enthusiastic over the success of their efforts. —*Exchange*.

—By the will of a millionaire chemist of Philadelphia the University receives \$700,000. Of this amount \$500,000 goes to the Towne Scientific School for purchase of implements or the erection of buildings or both, and \$200,000 to the University, to be used to pay free scholarships and to furnish needy students with the means to pursue their studies. No student is to receive more than \$350 a year and not longer than five years. The student forfeits the scholarship if he indulges in tobacco or becomes intoxicated.

—The following tables show the attendance at our large colleges. The figures were collected by the *U. of M. Daily* and are authentic: University of Michigan, 2,377; Harvard, 2,276; Northwestern University, 1,914; University of Pennsylvania, 1,754; Columbia, 1,709; Yale, 1,645; Cornell, 1,356; Princeton, 850; Toronto has 750 in Arts and Medicine. The attendance of the different Law Schools are as follows: Columbia, 589; University of Michigan, 580; Harvard, 299; University of Pennsylvania, 173; Northwestern University, 145; Cornell, 218; Yale, 116.—*Exchange*.

EXCHANGES.

—It seems as though the aim of College journalism should be above the desire to amuse or to help kill a spare hour.

—A rather strange typographical error stole into our exchange department in the last issue, and one which we would gladly let go unmentioned if we could consistently, the correction would consist in substituting "*Nassau Lit.*," for "*Vassar Lit.*,"

—The *Chautauquan* for March is even better than usual. Its great diversity of subjects, its fine list of contributors, who seek to impart their knowledge with the greatest possible brevity, make it a great educator. This is the students' magazine and should be so considered.

—Some Personal and Old Age Memoranda, by Walt Whitman, is an interesting collection of the events and experiences in the life of Whitman as recalled by himself. Immediately following this is an able paper by Horace L. Teaubel—"Walt Whitman, Poet and Philosopher and Man."

—If fiction is to make up the college *Lit.*, why waste our energies in stories without plots, stories with no portrayal of character, with no

germ of truth for which humanity seeks, stories with a single virtue, the virtue of a narcotic. Yet each month brings an increasing stock of such stories, but without doubt a reaction is near at hand, and already we have seen signs of it in the better publications.

—The March number of *Lippincott's* contains several very interesting contributions. The special feature of the number is from the pen of Frederick S. Cozzens entitled, "The Sound of a Voice or The Song of the Débardaur." The scene of the story is laid in Paris and reveals many peculiarities which characterize life in the gay French capital. The story is pleasingly written and replete with interest.

—The *Cosmopolitan* for March, although not quite up to its usually commendable standard in certain departments, is perhaps enough better in others to make up the deficiency. Some of the articles are very finely illustrated, of which "Beauty of the French Stage," and "The Cream City" are especially worthy of notice. The departments of "Current Topics" by Murat Halstead, and "Social Problems," by Edward Everett Hale, are excellent features of this magazine, while the article "On Certain Recent Volumes of Verse" by Brander Matthews is a real treat.

—*Harper's Weekly* for February 21, presents an attractive and instructive article on Rutgers College. The history of the college from its charter to the inauguration of President Scott on February 4, is concisely told. The present faculty numbers 26, and the roll call of students 200. Besides the classical course, Rutgers has added a scientific course to the college curriculum which although having but a comparatively short existence embraces six branches of study,—Chemistry, Civil Engineering and Mechanics, Electricity, Agriculture and a course of lectures on subjects of practical benefit to the farmer. This last course of instruction to be free to all who desire it.

CLIPPINGS.

PRIDE IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

As once a Senior came walking by,
With stately step and slow,
A Junior stood upon the roof
And shoveled off the snow.

The calm and reverend Senior said,
With tone of gentle reproof,
"Say, bold and haughty Junior, say,
You'd better come off the roof."

The Junior answered never a word,
'Gainst needed instruction proof,—
Just then he slipped, and shovel in hand,
The Junior came off the roof.

—Bates Student.

POT-POURRI.

They were engaged. She came to him
 With eyes that glowed as hot as Hades,
 And said, with angry look and grim,
 "I'm told, sir, you have kissed two ladies."

"Why, darling, how absurd your rage?"
 He, laughingly, cried, "'Twas but in fun;
 Together add both maidens' age,
 'Twould but amount to twenty-one."

Her anger soon was laughed away;
 She only thought of ten and eleven.
 Her eyes again shown bright as day,
 Reflecting there the lover's heaven.

O rogue! Though what you said was true,
 She did not know the truths between,
 That one of them was only two,
 The other temptress—sweet nineteen.

—*Exchange.*

TEMPORA NON MUTANTUR.

When Juno and Minerva came
 With Venus to the Mount of Ida,
 And each to beauty's crown laid claim,
 With Trojan Paris for decider,

Each goddess strove to back her passion
 With presents, rich and rare and dear,
 'T was Paris then that set the fashion
 And Paris sets it, too, this year.

—*Yale Record.*

—"Did any man ever kiss you before, darling?" "Before—to-day?
 No, Edward, you are the first." And the recording angel didn't need
 to drop a tear to blot out the fib, for he was the first that had kissed her
 that day.

—He (singing softly)—"Oh, would I were a bird!" She (absent
 minded)—"Oh, would I were a gun!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

HOME RULE.

Before we were married, my Bessie and I,
 I thought I had reached to the summit of bliss,
 When roughly smiling, she'd say on the sly,
 "We've quarrelled enough, now give me a kiss."

But now we are married, it's different quite,
 For almost each day there's some little slip,
 And thus she will bring to an end every fight,
 "We've quarrelled enough, now none of your lip!"

—*Brunonian.*

AT THE MENAGERIE.

—"I think there's a storm Bruin," said the Fox. "Stop your Lion,"
 roared the Bear. "Well, I'm not a Boa, if I am a crawler," said the Black
 Snake. Then they gave three cheers and a Tiger, and passed the growler.
 —*Yale Record.*

—Fresh ('94)—“Say, one of the Sophomores brought a dog into chapel this morning.” Fresh (94)—“That’s nothing; why, one of our class brought a horse in yesterday.”—*Yale Record*.

I DID NOT SUIT.

Down on my knees I seize her hand,
That maiden peerless in the land.
“O fair one, let me press my suit!”

With throbbing heart I swear my love
By all the stars that shine above—
Oh, if she’d only follow suit!

Her frigid words my life-blood freeze:
“If you kneel there and bag your knees
I think you’ll have to press your suit.”

—*Brunonian*.

A REVISED VERSION.

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
On this cold hard seat each day!
And I would that my soul could tell me
Just what my papa will say.

O hard is the student’s life
When his lessons are long and tough!
O hard is this Psychic love!
I never can learn the stuff.

And the festive grinds go on
To the head of the class each year;
But O for the sight of a vanished crib,
Or the sound of a voice in my rear!

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
For now it is plain to see,
That the lesson I learned so late last night
Will never come back to me!

—*Brunonian*.

TIREB.

And so you have brought her roses,
And violets just in bloom,
And lilies white as her face to-night,
To put in the darkened room.
She said no word as she fell asleep,
With her hands cross’d on her breast,
For oh! she was tired, tired,
And longed to be at rest.

She waited so long for you, Jack,
And yet you never came.
Your absence broke her heart, Jack,
But *you* she’d never blame.
She said: “My Love will aye be true,
And all his pledges keep,
But I’m tired, oh! so tired,”
And, sighing, she fell asleep.

And now you’ve come too late, Jack,
And the final struggle is o’er.

A weary soul and a worn-out frame
 Are weary and worn no more
 She passed away like a tired child
 That has played all the afternoon,
 And is lulled to sleep by the whispering woods
 And the flowers and the brooklet's croon.

So we'll put this rose in her hair, Jack,
 And the violets here in her hand,
 And when she awakes from her tired sleep,
 Their meaning she'll understand.
 She'll know that her Love *was* always true,
 And every pledge *did* keep;
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 So hush! we'll let her sleep.

—*The Varsity*

—Paper Weight (to Lamp): "In what way are you going to deny yourself during lent?" Lamp (to Paper Weight): "Oh, I don't know. Guess I'll give up smoking."

—First Junior: "Going to train this year?" Second Junior: "No; too busy." First Junior: "Why, are you studying for a special degree, or writing, or anything of that kind?" Second Junior: "No; new meer-schaum."—*Yale Record*.

If you offer your hand to some fair maid,
 As to wedding perhaps she'll scoff;
 But if you offer it to a circular-saw
 The affair will most likely come off.

—*Exchange*.

UNMASKED.

We had danced together beneath the gleam
 Of the warm gaslight from the chandeliers,
 And I told my heart 'twas a fleeting dream,
 But my heart was bold and would have no fears,
 For I felt her breath as it touched my hair,
 And her great brown eyes, with their piercing gaze,
 Gleamed out from her mask, while her lips so fair.
 Lay close to mine in the whirling maze.

I led her away as the music died
 In a plaintive strain on the midnight air,
 To a cosy nook in the hallway wide.
 Where the light shone dim on the oaken stair.
 And I held her hand as my heart beat time
 To the rhythmic tones of the ancient clock,
 And the words I whispered were set in the rhyme,
 While the clock kept time with the dull "tick tock."

Then my arm stole gently around her waist,
 And I pressed a kiss on her throbbing brow;
 But just at that moment her mask, displaced,
 Fell down at her feet, I scarce know how.
 I do not remember what followed then,
 For it all seems shrouded in clouds of mist,
 I only know that I fainted when
 I saw 'twas my sister that I had kissed!

—Portion of scripture quoted by a Chicago divine as he looked about him at a full dress party! "'Low—and behold!'"—*Chicago Tribune*.

ALUMNIANA.

Εὐ γὰρ πρὸς εὖ φανεῖται προσθήκη πέλοι.

—Rev. JAMES B. LEE, '86, of Princeton, Ill., has been elected one of the trustees of Monmouth College, at Monmouth, Ind.

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for April contains a paper by General EMMONS CLARK, '47, of New York City, on "Street Cleaning in Large Cities."

—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, '51, has taken a villa in Florence, Italy, from which he will send copy for the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harpers Monthly*.

—Since the beginning of 1891 Rev. Dr. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, '57, has supplied the pulpit of the Collegiate Reformed Church in 5th Avenue at 29th street, New York.

—The proposed removal of Dr. FREDERICK E. BARROWS, '72, to the new state of Washington will leave a *hiatus valde deflendus* in the medical fraternity of Clinton.

—KENDRICK S. PUTNAM, '65, has been elected Chamberlain of the City of Rome; and JOSIAH PERRY, '77, has been elected Corporation Council of the city of Utica.

—Sunday afternoon, February 15, Dr. DELEVAN E. WALKER, '79, president of the Ilion Y. M. C. A., gave an address at Frankfort on the question, "Are the Scriptures Inspired?"

—"The Susan Linn Sage School of Philosophy" is the name of a new department recently organized in Cornell University, with Professor SAMUEL G. WILLIAMS, '52, in the chair of Pedagogy.

—Rev. HENRY WARD, '62, of the East Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, is preaching a series of "illustrated pictured sermons on Bunyan's Holy War." The first in the series was on "the beginning of the War."

—Mrs. ELIZABETH M. ROOT, the mother of LYNOTT B. ROOT, '64, died at her home in New Hartford, February 28, in her 83rd year. She was the widow of Judge P. SHELDON ROOT, a brother of Dr. OREN ROOT, '33.

—The Utica Presbytery has Rev. ISAAC O. BEST, '67, of Clinton, for its moderator; Rev. DANA W. BIGELOW, '65, of Utica, for its stated clerk; and Rev. HENRY M. DODD, '63, of Augusta, for its permanent clerk.

—Rev. Dr. J. H. ECOB, '69, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Albany, has been granted an indefinite leave of absence. He will probably go to St. Augustine, Fla., or make a sea voyage to California.

—The portrait of Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT, '40, for which he has been requested to sit by the trustees of Columbia College, will be painted by DANIEL HUNTINGTON, '36, president of the National Academy of Design.

—As president of the "Illinois Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary," DANIEL GOODWIN, '52, appeals to the legislature of Illinois for \$130,000, to erect new buildings in the suburbs of Chicago. He reports that 786 patients were treated during 1889-91.

—"Richard H. Mather," a memorial address delivered by Rev. Professor H. A. FRINK, '70, commemorates the noble character and faithful life of the late professor of Greek in Amherst College. An expressive portrait accompanies the text.

—In the series of Sunday afternoon temperance addresses delivered during the past winter, very effective presentations of the subject were made by Rev. DWIGHT SCOVEL, '54, Rev. ISAAC O. BEST, '67, Rev. Professor ARTHUR S. HOYT, '72, and Professor A. GARDINER BENEDICT, '72.

—Rev. BYRON BOSWORTH, '50, supplies the pulpit of Grace church in Rochester, the youngest of the eleven Presbyterian churches in that city. It is a mission church with a beautiful edifice in a prosperous location and promises to become a vigorous, self-sustaining centre of gospel influence.

—At the state Y. M. C. A. convention in Lockport, State Secretary W. M. GRIFFITH, '80, made one of his effective appeals which resulted in completing a fund of \$10,000, to be used during the coming year. Mr. Griffith has declined a call to the office of Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Scranton, Pa.

panions of one having the means and the leisure to cultivate scholarly tastes. Mr. Terry had won an honorable place among genealogical writers by his "Notes of Terry Families in the United States." He died in San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1889, and was buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, Conn.

—Hon. WILLIAM B. RUGGLES, '49, has resigned his office as Deputy State Superintendent of Insurance. In 1876 and 1877 Mr. Ruggles represented the first district of Steuben county in the State Assembly. In March, 1883, he was elected State Superintendent of public instruction, and filled this office for three years.

—March 8, Rev. Dr. S. HAWLEY ADAMS, '63, formerly of Chicago, preached an eloquent sermon on "Christian Missions" in the First Methodist Episcopal church in Utica. Dr. Adams' home is now at Clifton Springs, his wife having accepted a responsible position on the Medical staff of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium.

—The Tarrytown *Argus* reports that the success of the recent temperance convention in Tarrytown was largely due to its indefatigable wide-awake treasurer, Rev. CHARLES E. ALLISON, '70, of Yonkers, who was "good-tempered, bold, vigilant, wielding the trenchant blade of wit and humor, like a true and valiant knight of temperance."

—The school principals, superintendents and commissioners of Herkimer, Montgomery and Fulton, have formed what is called a tri-county educational council, with Principal S. REED BROWN, '84, of St. Johnsville, president, and Principal FRANK S. TISDALE, '88, of Frankfort, secretary. The aim of this council is to improve the public school system.

—During the absence of Rev. CHARLES C. HEMENWAY, '74, who started for Egypt and Palestine, February 18, the pulpit of the Central Presbyterian Church in Auburn will be supplied by Rev. CHARLES K.

HOYT, '70, of Auburn. The membership of this church has more than doubled since the beginning of Mr. Hemenway's pastorate twelve years ago.

—One of the recent additions to the College Library comes as a gift from Mrs. LUCRETIA S. TERRY, widow of the late STEPHEN TERRY, '64, of Hartford, Conn. The seventy volumes presented by Mrs. Terry include the commentaries of Lange, and other books that will be equally servicable to students. They are books that would be selected as the com-

—At the New York banquet of the Alumni of La Fayette College one of the responses was made by Rev. Dr. THOMAS S. HASTINGS, '48, president of Union Theological Seminary; at the New York banquet of the Alumni of Rochester University, one of the responses was to have been made by ROBERT S. RUDD, '79, of New York City. Both are Hamilton graduates.

—Who on the long roll of alumni can point to a better family record than Rev. Dr. ADDISON K. STRONG, '42? He has a wife and five children living, and twenty living grandchildren. He has a son in the ministry, Rev. Edward K. Strong, Bloomington, Ill.; three sons-in-law in the ministry; one son-in-law a physician; one son-in-law, professor of English Literature in Pratt's Institute, Brooklyn.

—CHARLES C. KELLOGG, '49, gives its name to one of the largest and most prosperous manufacturing firms in Utica. So numerous and pressing are the orders received by C. C. Kellogg & Co. that every bench, machine and corner is fully occupied for twelve hours a day. These orders for furnishing the interiors of buildings come from New York, Georgia, Connecticut, Colorado, and Mexico.

—The *Evening Post* reports that a petition has been circulated among the members of the Middle Class in the Columbia Law School, in which the petitioners ask that they may be graduated at the close of the present term of study. They ask this in view of the fact that they entered the Law School under the impression that their LL. B. diplomas would be signed by Warden THEODORE W. DWIGHT, '40.

—REV. WILLIAM C. SCOFIELD, '47, has retired from the pastorate of the Tabernacle church in Washington, D. C., where in a service of three years he accomplished a remarkable work, in adding to the membership of the church, and in relieving heavy pecuniary liabilities. Mr. Scofield is an attractive power in the pulpit, and responds to the frequent calls that reach him at his home in Washington, 322 C street, N. W.

—Mr. Solomon Gillet, a prominent citizen of Elmira, gladdened the heart of President CHARLES VAN NORDEN, '63, of Elmira College, by the gift of \$10,000 for its musical department. And this, it is hoped is only the beginning of good things which he and others in Elmira will do for the college, now entering upon a new era of prosperity. The Musical Department is very flourishing and of a high order, as is also the art department, which should also have a separate building.

—The first sessions of the "Kansas City Theological Institute" for the training of church officers and church members, were held in February,

and occupied a week. Among the speakers were Hon. ANSEL J. NORTH-RUP, '58, of Syracuse, on "The Officers of the Presbyterian Church"; Rev. Dr. WILLIAM N. PAGE, '63, of Leavenworth, Kansas, on "Dealing With Wayward People," and "What I Get my Elders to Do, and What I Wish They Would"; Rev. Dr. EDWARD C. RAY, '70, of Topeka, Kansas, on "The Christian Spirit Needed to Endure Rebuffs in Christian Work."

—Rev. THEODORE S. POND, '60, for twenty-five years a missionary in Syria, has received a new appointment from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He writes that he arrived January 19, at Barranquilla, in Colombia, S. A., a prosperous town, with a population of 18,000 on the coast of the Caribbean Sea. Mr. Pond finds there a promising field for religious and educational work. While learning the language, his Sunday services are conducted in English, with a congregation of English speaking natives and foreigners. For the present Mr. Pond's family remain in Brooklyn.

—In February, Rev. B. F. MILLS, '79, held religious meetings in Marietta, Ohio, Tuesday, February 10. Tuesday was set apart as a special day of prayer. Many of the stores were closed during the hours of service, the schools were let out, and the college held no classes. A deep interest prevailed the assemblies and even got out into the streets. On Wednesday about 500 persons had signified their desire to accept Christ. Marietta College has been deeply affected. Twenty students, out of the forty unconverted ones, have come out for the Master, many of them leading spirits in college life.

—At the risk of encouraging Sunday stayers at home, Rev. WILLIAM H. ALLBRIGHT, '76, of Dorchester, Mass., has yielded to the request of the deacons and standing committee, for the privilege of publishing one of his sermons each month in a pamphlet form. They say, "We desire that the many belonging to our church and congregation, unable because of sickness, infirmity or other cause to be present to join in our Sabbath services, may have some of the helpful ministry of the church worship." The January sermon of this sermon on the text, "The Word of God is Not Round," would have well rewarded a heroic effort to hear it from the pulpit.

—Among the original settlers and proprietors of Farmington, Conn., in the year 1658, were the ancestors (either paternal or maternal) of the late Rev. Dr. SAMUEL H. GRIDLEY, '25, of Waterloo; Hon. HENRY P. NORTON, '28, of Brockport; Professor EDWARD NORTH, '41, of Hamilton College; Rev. Dr. ANSON JUDD UPSON, '43, of Glens Falls; Senator JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, '47, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. A. NORTON BROCKWAY, '57, of New York City; Judge A. JUDD NORTHRUP, '58, of Syracuse; Editor M. H. NORTHRUP, '60, of Syracuse; Editor S. N. DEXTER NORTH, '69, of Boston, Mass.; Dr. WILLIAM P. NORTHRUP, '72, of New York City.

—The creation of a new Circuit Court to act as a relief auxiliary to the United States Supreme Court will impose upon the President the appointment of nine additional Circuit Judges. Among the jurists conspicuously

mentioned in connection with the appointment for the circuit is Judge ALFRED C. COXE, '68, of the United States District Court. His claims are supported by a large and influential backing, including the Republican members of the Legislature. The Republican press of this State is unusually cordial in its approbation of the proposed selection. The *Lockport Journal*, for example, says: "Judge COXE is a nephew of the late ROSCOE CONKLING, and is now a District Judge. He is an able jurist and a polished gentleman. Hosts of friends throughout the State would like to see him promoted as suggested."

—Rev. CHARLES F. JANES, '68, of *The Monthly Gleaner*, shares in the general regret that Rev. ISAAC O. BEST, '67, has withdrawn from the Clinton Grammar School, and will probably resume the duties of a pastorate:

"While none will doubt his efficiency and success as a pastor, many will regret his removal from a school which, under his leadership, has been properly described as a nursery for the christian ministry. Here, really, is an illustration of the work which the Presbyterian Church might do, and could do, in the way of providing means for the educating of her young people. Our Church is not half awake to her possibilities in this direction. Such schools as this 'Grammar School' has been, should be multiplied and well sustained. The future of the Church demands it.

Meantime, whatever Church secures the services of Mr. Best may well be congratulated upon their fortune."

—The *Educational Review* for February has a valuable article on "Heredity and Education" by Rev. Dr. AMONY H. BRADFORD, '67, of Montclair, N. Y. There is food for wholesome thinking in the statement that.

"Evolution works by two factors, namely, heredity, of that which tends to permanence, and environment, or that which tends to variation. The characteristic of the first is that it reproduces the past; of the second, that it adapts to new conditions that which has come from the past. This nature, so wonderfully complex, and so faithfully bearing within it the records of the past, is yet responsive to every touch from without. The environment or surroundings of the child or man always exert a potent sway over him. The influence of the air and the sunshine, of the climate, of town or country, of wealth or poverty, of civilization or barbarism, of care or neglect, of affection or indifference, of everything external, in fact, with which he comes in contact, is momentarily molding him into new forms, and modifying in various ways the nature which he has derived from the past.

Some of these influences are beyond our control, but many of them are within our power, and it is on this well-grounded truth that all our efforts at training, education and self-culture should be based."

—Hon. JAMES S. SHERMAN, '78, has completed two terms of service in the congress of the United States, as representative of the Oneida-Lewis district. He entered upon his duties one of the youngest, if not the youngest, of the members of the 50th congress, without legislative experience. His party was in the minority during his first term, and a young, new member in opposition must possess rare capacity for affairs to make his influence felt in the popular branch of congress. Mr. Sherman was attentive to his duties, and faithful to party principles, loyal to

—MRS. NANCY WHITNEY ROOT, widow of the late Dr. OREN ROOT, '33, died at her home on College Hill, March 27, 1891. The end came quickly and peacefully, from heart failure. Mrs. Root was born in Westminster, Mass., in August, 1812, and was consequently in her seventy ninth year. She was the daughter of Horatio Gates Buttrick, and a grand daughter of Major John Buttrick, a Revolutionary hero. She came to College Hill in 1831, where she was married in 1837 to Professor Oren Root, who was then principal of the Syracuse Academy. They remained in Syracuse until 1850, when they returned to College Hill and occupied the home where they have since resided and where both died. She was the youngest of six sisters. One brother, Colonel EDWIN L. BUTTRICK, '42, of Charleston, West Va., survives. Of her four sons only two survive, Professor OREN ROOT, '56, of Hamilton College, and Hon. ELIHU ROOT, '64, of New York city.

Her husband died a few years ago. The home of the couple was beautiful, not only because of their characters, but because of the adornments and embellishments that illustrated their characters. A flower garden, which was noted for its beautiful arrangement and variety of fine flowers, was especially well cared for by the Professor during life, and by his widow after his death. Mrs. Root was well known to all the friends and students of Hamilton College, and she was esteemed as a friend whose interest in the affairs of the institution amounted almost to devotion. Her character was pure, lovable and noble, and her Christianity was exemplified in all the acts of her daily life. She had been a member of the Presbyterian church in Clinton for half a century. At her funeral, Monday, P. M., many were present from other places. Among these were Dr. M. M. BAGG and Judge M. H. MERWIN, of Utica, Colonel EDWIN L. BUTTRICK, of Charleston, Va.; Hon. ELIHU ROOT, and HAMILTON B. TOMPKINS, of New York; CHARLES L. STONE, of Syracuse. Very impressive services were conducted by Rev. Dr. THOMAS B. HUDSON, and President HENRY DARLING. The Apollo Quartette, of Utica, furnished appropriate singing. The pall-bearers were Professor EDWARD NORTH, Hon. JOSEPH S. AVERY, Rev. E. P. ROWELL, Professors ALBERT H. CHESTER, H. C. G. BRANDT and ARTHUR S. HOYT. The interment was in the College cemetery.

his country and friends, and without effort to attract attention, won place and friendship with the leading Republicans of the house.

The impression he made in his first term was evidenced by the prominence given him in his second, when the Republicans controlled the house. He had a place on the judiciary committee—a decoration sought by the best lawyers of the house—was chairman of the committee on expenditures in the department of justice, and a member of the select committee on the eleventh census. His intelligence, assiduity and never-failing courtesy justified the speaker's selection. The highly important task of preparing the report of the census committee on the application of Tammany for a recount in New York was assigned to Mr. Sherman, and his work in that particular has been widely commended for its clearness, thoroughness and judicial fairness.

—At the Cincinnati Literary Club, January 24, 1891, WILLIAM H. FISHER, '64, read a very interesting paper on the fur-bearing animals of Behring Sea. The habits of the seal were thus described :

"At the opening of May the seals begin to arrive, but the first seals to arrive are the males, and usually the strongest and most enterprising of their sex, and by the close of this month, in the midst of the gray fogs common to these islands in the summer, the male seals in great numbers have come from the vasty deep and taken their position on the lands—positions in most instances obtained by fierce but victorious battles with other bull contestants. Nigh on to the middle of June the cows come in from the ocean. They do not come to visit the bulls, yet they cause among the latter fierce battles for their possession. The cows come to the shore to calve, and within a day or two after their arrival they give birth to a single calf or pup. The cows taken into the custody of the bulls, each bull will have on the average in the spot distinguished as his harem, from fifteen to twenty cows. As there are born about an equal number of bulls and cows, it follows that there are necessarily many bachelor seals. These are usually the weaker among the males, and while they can not technically be said to be driven to the wall, they are, nevertheless, driven away from close proximity to the harems.

The female suckles her pup. For this purpose nature has provided her with four teats, quite inconspicuous, hidden by the hair and the folds of of her skin.

At intervals of from one to two days the females go off to the water, and having fed themselves with sea food return to suckle their young. Among the thousands of bleating pups on the breeding ground the mother distinguishes the bleat of her own little pup, and singling it out by the sound goes to it and gives it nourishment.

The guardian bull savagely defends all pups within his harem."

—The *Chicago Graphic* gives credit to Hamilton College for a part of the under-graduate training of Dr. HENRY WADE ROGERS, '73, who was inaugurated as president of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., February 19. In 1885 Dr. Rogers was appointed Dean of the Law School of Michigan University.

"During the five years of his administration the school has so increased in numbers that it is now the largest law school in America. The attendance during the present year is nearly six hundred.

Dr. Rogers has already achieved a national reputation as a writer on legal topics. He was offered the editorship of a leading law journal, but declined the offer. His work on "Expert Testimony" has already reached a second edition. He has also edited the Illinois Citations. His contributions to legal periodicals have been frequent and important. He was associated with Judges Cooley, Mitchell, Hammond and Wood, in the editorship of the *American Law Register*, of Philadelphia. Among the periodicals of a more popular character to which he has contributed articles on legal subjects, are the *Princeton Review*, *The Forum*, and the *North American Review*. His article in the *North American Review*, in June, 1884, under the title "Harboring Conspiracy," excited general attention at the time. He contributes an introduction of twenty-five pages to a work entitled "Constitutional History as seen in American Law," just published by Messrs. Putnam & Co., in New York.

Dr. Rogers comes to an institution already possessing great resources, and at an interesting stage of its history. Under the administration of the late President Cummings, the attendance became very great; during the present year there were about two thousand students in actual attendance. The number of departments has steadily grown until Northwestern may justly lay claim to that much abused title, "university."

the departments now in active operation are: the College of Liberal Arts, the Academic department, the Colleges of Theology, Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Music, and Oratory. The faculty numbers one hundred and ten professors and instructors."

—The readers of the *New York Evangelist* are grateful to GEORGE H. FARR, '61, of New York, for his loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. HLOE PARMALEE HASTINGS, who died at Mt. Morris, last February, aged 77 years.

"She was the widow of the Hon. George Hastings, who died in 1866, leaving nine children, five by a former marriage. He was a man well known in Western New York, and as widely esteemed for his integrity of character, and useful life.

Hamilton College had the honor to claim him as one of its alumni, together with the Rev. Dr. Eurotas P. Hastings, his brother, now deceased, and a missionary to India, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, his cousin, now president of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, besides many other members of the same family.

He was of the class of 1826, being in college with the late Judge Joseph Bosworth. Mr Hastings was not in any sense a politician, but it can truthfully be said that no man has lived in that community, who commanded the confidence of his fellow citizens to a greater degree. He was elected successively Supervisor, District Attorney, Member of Congress and County Judge, and was honored with numerous other positions of trust. During the twenty-five years since his death his widow has lived at Oak Grove, the beautiful family homestead, situated on high ground to the west of the village, and overlooking the valley of the Genesee, at at most picturesque spot, where it is joined by the narrow valley and realm of the Canaseraga.

Some of the children coming to adult years have taken positions of edit in other places, and those remaining at, or near the old home, enjoy at love and confidence of their neighbors, which it may be said, they have inherited by right of their parentage.

The family connection and acquaintance being large, the Grove has been for two score years and upwards, noted for its hospitality, every Summer season bringing numerous guests, who have always met a cordial welcome. Mrs. Hastings was a worthy helpmeet to so good a man. By the little ones of her kinsfolk and of the villagers she was lovingly called Grandma Hastings. For every troubled, sorrowing one of her acquaintance she had a helpful word of sympathy or advice, or a deed of kindness. For many years she carried on a large Bible class of adults, and her knowledge of the Scriptures was remarkable. To more naturally attractive traits than are often found combined in one character, was added a wonderful degree of faith and trust in the beneficent purposes of the heavenly Father in all His dealings with his children. "She had no fear of death; after infirmities came upon her she longed to go. Her entire life was a beautiful tribute to the power of such a faith, to spiritualize and ennoble poor human nature."

—Rev. Dr. WILLIS J. BEECHER, '58, of Auburn Theological Seminary, gives valid reasons for supporting the smaller colleges:

"In most of the smaller colleges, there is a perfectly definite, avowed, religious point of view. In the sense in which sectarianism is offensive, Rochester or Colgate or Syracuse or Hamilton are no more sectarian than Cornell; but they have each a definite platform on which to stand. Very much is involved in this fact. Experience shows that the ministry to be mainly recruited from colleges that avow their religious platform. If it were really true that these colleges give an inferior training, that would be our misfortune; but we should still be obliged to depend

mainly upon them for our supply of ministers; and all we could do would be to stand by them, and make them as efficient as possible.

Again, though it were conceded that the ordinary local college is relatively inefficient, this is yet the only college accessible to the majority of the men who are preparing for the professions. It is a law of nature, no more to be evaded than any other natural law, that most professional men come from the country, and come from families of relatively narrow incomes. It is another natural law that the oldest and largest and richest institutions become the resort of rich men's sons, and that the standard of expense in them is determined by this fact. It is possible, of course, for a poor country boy to go through one of these institutions, at a cost of perhaps, one third of the amount used by the average student there. But to do this, with self-respect, the boy needs to be either a genius or a hero. Of course, also, if one was stupid enough, he might leave self-respect out of the account. But most aspirants for professional life are neither heroes, geniuses, nor stupid; and therefore, for most of them, the distant and expensive colleges are out of the question except as they have wealth at command. They must have the local colleges, or they will have none at all.

But the inferiority of the local college is not conceded. So far as the college course is concerned, I am willing to take the position that the relatively small colleges, provided they are well equipped and conducted; may fairly be expected to turn out better trained men than larger colleges can.

In many particulars, the students of the two are on substantially equal footing. They will take on an average, nearly the same course of studies, using about the same books and apparatus, and with instructors not greatly differing in grade. Along these lines, the principal difference is that the one student has within a mile of him a thousand more facilities than he can use, while the other has only a hundred more within his reach than can be employed. In other particulars, the student who is one of the hundred and fifty in an institution has great advantages over the student who is one of fifteen hundred. His college acquaintanceships are closer. The simpler machinery of the relatively small college renders it possible to pay more respect to the individuality of the students. There is less danger of regarding the college diploma as an end rather than the means to an end.

In fine, for purposes of college work, as distinguished from long courses of special study, there is no reason why a local college, anywhere should not be as well manned and equipped as if it were metropolitan. Supposing this to be the case, the maximum of efficiency, for average students, ought to be reached when each class has the largest number that can work to advantage in ordinary recitations. When the number is much larger than this, there ceases to be the individual contact of every student with all the others; where the number is smaller, there are fewer fellow students to come into contact with.

This is what we should naturally expect; and I believe that a study of the comparative success of the graduates of American colleges would show that just this result is actually accomplished."

NECROLOGY.

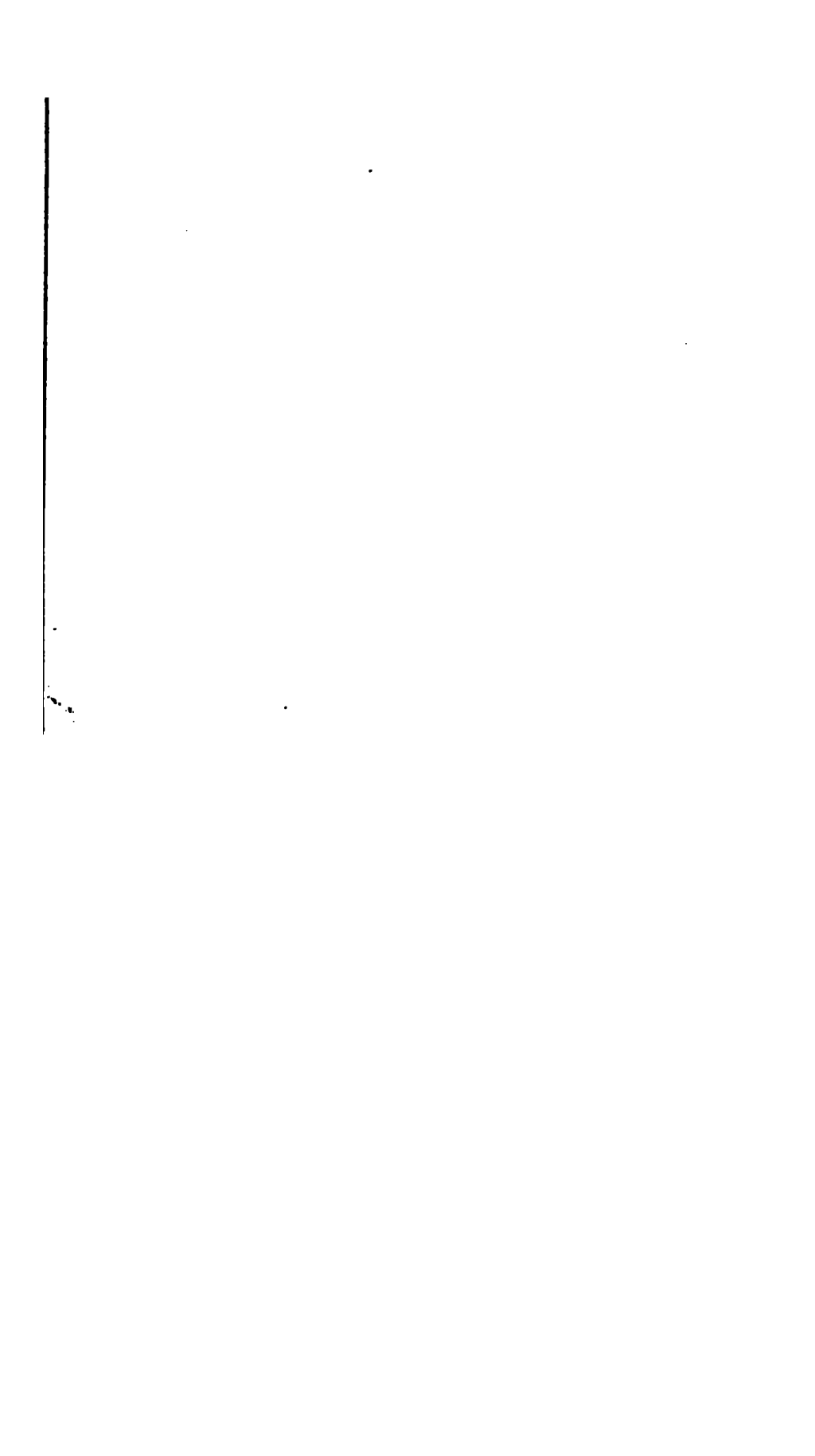
CLASS OF 1835.

Hon. ANSON STOWE MILLER, son of Luther and Phoebe [Wright] Miller, was born in Lee, Oneida county, N. Y., September 24, 1810. He was of New England parentage, and both of his grandfathers were in the battle of Bunker Hill. His preparation for college was made in the classical school of Professor Oliver C. Grosvenor, in Rome, where John Dean Caton, Cal-Vert C. Comstock, and N. B. Judd were his companions in study. In 1838 he was admitted to the bar in Utica, and was married to Miss Alvera S. Rudd, daughter of Jabez F. Rudd and Elizabeth H. Rudd, of Western, Oneida county, N. Y. In 1849 he removed to Rockford, Ill., and began the practice of law with his brother, Cyrus F. Miller. In 1844 he was elected a member of the Illinois State Assembly, and in 1846 was elected a State Senator. In 1858 he delivered the annual oration before the Alumni of Hamilton College, and in 1866 he delivered the annual address before the New York State Agricultural Society, at Saratoga Springs. In 1860 he was appointed Judge of the Winnebago County Court, and in 1864 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the trustees of Hamilton College. In 1864 he was also chosen one of the presidential electors of the State of Illinois, and was appointed to carry its vote to Washington. In 1865 he was appointed Postmaster of Rockford, and held this office until his removal to Chicago in 1872, where he continued the practice of law. In 1875 he removed to California, and purchased the Hester estate in the Santa Cruz mountains. Here he built an attractive home, and passed his remaining years in the cultivation of fruits, in the enjoyment of scholarly pursuits and a generous hospitality. A light stroke of paralysis in July, 1890, was followed by a gradual failing of his strength until his death, January 7, 1891. His wife survives, with his two sons, Milton H. Miller and George W. Miller, and his daughter, Mrs. Eliza S. Dixon. One of the various ways in which Judge Miller expressed his filial attachment to Hamilton College was the gift of the portable transit which stands in the west room of the Litchfield observatory. He was the oldest graduate of Hamilton College on the Pacific slope.

MARRIED.

LEE—MCMAHON—In the First United Presbyterian Church in New York city, Wednesday P. M., March 11, 1891, by Rev. JAMES J. MCMAHON, assisted by Rev. Dr. JAMES B. LEE, Franklinville, Mr. THOMAS HAMILTON LEE, '83, New York city, and Miss HANNAH MCMAHON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. JAMES J. MCMAHON.

MILLER—BONHAM—At Belfast, Allegany county, N. Y., on Sunday, December 14, 1890, Principal WILLIAM W. MILLER, '89, of Avoca, son of Dr. LEVI D. MILLER, '62, of Bath, and Miss EDITH LILLIAN BONHAM, of Belfast.



VOLUME XXV.

NUMBER 8.

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+ APRIL, + 1891. +

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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1890-91.

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CLINTON, N. Y., APRIL, 1891.

No. 8.

THE DUTY OF EDUCATED MEN TO POLITICAL PARTIES.

EVERY citizen who claims the protection of a free government owes to it his allegiance, not a merely passive obedience to its laws, but an ardent, enthusiastic interest, inspired by that purest passion of the human heart—patriotism.

This tribute the fatherland expects from all, but from the educated man in double measure. Her free institutions have fostered those springs of learning by whose crystal magic his genius has been quickened to fullest activity.

The educated man should become a good citizen. This duty is both moral and political. He should so conform his conduct to laws human and divine, that his life shall be honorable and exemplary, and he should make learning an active influence for good in all matters affecting the delicate balance of liberty and law.

Participation in public affairs enjoins party affiliations. A non-partisan government is an Utopian dream. Diversities of intellect and temperament make it impossible. Party strife leads to political caution. It fixes responsibility. Praise and blame without respect of persons are its characteristics. Moreover it is the only means through which the spirit of the people can be aroused in matters of State policy. Such is the

true mission of the political party,—the embodiment of a political principle,—the connecting link between populace and legislators,—the slow but sure means through which great questions of government attain their solution.

But within the party lurks ever an element of peril. Let lax or impure hands obtain control, and the servant of the nation becomes its despot; Democracy gives place to Oligarchy.

The people are slow to change. If a party once win their confidence their love for it is like that of the sailor for his storm worn craft, and may continue long after corruption has sapped every foundation of political welfare.

The educated patriot is fitted to guard against such dangers. "Heir of all the ages," the past is to him fruitful with warning. History forbids implicit faith in human honesty or human creed. The scholar should be the first to note the foul signs of decay, and to sound the alarm to his misled countrymen.

True it is that many great reforms of the past have been opposed by all the forces of learning. But the reason is plain. Learning has been too narrow in its diffusion.

Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome successively concentrated in their leisure classes the culture of the world. But it was a culture founded upon the labor of enslaved millions. Ancient learning was not of the people.

The monastery was the guardian of knowledge in the Middle Ages. But Papal tyranny found ignorance and superstition powerful allies among the masses. Mediaeval learning was not of the people.

European civilization still bears the dread impress of this scholarly selfishness. But learning is shaking off the stifling grasp of bigotry. She is making atonement for the Macchiavellis and Tallyrands of the past. Slowly broadening with the centuries she is bringing to humanity a brighter day. Modern learning is of the people.

What is the duty of the educated man to the political parties? The lives of the scholar-patriots of modern times makes answer. Prince Bismarck "the unifier of Germany," placed country before party and God over all, and moved on in his dauntless purpose over the wrecks of old forms and superstition. Gladstone, the benefactor of the oppressed, was in

youth a Tory ; but his convictions changing with his experience, he boldly avowed his mistakes and championed the cause he had once opposed. The roll of New-World patriots gleams with the names of educated men,—zealous partisans,—yet whom “a nation has delighted to honor.” American independence sprang into being under the fiery eloquence of James Otis. John Adams led the heroic little party that first thundered resistance to British injustice ; yet volunteered to defend the perpetrators of the Boston massacre. The constitution, a compromise between Hamiltonian centralization and “Jeffersonian simplicity,” stands a monument to the patriotism of American statesmen. Men with diverse ideals of government, yet who could modify those ideals for the common good.

Our great political parties have seldom lacked great leaders, educated men. Madison, Webster, Calhoun, Stanton, Seward,—who dares assail their memory ? But there have been other names whose lustre time can never dim, whose mention, once, aroused but pity or contempt. There have been heroic deeds to which no party with its million hearts has beaten sympathy. Once, Slavery’s hideous form towered over half the land and cast its black shadow over the rest. Then, foolhardy was that man considered who dared challenge the God-given right of the institution. And yet, Salmon P. Chase spurning popularity, incurring obloquy, espoused the cause of the “weakest of his brethren.” Charles Sumner proclaimed “Freedom national, slavery sectional,” in the teeth of Southern arrogance and despite the warnings of Northern timidity. And Wendell Phillips, rising like another St. Michael to the overthrow of the dragon, grappled with the dread monster Slavery, and in his maiden speech rebuked the recreant spirit of the “American Athens.”

Lives like these point out the pathway of duty to every educated man ; they bid him use those talents given him by God and enhanced by the institutions of his native land “for God and Fatherland :” they advise loyalty to party but only while party is true to principle ; they command championship of right, though whirlwinds of ignorance and prejudice assail it, and denouncement of wrong, though popular approval screen it with a golden shield ; they give hope. Right has overpow-

ered Might before; why may not the cry of the lone hero to-day become the thunder of the nations to-morrow.

Slavery is dead. Foreign threats have no terror for us. But are there not dangers within? Are our municipal governments free from corruption? Do not men profane our halls of legislation, whom to call representative would be a base libel on their constituencies? Is this government by the people not often a government by an irresponsible oligarchy, made possible by the ignorance of some and the indifference of others?

The blame for these blemishes on our body politic lies at the door of our educated classes. Not till the educated man realizes that he owes no duty to party apart from country, that bad men can be defeated in the caucus as well as at the polls, that he can better aid his party by scratching improper names from her ticket than by securing their election; not till men realize that they owe no allegiance to a name, and that parties may forget the platforms on which they were founded, will the day come, when—

“The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.”

And above all let the educated man remember that “He who had all wisdom, came not into the world to judge the world, but to save it.” Let him be a corrector of abuses, not a cynical fault-finder.

And let him remember too that, despite all its short-comings, this government of ours is the purest, freest, best, on earth.

T. L. COVENTRY '91.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

A FEW years ago I made a flying trip from San Francisco to the famous Geysers of Sanoma County. From Calistoga, that wretched little town of hot-springs and torrid temperature, I took stage for the ride of twenty-six miles over the mountains. Fortunately I secured a seat on the box, whence as we bowled along at a lively rate, I could drink in the full beauty of the surrounding scenery. By the time we had reached the summit of the divide, I was growing weary

of looking at mountain, valley and tree picturesque and beautiful as they were, and commenced to imagine all sorts of strange weird stories, to populate these mountain fastnesses with fairies, gnomes and nymphs, and above all to wonder if the stolid old driver did not have a fund of tales he might tell if he were so inclined. I looked at him furtively from the corner of my eyes. He was a man of at least fifty-five years of age, yet remarkably well preserved and, judging from the easy and dexterous manner in which he guided his four prancing horses, he still possessed a marvelous amount of strength. He held the reins tightly in his left hand, while in his right was the long-lashed whip with which he ever and anon gave his team a gentle touch or cracked the lash harmlessly in the air. His right foot was constantly pressed against the brake and a gentle push was sufficient to check any too swift motion of the coach.

As I looked at him this time, it seemed that his eyes had a far-away look in them; they rested not on the pole-team, nor on the galloping leaders, but extended their gaze far away into the distance. I tried to divine his thoughts, but just then two large tears gathered in his eyes and fell upon his swarthy cheeks. He turned with a sudden movement toward me, and smiled as he drew his coat sleeve quickly across his dimmed eyes and said:

"There, I've been dreaming myself back again into the past, and the tears would come." "Do you see that black spot over there upon the mountain side?" he continued after no little urging to tell his story, and pointing with his whip to a dark object just visible against the gray of the rising peak away beyond us. "That is the entrance to an old mine and I was thinking about that. Away back in '50 I commenced life as a miner upon that identical spot. I was but a youngster then, my beard had scarcely sprouted, but I had a pair of strong arms, plenty of pluck if I did come from Boston, and a brain filled with pictures of wealth to be dug out of the earth, so I marked out a claim there and commenced digging and washing for gold. It was a lonely task. There were other miners on the mountain, but they were mostly a rough set and I shrank from too close contact with them. Thus alone I worked on, week after week, some days encouraged by find-

ing nuggets or making a good wash, at other times toiling from early dawn till late at night without a single gleam of yellow gold to cheer my heart.

One night I left my work at dusk and turned my weary steps toward the little cabin I called home, vowing that I would never again take up pick or shovel. I was completely discouraged, and entering my gloomy cabin I threw myself immediately upon my bed of pine branches without waiting to prepare my usual supper.

Worn out with labor and sick at heart, I was just dropping off into sleep when there came a gentle rap at my door. It appeared too light and timid for a miner's knock, yet I could think of no other possible visitor, so I roused myself and called 'come in.' The door opened slowly, and imagine my surprise when there entered a young girl of possibly twelve years of age, clad in a poor calico dress, and having a small shawl over her head and shoulders. I could not have been more surprised if my visitor had been the President of the United States, for I knew of no female this side of San Francisco. Yet I was certainly honored by the visit of a female, much as I doubted the evidence of my senses. She stood hesitatingly on the threshold for a moment, casting a cautious glance here and there about the room, then slowly entered and shut the door. There was a wild, beseeching look in the child's eyes, lines of fear and sorrow on her face, and I noticed that she was trembling in every limb, so to encourage her I rose and came toward her with out-stretched hand. She must have felt that I was friendly disposed for she left her place near the door and came and laid her little shivering hand in mine, while with broken sobs and many pauses she succeeded in telling me her pitiful tale. Only a part I learned then, the rest afterward. She and her father had but just come from the States three weeks before, and having landed in San Francisco intended to start at once for the mining district; but unfortunately her father was addicted to gambling, had played one game too many with a sharper at the hotel, and lost all his money save a few dollars. He would have staked these too in the hope of retrieving his fortune, but, yielding to his daughter's entreaties, he tore himself away, and thus poorly provided the two had started for this mining region. How he

expected to earn his living and provide for his child seems never to have entered his head, except that he was going to the mines where of course, gold was to be had in abundance.

The journey had been accomplished on foot save now and then a lift from a teamster, and, wayworn and weary, these two were just entering the mining regions and looking forward to the happy termination of all their sufferings as they thought, when suddenly the father was taken severely ill and fell by the roadside as if dead. The poor girl had tried in vain to bring him to consciousness, and only when darkness began to gather around them would she bring herself to believe that he was dead and she must seek for some refuge for herself. Hurrying along the road a happy fortune caused her to turn aside upon a narrow pathway and before she was aware of it she stood before my door and had rapped.

After hearing only the barest outline of this, and ascertaining the spot where she had left her father, I took a lantern and hurried forth to see what could be done, telling her to remain in the cabin. A quick walk brought me to a neighbor's; two men were secured to go with me, and returning by the path to the road we found indeed, as the girl had said, a man lying apparently dead upon the sod. Hastily unbuttoning his shirt bosom, we noticed a slight fluttering of the heart, and after forcing a liberal dose of brandy down his throat we carried him to my cabin.

I need not tell you how joyously the news that there was still hope of her father's recovery was received by the child upon our return. She became a new creature, the wild look faded from her eyes, the smile returned to her lips, and from the frightened, trembling child, she became the hopeful, helpful, little woman. Eva (for this was her name) was never so happy as when doing for her sick father. It was her dainty hand that smoothed his fevered brow, that arranged his pillows, and administered cooling drinks and healing medicines. She proved to be a famous cook, young as she was, and from the meagre stock of provisions that I possessed she concocted numerous dainty dishes for the invalid and many a hearty workingman's meal for me. Under such careful, loving treatment, it was not long before her father began to regain his bodily health, but I noticed with surprise and later with

alarm that he seldom spoke and when he did so he appeared to be in a sort of dream. He manifested no curiosity about his present surroundings, or what had taken place, but seemed to accept all that was done for him as a matter of course, and only smiled sweetly and thanked you gently for a kindness.

His whole nature seemed absorbed in his daughter; his eyes followed her in all her movements, and he seemed perfectly satisfied to lie and watch her as she sifted the flour, kneaded the bread or fried the bacon. If she left the cabin for a moment, the light of his life was taken away and he invariably closed his eyes wearily and fell asleep.

As his bodily health returned and his mind continued to sleep, as it were, I began to be alarmed and to believe his mental faculties would never awake. This same thought evidently had come to Eva, for of an evening, after her father had dropped asleep and she sat sewing, I noticed that now and then she would look at him in a sad, bewildered sort of way, and then drop her work into her lap and sit and ponder to herself for some moments. Although she never spoke to me upon this subject, nor I to her, a kind of understanding to this effect soon sprang up between us and influenced all our actions toward the unfortunate man.

Matters continued in this way for several months. The father grew strong in body, and would even help me at times with the lighter work in the mine, but his mind remained as simple as a child's. He depended upon others for everything, and particularly upon Eva. She, poor child, was as patient and uncomplaining as an angel. At times her father would be cross and irritable; this would pain Eva inexpressibly as I could see, but not a harsh word ever escaped her lips, not a frown of anger nor a flush of temper ever appeared on her face, and usually by a few gentle words and mild caresses she restored her father to his customary state of peaceful silence. As for herself, Eva was always light-hearted, always singing as she worked, and never more happy than when ministering to the happiness of others.

But as I soon noticed, Eva was far from being strong. A sharp, annoying cough at times racked her little person, and a bright spot of pink would burn upon her cheeks. Several times I sent by the teamsters to 'Frisco and procured medicines

for her, and once I myself walked twelve miles and back to see a famous Indian doctor who lived over the mountain yonder and got a drug from him, but all of no avail. The cough, which I soon became satisfied was consumption, continued to increase.

A year passed. . The father was now bodily a well man, but in mind as sick as ever, while Eva had grown thin and pale but continued cheerful always, still managing to cook and sew, and ever humming snatches of songs while at her work. But she was failing rapidly now. The father did not seem to notice it, but would watch her with the same old worshipful smile, and when away from her would maintain that same dreamy silence as if secretly living over in memory the hours passed in her presence.

It was a pitiful sight to watch these two afflicted persons, the one so strong physically, so weak mentally; the other wasting away with a dread disease yet with faculties all alive and spirit undimmed. I could not help speculating upon the case a good deal, and as Eva began to grow worse and I could see the probable end, to ask myself what would be the effect upon the mind of the father.

I knew the end must come at last, but oh ! how suddenly it did come. There was scarcely any warning. One morning I arose as usual and began preparing breakfast. I usually began this, but before I could finish Eva was always up and would take the management herself. But this morning she did not appear and I knew in a moment that something must have happened. I knocked at the door of her little room, and, hearing no answer, entered. She was asleep, but I could tell from her pale and pinched face that an awful change had taken place. As I leaned over her to feel her cheek, she opened her eyes and smiled and then made an effort to speak. Then for the first time I noticed a dark red stain upon her night-clothes. She saw it too, but smiled and I caught the words ; "don't tell father. I want to see him very much, but perhaps it is better not to ; you know he is not like others." As in health so now in sickness her only thought was for the happiness of her father ; for herself she seemed happy with whatever befell her.

But just then her father entered, and although he appeared to realize that something was wrong, he said nothing but came

and sat down near the bed side, and took his daughter's hand in his. She smiled that wonderfully sweet smile that I had learned to love so much, but her little strength was gone, and, though she tried to speak, I could never make out what she said.

The end came late in the afternoon. I feared that the father would display other phases of his malady besides this quite stupefaction, but he did not, nor did he at all during the next few days, but would sit quietly near the body of his child and hold her hand or smooth her hair.

When she was placed in the rude coffin and borne to the little hillside plot that I had chosen for the place of burial, the father looked at me in a dazed sort of manner, clutched my hand convulsively, but stood silently by and saw her lowered into the grave, heard the few words which a miner read from the Bible, and then returned with me peaceably to our cabin.

For two or three days he seemed to live more in a dream than ever, scarcely ate or drank or slept, and frequently would stand by her empty bed and stroke his brow and looked puzzled. I could not at all see the end of this and began to be worried as any change in the malady was delayed.

On the evening of the fourth day after the funeral, I was obliged to remain at my work for some time after dark. I had had a fortunate day; had uncovered a rich little vein and was anxious to secure as much of the golden reward as possible, so I worked on by the aid of my lantern, covering with soil the heap of gold-bearing sand I had found, in order that no one of my neighbors ill-disposed to me might help himself during the night. It was eight o'clock when I reached my cabin. It was dark within and a little search showed me that my guest had departed. I felt anxious at once and started out in search of him.

A kind of inward impulse directed me to the little grassy plot where Eva was buried. All was dark, and lonely upon the hillside; scarcely a breath stirred the tall gloomy pine trees, and with feelings scarcely to be described I approached the gate of the enclosure and entered. All was silent, and I felt as if the gentle spirit of the child was still hovering near to sanctify and bless.

I drew near the little mound and a hasty glance showed me that I had no need to look farther. There the father lay upon the newly-sodded grave, his cheek pillowed at the head, and his eyes closed as in peaceful slumber. I spoke to him, but received no answer; I touched him, but he did not stir; I leaned over and raised him up, and then I saw that he was dead.

Thus these two spirits, in life so attached to each other, could not in death be long separated, but the simple soul of the father had speedily gone to join the gentle spirit of the daughter."

The driver ceased speaking, and as he turned and pointed with his whip to the mountain side right above us, and showed me two poplar trees standing side by side near the graves of this loving father and child, I noticed his eyes were filled with tears, and his voice was husky with suppressed emotion.

FRANK W. TILDEN, '92.

THE CRUSADES AND THEIR LEGACY TO LEARNING AND LITERATURE.

ONE of the most interesting phases of the World's history is the Crusades. The truth of the adage that "ideas rule the world," was never more splendidly illustrated than in the Crusades. The rescue of the tomb of Christ from the Moham-medans was the idea that caused an upheaval such as the world had never before witnessed. From the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, for a period of nearly two hundred years, the cross was pitted against the crescent, the religion of Christ against that of Mahomet; and again and again all Europe embracing France, Germany, England, Spain and Italy, uniting, cast itself in a mighty deluge upon Asia.

In the seventh century Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Infidels. From that time forth for several hundred years, the Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land were subjected to ever increasing pecuniary exactions, to insults, indignities and often, murder. Those who returned to their homes told the story of their wrongs. A storm of popular indignation began to gather and Europe became like a troubled ocean.

The "Mills of God grind slowly;" and Europe had reached nearly the end of the eleventh century before came the Hour and the Man! A pilgrim, a man of no reputation, small, ungainly and emaciated, ragged and foot-sore returned from Jerusalem. But the sacred fire of genius was there; and his heart blazed with indignation at the insults and tortures which he had seen inflicted on his fellows in the Holy Land. Thus Peter the Hermit appeared, the leader destined to voice the popular will. Soon his burning eloquence fired the hearts alike of priest and penitent, of prince and peasant.

Those were the ages of a living Christian faith; a faith in Heaven and Hell and a judgment to come; a faith which sustained men in the agonies of martyrdom; a faith which dotted Europe with those massive cathedrals whose grand, yet graceful architecture has been the marvel of succeeding ages; a faith which never doubted that He who had come "walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, lying in the manger, bleeding on the cross" was indeed and in truth the Son of God. Hence it was but a few months after Peter the Hermit began to preach the crusade, that several hundred thousand warriors under Godfrey, Raymond of Toulouse and other gallant leaders, were on their way bearing the standard of the cross to Jerusalem.

The fortune of the wars were various; and notwithstanding the enormous expenditure of blood and treasure Palestine was not permanently placed under Christian control.

But those soldiers of the Cross "builded wiser than they knew." Great good resulted to Europe and the world from the crusades in ways never contemplated by their leaders.

The wars opened the way for the interchange of thought and learning and thus to a great advance in the arts and science and in literature. The Mohammedan rulers had long encouraged learning and the schools of Damascus, Bagdad and Cordova were famous while Europe was still groping in the dark ages. The beautiful gardens, splendid halls and exquisite decorations of the palace of the Alhambra, the ancient residence of the Moorish monarchs of Grenada, is ample evidence of the culture, refinement, skill and luxury to which the Saracens had attained.

The crusades have conferred upon humanity a great moral benefit, by giving to the world some of the most brilliant examples of the virtues of a heroic age. These wars afforded a splendid field for the growth and display of dexterity in arms, manly courage, and knightly courtesy. The consecration of religion refined and ennobled knighthood. The defence of weakness, innocence and virtue became its highest ideal ; and thus the institution of chivalry which had long been growing, at last burst into full bloom, and was the choicest flower of the civilization of the Middle ages. The master minds of poetry and romance have realized this and have woven about the Crusades the spell of song and story. The noble self-sacrifice of Godfrey refusing to be crowned king of Jerusalem because " he would not wear a golden crown where his Lord and Master had worn one of thorns ;" the spotless character and superb chivalry of Tancred ; the romantic story of the Knights Templar ; the generous instincts, lofty courage and giant prowess of the Lion-hearted Richard ; the brilliant intellect, keen as his Damascus blade, dauntless valor and high sense of honor of Saladin ; and the purity of purpose, sincere devotion and touching humility of that truest of all Crusaders, the royal St. Louis ; have come down to us across the centuries, commanding the admiration, charming the imagination and stimulating the emulation of all succeeding generations of men ; and so long as literature shall last, these splendid examples of heroism, illumined by the light of genius, will ever go on down the ages, as the brightest legacy which the Crusades have left the world.

BAYARD L. PECK '91.

ASSOCIATION.

HE sat in the open window seeking in the glamour of the warm June night the oblivion that sleep had denied him. Thought, memories, images trooped endlessly through his tired brain. The slow strokes of the chapel bell striking twelve seemed to mock his misery. He looked out into the shadows with eyes that longed only for rest, for he was oppressed with

heart-weariness, and slumber came not to him. Above him the stars, from their infinity of distance, seemed to stretch out arms of light toward the sleeping earth. The moon, tinged with glory the edges of a floating cloud, poured tremulous floods of pale radiance throughout the sky. All nature was instinct with the deep holy calm of the year's maidenhood. About him were peace and stillness, within him turmoil and unrest. Suddenly he heard through the darkness the plaintive call of a thrush dreaming of its mate. A vagrant breeze stirred the shadows, and wafted to him the fragrance of the summer's first lilac. Like a flash the long year of pride and pain that separated the present from the past June seemed to fade away—and he was once again with her, drinking in the odor of the great white and purple lilac blossoms that clustered in an arch above their heads. Again he felt her lips on his in the long kiss of parting, and saw the tears in eyes that were deep and quiet and pure like the June night. Sweet memories stole into his mind like the subtle strain of a sublime and tender harmony. Then came harsh discord. How could he have distrusted her? so loving, so true; wounded her by words written in anger that was but love turned away. Her answer had come back to him, "Sometime, when the lilac's odor brings back thoughts of me, you will know that I was innocent." Ah, he felt it now; he had been wrong, but pride and anger had blinded him. Had she too suffered as he had suffered through that long year, he wondered, hoping against hope for the peace of forgetfulness. Could she ever forgive him? The fragrance-laden breeze whispered "Yes." The tender influences of the night soothed him; his head dropped on his arm and he slept. * * * * *

The little breeze wandering over field and meadow, mountain and lake on the morrow's night stirred clusters of white and purple bloom that joined in a fragrant arch, far from the place where, on the midnight before, it had brought peace to a wearied soul. Lovingly it played through the tresses of a young girl, who, beneath the arch, pressed to her lips a letter bearing to her a prayer for forgiveness and a spray of fragrant lilac.

TENNESSEE.

Fair state, whom thronging sisters bless,
Clustering round like maidens gay ;
As if, with many a fond caress,
To hail thee as their queen of May.

Bright land thro' which two rivers bright,
Hasting in ocean homes to dwell,
Turn back to linger with delight
Awhile mid scenes they love so well.

Fain would I join that sister throng
In fond devoirs about thy throne,
And when they tune their sweetest song,
Join with it, as of old, my own.

And, like those streams, reluctantly
Compelled to leave thy fair domain,
I backward turn in memory
To live my happiest days again ;

To visit scenes so loved of yore,
And friends, whose hearts beat warm and true ;
Or if they beat, alas ! no more,
Their love survives beyond the blue.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

C. S. PERCIVAL, '45.

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—J. D. Cary, '84, delivered an amusing and instructive lecture in Scollard Opera House, April 18. His subject was "What Fools We Mortals Be."

—Professor Chester offered a two hours elective in Agricultural Chemistry which will take the place of the regular Senior elective in Natural History.

—College opened April 9 with most of the fellows back. The examinations at the beginning of the term had a marked effect on the number in chapel the first morning.

—Laborers are at work on old Middle tearing down partitions. The work will be pushed rapidly until the old building is transformed into a beautiful and useful "Gym."

—The first ball game on the Hill was played April 18 between the regular college nine and a picked nine. The fellows made a good showing considering the condition of the grounds and that it was their first practice game.

—Manager Sheppard has been doing everything in his power for the ball nine. He gives them plenty of work and has arranged for several practice games before the league season opens. The nine have been measured for new suits.

—Wood, '92, was Hamilton's delegate at a conference held at Springfield for discussing deputation work among the colleges. This conference included delegates from the colleges of the New England states, New Jersey and New York.

—The sad news has reached us, just on the eve of going to press, of the death of President Darling. With the greatest sorrow the *LIT.* chronicles the event. It has been our duty this year to record the death of Dr. Peter, Professor Kelsey and now our President. Truly, Death has been busy in our midst!

—The freshmen (supposed to be) being unable to remain quiet because of the spring weather and April showers have torn down part of the fence before the old Anderson place, and have done many other things which it would have been better to have left undone.

—The *Hamiltonian* of '92 will be out by the end of April. The picture of the class will form the frontispiece. It will contain a picture of Professor Root followed by a sketch of his life, cuts of the nine and the eleven and a cut of the winners in last year's inter-collegiate contests. There will also be a good store of literary material. It will have board covers and be up to the standard of the publication.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

—Clarkson, the coach of the Harvard nine, receives \$50 a week as salary.

—The Brown Seniors have decided to wear caps and gowns at class day and commencement.

—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia will hold entrance examinations in Paris this year.

—The University of Pennsylvania may take Princeton's place in the Inter-collegiate Lacrosse Association.

—A chair of music has been established at Yale College by the gift of \$20,000 from Mrs. Ellen Battell Eldridge.

—Cornell is to have a \$65,000 law building, to be ready for occupancy next year, and a \$20,000 gymnasium annex.

—Japan has a base-ball nine composed of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and University of Michigan men.

—The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon the late General Sherman by Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth.

—Seventy-one American colleges were represented by 185 students at the University of Berlin the past season.—*Exchange*.

—The annual race between Cornell, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania will be rowed at New London this year.

—Princeton, Harvard, and Yale will play no ball games with Association clubs this year, nor with any clubs that do.

—The leader of the company of citizens, who lynched the Italian prisoners at New Orleans, was a graduate of St. Stephen's.

—The Junior class at Wesleyan has subscribed \$125 to be paid to students engaging in the city missionary work next summer.

—The Yale Glee Club will hereafter devote their profits to establish a contingency fund of \$3,000, from which to pay running expenses.

—The Cornell Freshmen have challenged the Freshmen at both Harvard and Yale to a boat-race, but as yet have received no answers.

—The Italian government has ordered English to be added to the courses of all the colleges, another point towards making it the universal language.

—The Senior class of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., leave to the college, as a memorial, a package containing thirty-three notes amounting to five thousand dollars.

—The Cornell Senior class has decided to give \$500 as a class memorial, the interest of which is to be given annually as a prize for an oration on American history.

—The Doshisha collegiate, scientific, and theological school of Kioto, Japan, has received a gift of \$100,000 from Hon. J. N. Harris, of New London, Connecticut.

—The Princeton Dramatic Association will produce the burlesque, "Pocahontas," on the 24th of next month at Princeton, and will play it afterwards at Morristown and Orange.

—The Board of Regents of the Albany University have offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on University Extensions, to be sent to the Secretary of the University before July 1, 1891.

—Professor Harriet Cooke, professor of history in Cornell, is the first woman ever honored with the chair and equal pay with the men professors. She has taught in Cornell twenty-three years.

—Women at present constitute fifty-five per cent. of the undergraduates in the United States. Wellesley College has an endowment of \$2,500,000, Bryn Mawr of \$1,100,000, Vassar of \$1,200,000, and Smith of \$400,000.

—The growth of Johns Hopkins urgently demands new buildings. Already several departments are cramped into the upper stories of old dwelling-houses, which the institution hopes soon to replace by college buildings.

—In the chemistry examination at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Freshmen will be placed on their honor and left alone in the room, instead of being subjected to the treatment usual on such occasions.

—Dr. Daniel A. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University, will deliver the commencement oration at the University of Michigan this year, and Thomas F. Bayard, ex-Secretary of State, the address before the Law School.

—May 16 and 30, and June 18 and 25, have been decided upon as the dates of the Yale-Harvard games; while Yale and Princeton will play May 23, June 6 and 13. The latter game will take place at New York, and the others at the respective colleges.

—If Bowdoin is successful in her plans for the coming summer, Professor Lee, accompanied by his assistant, John C. Parker, A.M., and about nineteen students, will set out on an expedition to Labrador and Iceland, for scientific research and exploration, and to increase the collections of the college in various scientific branches.

—The summer schools, representing Yale Divinity Schools, under the superintendence of Professor Harper, will be held in three places this coming year. The first will be opened about the middle of June at a place near Boston, and will continue in session for three weeks; the second will be held at Chautauqua for six weeks. The western school will open at the close of the Chautauqua session, and will be situated at some place near Chicago.

—The convention of the National Educational Association for the present year is to be held at Toronto, Canada, from the 14th to the 17th of July next, and will, on this occasion, be of an international character. The meeting promises to be the largest and most important yet held by the association, as it will probably be attended by some fifteen thousand of those actively engaged in educational matters from all points of the United States and Canada. The most complete arrangements are being made by the local committees for the reception, accommodation, and entertainment of delegates and visitors to the convention.

EXCHANGES.

—A sigh of relief, a smile of satisfaction and pleasure, and a weary look, would tell one familiar with the arduous labors of the exchange editor, that he has been on his spirit journey among the many colleges of the country, and, like the weary traveler who has made a long journey, he leans back in his easy chair to rehearse and harbor in thought the many pleasant and instructive events which enter into and become a part of his being. To be sure there are unpleasant experiences on almost every journey, and the spirit journey of the Exchange Editor is no exception. But why dwell on these? There are times when we cannot dispel them, but such, we trust, is not the case to-day. It is generally conceded that a college publication is an exponent of the student-life of that college. Then, through their several publications, let us visit a few of these centres of learning, study their student-life, and from their best thought gather a few sheaves or cull a few flowers. I spoke hastily, space will not permit us to gather the sheaves for our readers, however much we would like to, so we will try and be content with telling where we would glean, if such were possible, and with plucking a few of the rarest blossoms from the distinctively college verse. If possible we would glean the article on the new Chicago University, and the essay on "Keats" from the *Yale Lit.*; "Branded," from the *Nassau Lit.*; almost any of those bright, careless, and entertaining stories from the *Harvard Advocate*; the essay on "Rudyard Kipling," from the *Dartmouth Lit.*; or "The Mission of Music," from the *Williams Lit.* Then, too, we would not turn in vain to the *Yale Record*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Brunonian*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Tuftsian*, and many others of our exchanges, which are always welcome guests, and with which our readers have long been familiar through our clippings of verse and wit. But why talk longer thus musingly only to try the patience of our readers, whose leniency we ask; for the editor too has his ruminating periods, and must occasionally yield to fancy.

—The April *Outing* contains a series of interesting and entertaining articles. The first, "Herring and Heart Fishing at Scarborough," is contributed by R. F. Walsh. It is a bright, taking story, the chief charm of which lies in the easy, natural style in which it is written. The second, "Eskimo Whaling," by Herbert L. Aldrich, is a vivid description of the manner in which the Eskimo attack the whale, the implements used, and the way in which the prize is finally secured. Modern invention, by the introduction of powerful explosives, has done much to reduce this once noble and exciting sport to a mere slaughter. The Eskimo, however, have not adopted any of these modern implements, but still retain their primitive and clumsy implements. Captain Charles King has an interesting paper on "The Wisconsin National Guard," which will be continued in the May number. Among the other articles are "Evolution in Yacht Building," by M. Roosevelt Schuyler; "The Athletics of the Ancient Greeks," by Harold Williams; and "An American Rosalind," by Wenona Gilman.

—*Lippincott's* for April contains the novel, "Maiden's Choosing," by Ellen Olney Kirk, the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." The plot is laid in New York. The story is a social romance, in which some of the characters are well drawn. Among the shorter articles, the following are worthy of special notice: "New Africa," by Charles Morris, treats of the European colonization of that continent, and has attracted favorable comment; "The Elizabethan Drama and the Victorian Novel," by T. D. Robb, is a brief review of an interesting subject. Under the heading, "Yarns about Diamonds," David Graham Adey tells the history of several of the most remarkable gems.

CLIPPINGS.

AN ECHO FROM THE 17TH.

Who builds de railroads and canals,
 But furriners?
 Who helps across de street de gals,
 But furriners?
 Who in de caucus has dere say,
 Who does de votin' 'lection day,
 And who discovered U. S. A.,
 But furriners? —*F. T. E. in Brunonian.*

A VERNAL RIPPLE.

Sing, sang, sung,
 Swing, swang, swung,
 Oh!
 The man who will sing
 Of the beautiful spring
 Deserveth to swing,
 An inanimate thing,
 Hing, hang, hung. —*Trinity Tablet.*

ODE TO PA AND MA.

You are the best pa
 In the world, you are,
 Pa.
 When I rake in the shekels you send from afar
 I joyfully dance and sing tra, la, la, la,
 And never a sorrow my pleasure doth mar.
 Rah! Rah!
 For Pa.
 You are the best ma
 In the world, you are,
 Ma.
 Though life's stormy pathway your idol doth jar,
 Though the world from its honors your darling doth bar,
 You know that your son's first magnitude star,
 Rah! Rah!
 For ma. —*Brunonian.*

SELON LES REGLES.

HE.

"Oh maiden with eloquent eyes,
Azure and deep as Italian skies,
Let thy shadowy orbs uprise,
And tell me thy love, ere it dies."

"Thou whose smiles outshine the sun,
Whose heart and mine would beat as one,
Tell me prithee, have I won
Thy gentle love, sweet Marion?"

SHE (petulantly).

"Thou knowest I love thee,
Why question and doubt me?
Cannot thy heart see
I love and adore thee?"

HE (SADLY).

"My heart, fair maid, has ever trailed
The path of truth—misfortune's veiled
The pater's 'house'—he's failed."

SHE (hysterically).

"Sir! do I hear thee rightly?
Failed!! and you would wed me?
Get out!!! sc-a-at!!!! or I'll have thee
Bounced, and mangled most unsightly."
(Exit in tears.)

HE (musingly).

"If she loves not me
'Tis plain to see,
That I can't make her—
The devil take her!!!"
(Lights a cigarette and escapes down the lightning rod.)
—*Tufsonian.*

THE PITY OF IT.

The enjoyments we have forsaken
May entertain other men;
But the cuts that we once have taken
Can never be used again.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

AXIOM I.

She says she loves arbutus; so do I.
And I? Well, I love pansies; so does she.
In short, we love the self-same things, you see;
So, begging Euclid's pardon, I'll apply
Ax. I. ∴ We love each other ∴ *She loves me!*

—*Williams Weekly.*

REPARTÉE.

—"I'm on to you," said the drop of ink to the blotter, in a tone of considerable asperity. "Dry up," replied the blotter, savagely.

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
 "You must set this matter right;
 What time did that sophomore leave the house,
 Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,
 And his love for it was great.
 He took his leave and went away
 Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eye,
 And her dimple deeper grew,
 "'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
 For a quarter of eight is two."

—*Illini.*

A SOLILOQUY.

I promised Edith not to smoke
 In Lent, and meant it when I spoke,
 But she can't know,—girls never do,—
 How one enjoys to puff a few
 Blue clouds of smoke. By Jove! I will
 Have just one pipe: then quit until
 Lent's over. Hang it! Where's my pipe?
 Oh, yes! Jack borrowed it last night
 And never 'll think to bring it back.
 That's always just the way with Jack.
 And now just when I really meant
 To smoke my pipe, I can't: it's lent!

—*Yale Record.*

A SUNSET PICTURE.

Where the rushes gently quiver,
 Where the sedges softly sway,
 We were drifting down the river,
 Through the light of closing day.
 O'er the landscape bathed in splendor,
 By a flood of mellow light,
 Steal the shadows soft and tender,
 Leading on the march of night.

Swifter now the shades are falling,
 Blotting out the gorgeous West,
 While the gentle twilight calling,
 Speaks to all of home and rest.
 Lightly sinks the world in slumber,
 Sadly gleams the dusky sky,
 Till the stars in countless number
 Spread their canopy on high.

—*University Cynic.*

—He: "So Jack isn't devoted to Kate any more. Did they fight?"
 She: "Yes; they had an engagement."

—*Yale Record.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SPECULATOR: A PORTRAIT OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICA. By Clinton Ross. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

This is a well written and interesting story. The picture is that of the downfall of an American speculator. Nothing is said of his rise and prosperity except in most general terms, but his actions and feelings, when in his old age he sees the accumulation of years swept away, are faithfully and accurately described. The style of the work is descriptive rather than conversational. It is called "A Portrait," and is truly such both in thought and style. The binding is good and general appearance neat.

DRINKING WATER AND ICE SUPPLIES. By T. Mitchel Pruden, M. D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

There are few books which come to our table that should meet with a warmer welcome from all than this neatly bound and well written volume. Its subject is of vital interest, and yet one which receives but little careful thought. The purpose of the book is to inform the public how wholesome water may be obtained in the city and country, and to dispel some of the prevalent false notions with regard to the relationship of water-bacteria and disease, and its author has succeeded in rendering it intelligible even to the most unscientific. The chapter on the manufacture of ice is interesting and instructive, and when we consider the extreme youth and yet marvelous magnitude of this enterprise, we can but wonder at the progressive spirit of the age.

APPELTON'S SCHOOL PHYSICS. (American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.)

There is a demand for a thoroughly modern text-book on Natural Philosophy, which is comprehensive and yet suitable for the students of our high schools and academies. And this book is well suited to fill this demand. It has been carefully prepared by a number of eminent physicists, and contains an original treatment of motion, energy, force, and work; also a modern and applicable conception of the nature, transformation, and conservation of energy, the knowledge of which is the root of scientific knowledge.

CHARLES DARWIN: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Charles Frederick Holder. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The publishers of this neat and well bound book are to be complimented upon the choice of their author, who is eminently capable of handling his subject. This is not an analytical dissertation of the life-work of this eminent scientist, nor is it a discussion of his theories and their actual or probable influence upon scientific thought. But in this work Darwin the boy, becomes Darwin the college man, the scientist and the naturalist. And through the pages of this book we are invited to follow him in England and in foreign lands, to see what he saw, to commune with the world with which he communed, and in which he found such rare delights.

ALUMNIANA.

Εὐ γὰρ πρὸς εὐ φανεῖται προσθήκη πέλοι.

—R. L. MAYNARD, '84, a Senior in the law class of Cornell University, will be one of the prize debaters at commencement.

—MYRON J. SHERWOOD, '86, heretofore night editor of the *Mining Journal*, is now principal of the Union High School in Marquette, Mich.

—The golden wedding of Rev. EDWIN E. WILLIAMS, '39, and wife was celebrated at the Congregational parsonage in Elyria, Ohio, April 4, 1891.

—Rev. WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN, '87, who is soon to be graduated from Auburn Seminary, has accepted a call to the Franklin Street Church in Elmira.

—Rev. GEORGE M. CALDWELL, '80, has removed from Goodland, Kansas, to High Prairie, Kansas, where he ministers to the Presbyterian Church.

—Professor PRESTON K. PATTISON, '77, formerly principal of Westfield Academy, now holds the office of Superintendent of Schools at Colorado Springs, Colo.

—Dr. WILLIAM S. SEARLE, '54, of Brooklyn, has been appointed by the University Regents one of the State Board of Medical Examiners for the term of three years.

—During the past year Rev. E. WILMOT CUMMINGS, '71, has received 34 new members as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Barre, Vt. The total membership is now 132.

—In Auburn the office of City Judge or Recorder, is held by Hon. WOOLSEY R. HOPKINS, '70, a brother of Rev. Professor A. G. HOPKINS, '66, and JOHN H. HOPKINS, '72.

—Rev. SHERMAN W. BROWN, '87, a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, is a student of advanced theology in Berlin, Germany, on one of the Andover prize fellowships.

—Since 1869, Dr. CORNELIUS E. BILLINGTON, '54, has filled the office of a visiting physician in the Demilt Dispensary of New York city, an endowed charity founded forty years ago.

—At the commencement exercises of the Tulane University of Louisiana, the graduates of the Medical College were addressed by Hon. WILLIAM WIRT HOWE, '53, on "The Police Power."

—WILLIAM M. GRIFFITH, '80, until recently assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of this state, has accepted a position in the Chamberlain Investment Company of Denver, Colorado. His home and office will be in Utica.

—Major P. L. Joslin, a veteran of the civil war, died recently at Longville, California. He was the father-in-law of GEORGE C. HORTON, '71, of Utica, and the father of FRANCIS W. JOSLIN, '81, of the *Troy Daily Times*.

—The leading article in the *Social Economist* for March is on "Social Tendencies on the Continent," by Dr. GEORGE W. HINMAN, '84, whose doctor's degree was gained by examination from the University of Heidelberg.

—REV. FRANCIS D. ROBINSON, '74, has removed from Templeton to Livermore, Cal., where he is pastor of a thrifty church of eighty members that was organized twenty years ago, and supports itself without aid from the board of Home Missions.

—HENRY T. HOTCHKISS, '84, was one of the eighty-two graduates who received the degree of M. D., at the close of the 33rd session of the Long Island College Hospital. Dr. GLENTNORTH R. BUTLER, '77, is an earlier graduate of this Medical College.

—Rev. JOHN MCLEAN, '62, is a busy man, with his three-fold mission of supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian church in Sagauche, Colorado, editing the *Sagauche Crescent*, and delivering popular lectures. His latest lecture was on "Turning Points in History."

—JOHN HILTON, '87, was graduated, March 24, with the degree of M. D. from the University Medical Department of New York city, and HENRY WARNER JOHNSON, '89, of Cohoes, was graduated with the degree of M. D. from the Albany Medical College, April 1.

—NELSON B. CHESTER, '88, and JOHN E. EVERETT, '88, are enrolled among the Seniors of Union Theological Seminary. In the Middle class are FREDERICK J. SWIFT, '88, CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN, '89, MILO B. LOUGHLIN, '89, GEORGE D. MILLER, '89, and DAVID G. SMITH, '89.

—At the Easter communion of the First Presbyterian Church in Sioux City, Iowa, Rev. Dr. H. D. JENKINS, '64, received twenty-eight new members. This is about the average at each communion for the past year and a half. Members were received by letter from four denominations, and one from the Catholic church on profession.

—The Clinton factory, destroyed by fire, April 11, was built eighty years ago for the manufacture of woolen cloths and satinets. During the war with England in 1812, its broadcloths sold for \$12 a yard, and GEORGE BRISTOL, '15, the first valedictorian, cheerfully paid this price for the suit in which he was married to SIBYL HALE, in the year 1812.

—Ogdensburg has a new success in the School of Stenography and Typewriting that was established less than two years ago by Principal CHARLES G. EGERT, '68. Starting in a quiet way, with four students in a small room, it has grown to be one of the largest and most popular shorthand schools in the country. Three times has the principal been obliged to enlarge his school accommodations.

—Dr. SELDEN H. TALCOTT, '69, Medical Superintendent of the Middletown State Homeopathic Hospital, issues his address delivered at the last anniversary of that institution, a dissertation upon the Hospital Idea. He argues for the abolition of prison methods in asylums for insane, and their transformation into genuine hospitals. Even the chronic insane should be treated with the possibility of recovery always in view.

—College athleticism has fired another "shot heard round the world." Tutor WILLIAM W. WALLACE, '90, writes that the students of Jaffna College, Ceylon, held their first field-day on Christmas. "We set up a few prizes, and every student was interested. It seemed to be the first time they ever jumped, and they were surprised at their own feats. One boy jumped fifteen feet, and better records will be made hereafter."

—As a result of the evangelistic meetings conducted in Hudson by Rev. B. FAY MILLS, '79, during the last two weeks of February, sixty-five persons united with the Methodist church and seventy-seven with the Reformed church. There were received into the Presbyterian church Sunday 113 new members, making 255 in three churches. The Episcopal church will have a large number at the confirmation class in June.

—At the first annual dinner of the Bath Board of Trade, REUBEN R. LYON, '79, presided as chairman of the committee of arrangements, and discharged the duties of toastmaster with dignity and grace. One of the best of the dozen after-dinner responses was made by Principal LEVI D. MILLER, '62. He announced that this year's graduating class of the Haverling Union School of Bath would number between thirty and forty.

—The trustees of Andover Theological Seminary have elected Rev. Dr. FRANK F. ELLINWOOD, '49, of New York, lecturer on "Foreign Missions," and Rev. Dr. AMONY H. BRADFORD, '67, of Montclair, New Jersey, Southworth lecturer on "Congregationalism." The latter appointment is on a permanent fund that yields \$300 a year; and the office has been filled in former years by Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon and Rev. Dr. Henry M. Dexter.

—By one of the laws of 1888 the State Superintendent of Public Instruction is authorized to issue a certificate to any graduate of a college or university who has had three years' experience as a teacher. During the year 1890 such state certificates were issued to Principal WILLIS L. WEEDEN, '82, Schuylerville; Principal ABRAM M. HOLLISTER, '87, East Springfield; Principal HENRY D. HOPKINS, '87, Trumansburgh; Principal ARTHUR M. SECKEL, '87, Union Springs; Principal ABRAM R. SERVEN, '87, Waterloo.

—Twenty-six years ago Rev. JAMES EELLS, '87, was born in Englewood, N. J., and his pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Englewood will begin June 1, 1891. Its 530 members will find him earnestly responsive to their largest interest in religious work, and ready to serve them with the "beaten oil" of well-digested sermons. His two years with the Second Presbyterian Church of Saratoga have prepared Mr. Eells for successful work in a larger field.

—Frederick G. Perrine, '87, one of the local editors of the *Hartford Daily Times*, has gained a new and enviable distinction by his vivid report of the production of the "Antigone of Sophocles," in the Hyperion theatre in New Haven, Conn., April 3. Mr. Perrine's report is illustrated by pictures of the characters as they appeared on the stage. His gift for making these life-like pictures indicates an artist's eye, a quick, deft hand, and intelligent sympathy with dramatic movements.

—Senator JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, '47, has addressed the Board of Trade of Hartford, Connecticut, on "The Weakness of Our Coast Defence." He says that Hallifax, less than two days' journey from Boston, is a perpetual menace to our unprotected coast, for England, in case of war, would assemble her fleet there. General Hawley says the cost of adequate defences for the coast might be \$125,000,000, but this would be extended over a term of years. No exorbitant tax would be necessitated by the appropriation of this amount, and the investment would prove wise in all respects.

—There was a regular jollification meeting at the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church when Rev. MAURICE D. EDWARDS, '70, who had been considering a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Flint, Mich., announced that he had decided to remain in St. Paul. Mr. Edwards has been with this church since its establishment in 1874, and the members refused to consider his leaving them at this time. When his decision to remain was announced many members of the congregation, with tears in their eyes, crowded around and thanked him. Four of the nine trustees of this church are WILFORD S. WILSON, '40, president; AUSTIN V. EASTMAN, '64, THOMAS W. FITCH, '69, and THOMAS A. ABBOTT, '70.

—The lecture in Utica's Library Hall by Professor ARTHUR S. HOYT, '72, on "Macbeth as Illustrating the Power of Shakespeare," was listened to by a large and delighted audience. Professor Hoyt affirmed that the rapid composition of the drama was a reason for its strength, and argued that in "Macbeth" the creative genius of the dramatist is seen at its best. Professor Hoyt reviewed the drama in a very interesting manner. Continuing he characterized the drama as "a kingly play, not unworthy of the kingly genius of its author." He spoke of the use of the supernatural, the unity of the play, the fertility of fine thoughts, the vivacity of the dialogue, and the distinct personality of the characters, quoting freely from the play by way of illustration. The lecturer showed a thorough familiarity with the subject, and held the close attention of the audience throughout.

—The trustees and professors of Auburn Theological Seminary are appointed by a board of 54 commissioners who represent 18 Presbyteries in the State of New York. The trustees have the immediate care of the Seminary and its funds. The list of commissioners now in office includes Rev. Dr. L. M. MILLER, '40, of Ogdensburg; Elder EDWARD NORTH '41, of Hamilton College; Elder D. A. DWIGHT, '50, of Adams; Rev. A. M. SHAW, '56, of Spencertown; Rev. H. P. V. BOGUE, '63, of Lima; Rev. W. H. BATES, '65, of Clyde; Rev. D. W. BIGELOW, '65, of Utica; Rev. H. H. KELLOGG, '66, of Havana; Rev. C. H. DIBBLE, '68, of Perry; Rev. C. D. BARROWS, '69, of Oswego; Elder F. M. BURDICK, '69, of Cornell University; Rev. WILLIAM REED, '71, of Troy; Rev. L. R. WEBBER, '72, of Sackett's Harbor; Rev. E. P. SALMON, '78, Knowlesville; Rev. W. S. CARTER, '79, of Waterloo.

—In the *Chatauquan* for March, Judge FREDERICK G. GEDNEY relates a personal experience which Judge ALFRED C. COXE, '68, of Utica, is at

liberty to rise and explain. "At a meeting held in a flourishing New York village, the speakers were Judge Coxe and myself. After one has delivered a political address many times, it gets to be like speaking a piece at school, the same old story. I had been speaking with Judge Coxe night after night for nearly three weeks. On this occasion his speech came first. His speech, did I say? No, not his speech; my speech, word for word, gesture for gesture. He had not only committed every word, but my very mannerisms as well. No one enjoyed it more than he did. He seemed in excellent spirits, and he would turn to me and smile whenever he thought he had said some of my good things extraordinarily well. It came my turn to speak. What could I do? I could only murmur that the lateness of the hour prevented me from detaining the good people, but some other night I might speak to them. Then the band ironically played 'Some Day,' and the music floated over Mohawk valley at midnight."

—*The Christian at Work* contains a valuable illustrated article by WILLIS J. BEECHER, '58, in which he states that Auburn Seminary has invested funds amounting to upwards of half a million, with a library fund of \$18,000.

"The reasons that led to the founding of Auburn are still cogent. In their details they have been changed at many points by the introduction of railroads and other facilities for travel, but it is still emphatically true that institutions are needed as centres of influence, and not merely as places to study. Further, experience has shown that the men who founded Auburn were correct in their estimate of the influences that would control a seminary located here. Through all its changes of professors, Auburn has remained eminently faithful to the true leading idea of a theological seminary; namely, the idea of training men to be, not mere theologians, or scholars, or showy preachers, but sound, scholarly, attractive ministers of the Gospel. The temptations to swerve from this idea have been less here than they might be in some other localities; and a tradition of this kind, once firmly established, is very persistent. An institution that trains such men as the Auburn graduates have proved to be, has a good warrant for continuing to train men."

—Columbia College holds out a strong temptation to Professor FRANCIS M. BURDICK, '69, by his election to a vacant chair in its law department. If he accepts this position Columbia College gains a very competent instructor in law, and Cornell University sustains a loss that will be deeply lamented. Since 1887 Professor Burdick has devoted himself to the building up of a law school at Ithaca, with results largely in advance of the most sanguine expectation. Ithaca will mourn the departure of Professor Burdick. "All who have come in contact with him, both in town and University circles, have been impressed, not only with his accurate knowledge and broad culture, but also his genial, sunny nature, expressive of sympathy and helpfulness. From the first the Professor has taken an active part in all measures, moral and political, tending to promote the welfare of the students or the townspeople, setting an example worthy to be followed by those who think that culture and exclusiveness are synonymous. His place in the Law Faculty, one of peculiar harmony and fitness, will be hard to fill. The students will feel

grateful for the privilege of having been under his friendly instruction, and his friends on the campus and in the town will greatly miss the social qualities which he and his charming wife possessed to such an eminent degree."

—At the April meeting of the Presbytery of Utica, the retiring moderator's sermon was preached by Rev. ISAAC O. BEST, '67, who was appointed one of the commissioners to the General Assembly in Detroit, Mich., and one of the delegates to the National Temperance Convention in Saratoga. Rev. M. E. GRANT, '70, was granted leave to resign the pastorate in Verona on account of ill health. Rev. THEODORE F. JESSUP, '64, of Boonville, read the narrative of the State of Religion. Rev. HENRY M. DODD, '63, of Augusta, was appointed permanent clerk, and Rev. DANA W. BIGELOW, '65, stated clerk. Rev. Dr. ROBERT L. BACHMAN, '71, of Utica, was made chairman of the committee on Foreign Missions. Rev. THEODORE F. JESSUP, '64, of Boonville, chairman of the committee on Freedmen; President HENRY DARLING, chairman of the committee on Education, and Rev. DANA W. BIGELOW, '65, chairman of the committee on Sunday Schools. Arrangements were made for the installation of Rev. GEORGE K. FRASER, '83, at Oneida Castle. Licentiate ALBERT EVANS, '89, was dismissed to the care of the presbytery of West Jersey. SAMUEL J. EMERY, '88, of Auburn Seminary, and CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN, '89, of Union Seminary, were licensed to preach. The Presbytery adjourned Wednesday evening, after hearing four addresses on Presbyterianism. One of them was by Rev. Dr. T. B. HUDSON, '51, who described the distinction between the minister and the elder. Our government is strictly a representative government, he said. Each church is a little commonwealth in itself. Whether scriptural or not our polity presents many advantages. Dr. HUDSON's statements were clear and convincing.

—In the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, December 15, 1890, Attorney-General WILLIAM H. H. MILLER, '61, pronounced a eulogy on Justice SAMUEL F. MILLER that reached a climax of eloquence in its closing sentences:

"The most striking feature of his mind was the logical faculty. Others, perhaps, had more culture, more legal learning; none had more legal wisdom. Intellectually, as morally, he was robust, rugged, simple and always honest. With him logical conclusions were moral convictions, and to abide by them was an intellectual and moral necessity. Like Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, he could 'do no otherwise.'

Undiscriminating eulogy has said that Justice Miller was wont to sweep away the law in order that justice might prevail. Such a statement would not have been accepted by him as praise. He loved justice, but he knew, as all men fit for judges know, that justice, humanly speaking, can have its perfect work only through the law; that obedience to law, by the magistrate as well as by the private citizen, is essential to justice, as it is a condition of liberty.

In his social and home life, also, our friend was happy. A vigorous, healthy constitution, in a stalwart body, a genial temperament, a great fondness for and an unflinching trust in his friends made the grasp of his hand always hearty and his presence a delight in every social gathering. His religious views were broad and very practical. The essence of

his creed was 'to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly' before God and man. In the *Odyssey* the much-suffering Ulysses thus describes the highest earthly bliss:

'There is no better, no more blessed state
Than when the wife and husband in accord
Order the household lovingly. Then those
Repine who hate them, those who wish them well
Rejoice, and they themselves the most of all.'

After a long life of domestic felicity and of such public usefulness, loved by a multitude of friends, revered of all men, our friend, still instant in duty, with length of days in his right hand, and in his left hand wisdom and honor, awaited the call of the Master. The call came, sudden, peremptory; and it found him ready."

—At the Easter morning service in St. Paul's church, Troy, Rev. EDGAR A. ENOS, '74, delivered a sermon on "The Preachment of the Lillies," the text being "Consider the lilies of the field." An abstract of the discourse follows:

There are some rare souls that seem to be born with such a nearness to nature that every sight and sound of the material universe addresses them with a distinct though mysterious meaning. Such souls find sweet companionship with the lower animals. They have a secret understanding with the birds; are intimate with and know how to talk to the flowers, and are "hail fellows well met" with the trees of the forest, in whose rustling, unartificial company they feel a thrill of exultant, almost boisterous, comradery. Nature in all its aspects—sunshine and shower, the wonders of cloudland, the miracles of forest, stream and meadow—is instinct with a life that touches their lives, and with which they are somehow in secret sympathy. When the sap in springtime leaps with a shudder through all the veins and capillaries of the forest tree their own veins thrill and tingle. They have, in short, an ever present feeling that they are parts of a whole—a feeling of kinship with nature, born of the consciousness of that universal Life from which springs all individual life, animate and inanimate.

Such a soul in our time was Henry Thoreau. He loved to be away in the depths of the forest, with no companions but the beasts, the birds and the fishes. But he wanted to be absolutely alone with nature; he had no sympathy with man. This coldness of Thoreau on the human side is a defect of his tribe. For their intimacy with nature they must needs pay the penalty by a touch of wildness that is aliens from mortals. Like Hawthorne's Donatello they have a freshness of spirit and an exuberance of animal life which seem like immortal youth; but we are somehow always on the lookout for pointed ears, and are puzzled to determine whether after all they are really quite human.

Now what we know about Jesus from his discourses and conversations and the accounts of his most personal friends leads us to believe that he was nearer to nature; that he existed in a closer and more vital sympathy with all her variant forms and moods than any man that ever lived. But he looked not merely at nature, but through nature to the divine purpose beneath. He saw creation as a unit carried up through infinite orders and gradations to *man*, her crown and glory. He heard every voice. He caught every whisper, and found them the variant notes of a symphony whose burden was a message for humanity.

The speaker then drew a picture of Jesus among the lilies, and represented them as white-robed priests of nature teaching the Fatherhood of God, the dignity of the human spirit, absolute dependence on the Heavenly Father, the only true self-reliance of man; closing with the question: "If God so clothe these lilies of a day, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of immeasurable life? Doubt it not. He that gar-

mented the lilies and made them more resplendent than Solomon with the Tryian skill, will clothe you at the last—it may not be with fabrics from Galilean or Roman loom, but with garments fitted to your deathless destiny."

NECROLOGY.

CLASS OF 1842, (AMHERST).

At three o'clock, Monday morning, April 20, 1891, after a painful illness of six days, President Henry Darling closed his earnest, toilsome, beneficent life of sixty-seven years.

The son of an eminent jurist of Pennsylvania, Dr. Henry Darling was born in Reading, Pa., December, 27, 1824. In 1838 he united with the First Presbyterian Church in Reading, and was graduated from Amherst College in 1842. In theological studies he was a student of Union and Auburn Seminaries, and was graduated from Auburn in 1845. His first sermons were preached in the Presbyterian church in Vernon village. In December, 1847, he was ordained and installed in Hudson, where his first pastorate closed in 1853. From 1853 to 1861 he was pastor of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. After two years of rest and travel in Europe, he accepted a call to the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Albany, where Rev. Dr. Henry Mandeville and President Samuel W. Fisher had preceded him in the same office. This pastorate he held until his election to the presidency of Hamilton College in 1881. In May, 1881, he was elected moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, and presided at its meeting in Buffalo. He also preached the opening sermon at the meeting of the general assembly in May, 1882.

Dr. Darling's transition from the duties of a pastor to those of a college president was made with a careful, prayerful estimate of its difficulties, and with results that fully attest his intellectual gifts, his wisdom and his devotion to a high standard of Christian education. For ten years his ruling purpose has been to strengthen the working forces of Hamilton College, and enlarge its good influences. In length of service his place is the fourth in the list of eight presidents of Hamilton College, all of whom are now dead. He is the second president whose death has occurred while in office. Rev. Dr. Azel Backus, the first president, died December 28, 1816, in the house now occupied by Cornelius de Regt. Dr. Darling's last sermon was preached in the college chapel April 12, on the text from John xix. 20: "It was written in Hebrew, and in Greek, and in Latin."

Dr. Darling was one of the trustees of Auburn Theological Seminary, and had planned to attend its next commencement in May. Among his published works are "The Closer Walk," "Christian Unity," "Doing Nothing, but Receiving," "Conformity to the World," with many pamphlets, sermons and addresses. Dr. Darling received the degree of D. D. from Union College in 1860; and the degree of LL. D. both from Lafayette College and Hamilton College, in 1881.

The funeral of President Darling was held Thursday morning, from his late residence on College Hill. The attendance was very large, including relatives and friends, the faculty, students, and many of the trustees.

The services were in charge of Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Hudson, pastor of the Stone Church, who read the scriptures and offered the opening prayer. Tender and beautiful music was furnished by a quartette of students, consisting of Messrs. Edwards, Kelly, Wouters and Smithling.

The address by Rev. Dr. T. Ralston Smith, of Buffalo, was a tender tribute to the life, public and private, of the deceased. He said that as a friend, not as historian or biographer, he had come to briefly speak of Dr. Darling in his capacity as pastor, college president, and the head of the family. He would leave it for some more fitting time and place to speak more in detail of the busy life of the departed. His address was an eloquent one, and the many present listened with much feeling to the warm words spoken of the beloved President.

The closing prayer by Rev. Professor William R. Terrett was a touching invocation for blessing on the family, friends, college and community.

A delegation consisting of the pastor and session of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany were present to escort the body to Albany for interment.

The bearers were P. V. Rogers, C. C. Kingsley and Rev. Dr. R. S. Bachman, of Utica; Professors E. North, E. J. Hamilton and Oren Root, of the faculty; H. B. Silliman, of Cohoes, and William McKinney, of Albany. Among the trustees present were Rev. Dr. S. M. Miller, Ogdensburg, Hon. T. M. Pomeroy, Auburn, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts and Dr. A. N. Brockway, New York, Rev. Dr. J. B. Lee, Franklinville, H. B. Silliman, Cohoes, P. V. Rogers and C. C. Kingsley, Utica.

CLASS OF 1856.

Professor AMBROSE PARSONS KELSEY died at his home on College Hill, at 8:45, on Monday, March 30, 1891.

"He was born in Sauquoit, Oneida county, August 30, 1833. His father died four years later. In his plans for a liberal education he was aided by his mother's unwearied care and sympathy. His preparation for the sophomore class in college was made in the Sauquoit Academy, while Rev. Dr. M. E. Dunham was its principal. His preference for the natural sciences was very decided, and in Senior year he received the first Underwood prize in chemistry.

After his graduation he taught the natural sciences for one year in Wilson Academy. In 1857 he was appointed principal of Cincinnatus Academy, and held this position for two years. In 1859 he was called to the chair of natural sciences in the state normal school at Albany.

Two years later he removed to Farmington, Me. Here his influence was prudently used in shaping the legislation that resulted in the establishment of the first state normal school in Maine. As its first principal he was largely entrusted with the plan of the building, the arrangement of its studies and the selection of its teachers.

In 1865 Professor Kelsey succeeded Rev. Dr. David A. Holbrook as principal of the Rural High School in Clinton, which Rev. Dr. B. W. Dwight had founded. After the burning of the high school building he purchased the homestead on College street, long occupied by Professor Avery, and conducted the Clinton Grammar School until 1873.

September 9, 1876, he was elected principal of the state normal school at Plymouth, N. H., and he at once entered upon his duties. While in this position he delivered many interesting and instructive lectures, and among the most interesting was one on "Methods of Teaching," delivered before the Teachers' Association of New Hampshire in September, 1878.

Professor Kelsey was called to Clinton in the fall of 1878 to accept the Stone Professorship of Natural History in Hamilton College, a position he has occupied since. This appointment was well received as that of "a successful teacher of geology and other branches of natural history in the several institutions which had sought his services. As professor of natural sciences at Albany he became familiar with the best methods of instruction. As the organizer of the normal school of Maine he was entrusted with duties for which only teachers of acknowledged ability and skill were selected. During the past two years his administration at the state normal school at Plymouth, N. H., has received the highest approval and fully justified the confidence with which he is now called to a professor's chair in Hamilton College."

In 1881 he received the degree of Ph. D. from the trustees of Bowdoin College. Twice he crossed the Atlantic, and thus broadened his preparation for the duties of his department of instruction.

In his home life Professor Kelsey was most fortunate and happy. He was married December 24, 1863, to Ellen V. Goodenow, daughter of Hon. Robert Goodenow, of Farmington, Maine, who survives her husband with three children: Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, of Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Anthony H. Evans, of Lockport, and Robert G. Kelsey. His younger brother, Professor Charles Kelsey, also a graduate of Hamilton College, was for many years superintendent of schools in Marquette, Mich.

Professor Kelsey's personal attachment was very strong for those he had guided in preparing for college or in their undergraduate studies. By his kindly nature, as well as by Christian principle, he was prompted in dealing with students to the constant exercise of faith and hopeful methods. The hospitality of his beautiful home was refined, gracious and abundant. The tidings of his death will bring genuine sorrow to many loving hearts in distant homes.

The *Rome Sentinel* says: "One of the chief traits of Professor Kelsey's character as a man was his great generosity. He seldom allowed an opportunity of doing a kindness to pass unused. He was a scholar of great ability, a most pleasant man to meet, and a hearty devotee to the sciences which he had made a life study. It was his practice to draw from the works and laws of nature some lesson of practical or divine significance. When engaged in the explanation of natural history he seemed to be lost in the wonders of nature and his hearers could not fail to catch the spirit of wonderment. It is the universal testimony of those who were brought under him that an unkind word was never known to fall from his lips. Even the most refractory or the dullest student could never point to a time when his patience was exhausted. To an unusual degree he was always ready and willing to discommode himself to give an explanation or to make clearer a point in the studies. Under him the study of the sciences was made a pleasure rather than an onerous duty."

ACTION OF THE FACULTY.

At a special meeting of the Faculty of Hamilton College, held Monday noon, March 30, 1891, it was:

Resolved, That in the death of Professor Ambrose P. Kelsey, who since 1879 has filled the Chair of Natural History in this institution, we mourn the departure of a faithful companion in duty, whose thirty-five years since his graduation have been zealously devoted to the self-denying duties of a teacher in positions of high responsibility; whose social and intellectual gifts and Christian fidelity have won our attachment; with whom love for the college and higher education has been a controlling, generous motive, and whose memory will be tenderly cherished.

Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted family of our departed associate the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement, and that we invoke for them the consolations of the Supreme Comforter.

Resolved, That as a token of sympathy with the afflicted family, and of respect for the memory of Professor Kelsey, the exercises of the college for the remainder of the term be suspended.

Professor Kelsey's funeral occurred Wednesday afternoon, and was largely attended. Very impressive services were conducted by President Darling, assisted by Rev. Dr. Hudson, with singing by a quartette of students.

Among the friends of Professor Kelsey, who were present at his funeral and his interment in the College Cemetery, were Mr. Daniel Page, of Boston; Mr. Peter Lee Atherton, of Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Anthony H. Evans, of Lockport; Professor Charles Kelsey, of Marquette, Mich.; Dr. Dwight M. Lee, of Oxford; Mr. Edward Curran and Mr. Frederick H. George, of Utica; Hon. John D. Henderson, of Herkimer.

CLASS OF 1852.

PAUL DUDLEY MORROW was born in Wilnot township, Pa., February 17, 1828. He died of Bright's disease, December 14, 1890. His early life was one of toil and privations. At the age of 18 he entered the Franklin Academy, in Susquehanna county, and there completed his preparation for college. He was admitted to the bar in 1853, and three years after was elected District Attorney of Bradford County. In 1870 he was appointed a judge of the 13th judicial district, composed of the counties of Bradford and Susquehanna, and in 1874 was commissioned president judge. In 1880 his nomination for presiding judge by the Republicans was endorsed by the Democrats, and his re-election was without opposition. Judge Morrow was married in 1857 to Miss Harriet King Pitcher, of Warren, Pa. His wife survives, with one daughter and two sons: His daughter, Henrietta, is the wife of Judge Hale. His sons are John Paul Morrow, '84, and Charles S. Morrow, both of Duluth, Minn.

Of Judge Morrow's long career on the Bench it is difficult to speak comprehensively, for it covers so much. He was chosen Judge in the prime of life and the richest years of his manhood were spent in a service than which there is none more honorable. To hold evenly the scales of Justice, to protect the weak, and to restrain the strong, where fairness demands restraint, is a task which tests the quality of the greatest, and to achieve distinction in the judgeship is an honor which may well satisfy the ambition of any man. To decide wisely and justly all the innumerable points which come up during a score of years in a country like this is beyond the power of fallible man; to so decide them that the majority shall approve the fairness of the judge is all that may be justly expected, and that Judge Morrow did this, his unanimous nomination for a second term by both parties should sufficiently prove. An honor like that is not often conferred upon a man whose positive character compels him to be the loyal partisan of any cause in which he believes; and the friends of the dead jurist may well remember with grateful pride this high tribute to his justice and ability.

MARRIED.

ELLINWOOD MUNSON. -- In the First Presbyterian Church, of Utica, Wednesday evening April 29, 1891, by the Rev. Dr. FRANK F. ELLINWOOD, '49, of New York, assisted by the Rev. Dr. ROBERT L. BACKMAN, '71, Utica, FRANK FIELD ELLINWOOD, M. D., '88, of Attica, and Miss GRACE CATLIN MUNSON, daughter of Mrs. HENRY GOLDTHWAITE, of Utica.

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THE "HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY" FOR 1880-91.

Its aim is to furnish a Review of our College Literature, a faithful representation of our College life, and a medium for the communication to the Alumni of items of interest.

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HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY,
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THE RELATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH TO CIVILIZATION.

THE Sabbath is as old as the human race. When the Creator had crowned his work with man, he rested the seventh day, and blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Again, amid the thunders of Sinai, the law of the Sabbath is given to the chosen people, and the day becomes an institution guarded sacredly by prophet and ruler. According as it is treated so is the national prosperity. When it is kept holy abundant blessings attend. When its high character is degraded fearful temporal calamities follow the spiritual decline. And when, in consequence of repeated unfaithfulness to their mission, this people are finally carried away captive, it is particularly noticed that "the land enjoyed her Sabbaths as long as she lay desolate," Sabbaths of which she had been defrauded by the sinful people. Christ comes; and, the day being changed, the principle remains. The Christian Sabbath has a new meaning and blessings undreamed of by the old Jewish day.

Such is the origin and history of the Sabbath. Few will deny its advantages in ancient times. But can it keep its place to-day, when the conditions of religion, society and government are so changed? What are its relations to our civilization?

The Sabbath is a great promoter of health. The law written on tables of stone is as surely written in the nature and constitution of man. It is a well attested scientific fact that man needs one day of rest in every seven for the preservation of health. If the interval is made longer or shorter health suffers. The French were obliged, in the interests of public health, to discard their artificial decade and return to the septenary week. The almost unanimous testimony of employers is that those workmen who are habitual church-goers are in far better physical condition for work Monday morning than those who make Sunday a holiday. The average length of life of the Jews, who are strict Sabbatarians, is ten years

longer than that of other people's of continental Europe whose Sabbath is not a holy day but a holiday. Surely we must say with the French political economist, Michael Chevalier, "Let us observe Sunday in the name of hygiene, if not in the name of religion."

The advantage in wealth and material prosperity is with Sabbath-observing nations. Where was there ever a people who honored the holy day that were abjectly poor? Contrast the financial condition of Great Britain and the United States with that of Italy and Spain. The Protestant cantons of Switzerland, with their Sabbath, are markedly distinguished from the Catholic cantons, where the seventh day is the continental Sunday, by their greater thrift and prosperity. With natural resources the same, the former are characterized by thriving manufactories and commerce, while the latter are comparatively spiritless, almost wholly given up to pastoral life.

The Sabbath is, moreover, the friend of morality. Blackstone says, "A corruption of morals usually follows the profanation of the Sabbath," but its observance reduces crime to a minimum. A holiday Sunday is a great producer of crime. In Germany a great majority of all crimes are committed on Sunday. Others beside Montalembert have been surprised "by the ease with which the immense city of London is kept in order by a garrison of three small battalions and two squadrons; while to control the capital of France, which is half the size, forty thousand troops of the line and sixty thousand national guards are necessary;" and they have explained it in the same way. Well might Daniel Webster call the Sabbath the bulwark of our liberties because the bulwark of morality.

The Sabbath is the great friend of education. On that day, as on no other, those themes are considered which are best calculated to uplift the mind and heart, and to prepare men intelligently to discharge their duties to the state and society. It is indeed "the workingman's college," of priceless value from an intellectual point of view. There never was a non-Sabbath-observing nation in which the mass of people were not densely ignorant. Why does the Papacy allow the holiday Sunday? Because the sacred Sabbath involves the open

Bible for the people; the Bible means education, and with the masses educated Rome's sway is gone. In England under Elizabeth strict Sabbath laws were in force, and the intellectual glories of the age that produced Shakespeare are uneclipsed. That age nurtured the New England Puritans, men of the highest culture of the universities, men who scattered school houses through the wilderness.

Patriotism has no stronger upholder than the Sabbath. A nation of Sabbath-keepers will be a nation of liberty-lovers. No power on earth can enslave them. Wise to their own interests were those tyrants of the Middle Ages, who furnished their subjects with shows and other amusements on the Sabbath, as the surest way to rob them of their love of independence. The Book of Sports forced upon the English people was an instrument of the Stuart tyranny; and we are not surprised to see the Cavaliers, who danced about the May-pole on the Sabbath, fighting under Charles II against their ancient liberties. It was Cromwell's invincible Ironsides who gave the world an example of a Sabbath-keeping army such as it has never seen before or since. In our late Civil War the first to respond to the call to arms in defence of the Union were the sons of Sabbath-loving New England.

The Sabbath is the twin sister of the home. Instituted together in Eden they have ever stood or fallen together. France, whose language has no word for home, in the godless Reign of Terror had one divorce for every three marriages. In Spain sins against the family are fearfully prevalent. We look to Christian America and Great Britain for the model of the home.

But above all, the Sabbath is an indispensable institution of Christianity. Without it Christianity cannot exist. Said Voltaire, "There is no hope of destroying Christianity so long as the Christian Sabbath is acknowledged and kept by men as a sacred day." And without the Sabbath, the "ground pillar of the church and our whole social life," it is impossible to perpetuate our civilization. The founders of our nation were profoundly religious men. They believed it their mission to found a Christian civilization in the new world. So rooted is this idea that it has made the saying, that Christianity is a part of our common law.

Such are the relations of the Christian Sabbath to civilization, as its light shines through all ages, shedding a benign ray upon all within its reach.

Without it there may be refinement of taste, there may be culture, there may be arts and sciences, but "no civilization can come to its fullest, highest fruition that does not give the Sabbath the place it is entitled to in the physical, moral constitution of man."

AURELIAN H. POST.

PAST AND PRESENT CHANGE: FUTURE DUTY.

THE present age is characterized by transition. Since the oldest of us first saw the light each succeeding year has been marked by some revolution—political, social, scientific, or religious.

Even in these peaceful days of scholastic quiet, our unaccustomed ears are startled by cries of danger. Each day in the news from Europe we expect to hear the notes of alarm and the din of preparation. One stroke will bring from the north the steady tramp of armed men, and arouse the nations of the south to a conflict that will transform the present states and give to the world a new map of Europe.

Years ago the pride of the Hapsburgs was stricken to the dust on Sadowa's fatal field; but who has predicted the morrow for the bold and defiant Prussian? An absolute will rules from the Rhine to the Baltic; from the Vosgian Alps to the North Sea,—but a double change has taken place in one short decade. The banner of black and crimson and yellow floats no longer above the home of the King of the French. The fourth century has come again; the Germans are in the fens and marshes east of the Seine; France awaits a "Julian the Apostate" to drive them thence.

The great Republic of the West a quarter of a century ago was marching in an unexampled career of prosperity and of power. Her flag was borne to the forefront of the civilization of the world. It floated over every land, over every sea, over every island that gemmed every ocean,—the beacon of the

oppressed, the hope and the glory of the free. No patrician Roman, gathering his purple around him in the olden days, more surely knew the protection of his citizenship than did the humblest in our land.

The day of trial came, sad and grievous to be borne. The crimes of our fathers were visited upon their children. The curse of a false system of labor was upon the land. It was fearfully atoned in agony and blood. Thank God! the change was made; and in the transition we became forever a homogeneous and a harmonious people. Through all our borders our great charter is a truth,—all men *are* free and equal; everywhere there is liberty controlled by law.

In science, too, there is change. Marvelous revolutions follow the ever-advancing banner of the explorers of nature. The dreams of Franklin are realized in Edison, whose genius has harnessed the subtle spirit of the clouds to the service of man; and has made it possible for our children's children to hear the echo of our voice long after our lips have become silent in the grave.

Far down in the ocean's depths, where the eye of man has never penetrated, the messenger of the lightning tracks his pathless way. A simple wire, a small battery, a piece of steel, a little mirror,—these are the magician's wands that annihilate time and space, and bring together the evening and the morning.

In this new world, on our broad prairies, the hum of the bee is known no more as the harbinger of advancing civilization. New routes have been found to the Indies. Gigantic enterprise has stretched her iron hand across the continent. At her mailed touch, from the broad bosom of the virgin land, spring daily the stately empires of the future.

Our *Alma Mater* demands of us before we leave her sacred halls an answer. To how much of the good and the greatness of the future, that the past and the present changes foretell, shall we contribute, to how much that is just shall we be faithful,—and as we answer her, so shall our lives be fruitful or so shall our lives be in vain. In a republic, where the theory of the government is that all power springs from the governed, and that the rulers are but the servants of the people, reflecting their sentiments and executing their will, it

is the duty of the scholar to make his imprint upon the body of the times. To whom great opportunities have been given, great responsibilities attach. Let us see to it that we are always in the van of the right, faithful to the interests of humanity, and loyal to the "organic unity of mankind." While we aim to be proficient in political knowledge, let us spurn the wiles of the politician; let us rise above the prejudices of the partisan. With faces unalterably set against the corruptions of our times, let us go forward unmoved by the blandishments of vice and unseduced by the temptation of power, pure in purpose, steadfast in trial, following always the light given us, adding lustre to manhood, and honor to "Old Hamilton."

DUNCAN CAMPBELL LEE, '91.

HOLLAND MISJUDGED.

WE are all familiar with Twings' Dutch characters. We smile at their uncouthness, we pity their simplicity, we despise their weaknesses. We find in them little of heroism, or sublimity. From the long hidden archives of the old world, Motley has brought forth proof that the Dutch have a real and earnest history, and can point to as proud a record as any nation need covet. Instead of sensual, inactive beings, objects of pity and contempt, they appear as the most enterprising and vigorous people in Europe; the aggressive in spirit, the most independent in thought, the most persistent in defending their rights.

At the beginning of the Sixteenth century Holland was not yet free. To make his empire more compact, Charles the Fifth would have one religion throughout its vast extent. The Roman priest should chant his litany in every village. The Roman confessional should learn the secret of every fire-side. In the next reign the inquisition came with all its added horrors. This was the final outrage. No more could be endured. Better was death in battle than death by legalized torture. Philip, declaring that he had rather be no king than to reign over heretics, passed sentence of death upon the en-

tire people. The instrument chosen to execute this terrible decree was the Duke of Alva. His cold calculating intellect was well suited to the purposes of his master. Ruined homes and bloody gibbets were the tokens of his vigorous rule. Within half a score of years, eighteen thousand men had given up their lives for conscience.

But Dutch patriotism wavered not, Dutch endurance faltered not. We point with pride to our eight years' struggle; multiply these eight by ten, and they mark the eighty years of the Dutch conflict. If 1776 is a noble date, 1576 saw the union of a not less noble people—a people who would rather give their land back to the ocean than to see it the possession of tyrants. Harlem and Leyden, Ghent and Antwerp, stand as enduring records of a liberty loving people.

From this fiery trial, Holland came forth triumphant. She had shown to the world that kings were not necessary for prosperity; that priests were not essential to civilization. From the blood of her martyrs sprung a new and undefiled religion. Heroic in war, in peace her commerce whitened every sea, her sails fluttered in every harbor. The greatness of her statesmen and warriors, her scholars and artists, have made her fame enduring and glorious. Erasmus and Grotius, Van Tromp and William of Orange, these are some of the names that adorn Dutch history. From the asylum of her shores the pilgrims came, bearing to this new world the leaven of her free institutions. And if, at so many firesides, the family altar is now reared and revered, is it not because religious toleration, having found such stout defenders in the Low Countries, passed thence to England, and is to-day the corner stone of free America?

It was Dutch endurance that first made religious liberty possible. It was Dutch genius that first taught modern Europe the helplessness of kings. It was Dutch enterprise that first painted in letters of gold, the advantages of free institutions.

Connected more closely, than we dream with her history, our statesmen may draw many lessons from her experiences; our people, from her patient endurance of trials. As we study her history, we are forced to acknowledge, that the Dutch people have been great in genius, great in learning, and sublimely great in patriotism.

A. E. STUART, '91.

A TRIP ABROAD.

TO an observant mind a trip across the Atlantic gives many impressions which are unconsciously received but afterward are brought up as vivid realities when occasion calls them forth. A view of the scenery and historic places of England and Scotland will give the loyal American a background on which will be cast the visions, no longer shadows, of men and women of other days, whose deeds are recorded in stone, institutions, customs and laws.

Pleasure or its synonym, health-seeking, will span the reasons for travel, of a fair proportion of ocean voyagers. Business and revisiting one's native land, will stand for valid explanation with many. Some are seekers after knowledge under the name of novelty, and some would stay at home if a good reason for their journey were a necessary passport. After a few hours of seclusion on shipboard and separation from an evening or morning paper, a conviction settles upon one that the world must get along without our assistance, at least, until we can send a cablegram announcing our safe arrival to the thousands standing along the eastern coast of the United States, watching the horizon where our vessel was lost to sight. A suspicion slowly creeps in our minds that perhaps the aforesaid thousands are as unconcerned at our departure as the hundreds are undisturbed at our appearance on that very vessel. Scanty recognition is granted to strangers until the question is settled whether our companions are good sailors. We reluctantly discover that the frail invalid is indeed an angel of mercy to the strong, baffled, conceited, nauseated, now humiliated, unobserving, uncaring, scantily grateful specimens of humanity. Afterward our opinions of others are held tentatively. We listen to the discussions of border life in troublous times, to the adventures of a Forty-Niner as he journeyed across the isthmus to the golden gate; the theories of the sacraments are pressed to our attention by a student of "Lux Mundi"; the vagaries of a preacher, glorying in the name of a crank, because a crank is made to cause revolutions, overthrowing abuses and settled delusions; the immigration scheme of two young men, agents of a western state; the incidental reference to persons, long our friends, by these hitherto strangers; all these elements make up that camaraderie of

a traveler, so transient and delightful. There is no leveler of dividing walls of theology, rank, wealth, nationalities, like an ocean voyage. Whether on shipboard, on English soil or on the streets of a city of Ireland, the gentleman was the same in kindly instinct, manly bearing and becoming dress.

After father Neptune had graciously accorded gentle breezes astern for ten days, our good ship *Circassia* brought us in sight of the cliffs, which seem to bulwark the Green Isle on the northwest. After hours of scanning the coast line with opera glasses, dinner was served to people who seemed to have heard "20 minutes for refreshments." Positions on deck were eagerly taken to watch the nearing scenes of interest. For a week the weather had been warm, temperature of the water reaching 79 degrees. Now the land breeze struck us with autumn breath. Loch Foyle is a bay about five miles wide, extending some ten miles inland. A lighter meets the ocean steamer some five miles from the sea. Trunks were corded together in blocks of five and hoisted from the hold by the swiftly moving steam derricks or donkey engines. A portion of the passengers left for *terra firma*, and we resumed our way to Glasgow. We could hardly realize that the setting sun was so tardy. The twilight revealed distant buildings, a church, a castle, though our watches told us it was after nine o'clock. While still watching from the upper deck the receding shores, a sudden combination of land and ocean currents struck the vessel and rocked us from side to side in a very unceremonious manner. Persons in unsecured chairs went to the opposite rail on all fours. In another instant they were grabbing for the unattainable on the other side of the steamer. Fortunately this cradle song of the sea was not encoed. The usual games and ten o'clock supper were enjoyed. The fair shores of Scotland were seen at an early hour of the following morning as we sailed slowly up the Clyde and dropped anchor opposite Greenock. Though only twenty-five miles from Glasgow, the examination of baggage delayed our arrival by train until noon. Chimney tops made very vivid impressions as we glanced at the cities and villages seen from train. The fact that each room in a large building must have a separate flue from its fire place, explains the number of tiles, sometimes sixteen, extending from the top of a single chimney.

The dredging of the river Clyde, making it deep enough for the largest vessels, has given Glasgow a great impulse. It has grown within twenty-five years from very modest proportions to a population of half a million. It is a commercial city of great energy and very similar to New York in appearance and business methods.

Letters of introduction proved an open sesame to the homes of Scotland's most worthy people. A few days at Ayr, Burns, birthplace, and a visit at the Largs, the country home of a Glasgow merchant, made the southwestern part of Scotland better known to us. A day's run to Belfast gave a glimpse of Irish life and cities. A coach ride through the English lake district gave a view of the charming mountains over which Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge wandered, and the tiny lakes which they made famous. Chester charmed with its Rows, cathedral and remains of Roman walls and historic interest. Coventry's three spires threw welcoming glances over wide meadows and hedgerows as we neared the town on the train. "Peeping Tom" recalls the legend of Godiva, but the bustling factories for sewing-machines and bicycles, crowd out with their newness the old and traditional. The famous ride in carriage from Coventry to Kenilworth to Warwick, to Stratford and return to Leamington, gave material for many a pleasant picture and for future reminiscence. Then Oxford bewildered and awed with its crowded quadrangles, colleges, chapels, libraries and atmosphere of classic life. London was cleared of smoke, and was the scene of many days' weary sight-seeing. Though here are centers of vast commercial enterprises, yet there is abundant wealth and enthusiasm to minister to culture in gallery, museum and rare collection. History fairly burdens the Tower and Westminster Abbey. The past is aggressive and will not down. All guides talk with the assurance which sight alone can give, of past events, even back to the tenth century. York, Durham, Edinburgh, Roslyn, the Trossachs, taxed our time to the last moment. But we shared in the ownership of all these centuries, for our ancestors, too, trod the turf bedewed with blood of patriot, and defended the principles of freedom, the common heritage of all English speaking people.

A. G. B., '72.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

IN 1738, William Johnson, a young man from the north of Ireland, came to this country, partly drawn by the gift of an estate in the Mohawk valley, and partly impelled by an unhappy love affair. He settled upon the wild tract which had been given him, and began his career as a fur-trader. Not often is a person placed amid such unfavorable surroundings. He did not know the value or quality of furs, nor the manner of trading; and he understood the language neither of the Indians nor of the Dutch; but he soon overcame these difficulties. He mastered their languages, and his keen powers of penetration soon enabled him to read the character of his new neighbors. He married a Dutch girl and moved to an estate on the north side of the Mohawk. His trade with the Indians became large; he shipped furs directly to London and established a flour trade with the West Indies. By strict integrity and careful avoidance of the tricks and cheating so common among the traders of the time, he acquired a reputation for honesty and fair-dealing. His firm character, athletic tastes, and adaptation to their mode of life, opened the way to the hearts of the Indians; and his public spirit and pity for the unfortunate, gained him the admiration and respect of his white neighbors.

For many years America had been preparing the scene in which Johnson was to play a leading part. Ever since the French Jesuits first came among the Indians, the English had been losing their influence. Their policy had been extremely injudicious. Impelled by a zeal for Christianity, they persuaded the Indians to receive the Jesuits into their midst. They never seemed to realize the importance of retaining the good will of the savages. The Indian agents were continually at variance with the Indians, and the traders sold them rum and cheated them. On the other hand the French through the "Jesuits and through persons who" had intermarried with the Indians, endeavored to gain their confidence and their efforts were being crowned with success. Just at this time Johnson appeared among the Indians; the red-man seemed instinctively to love him; he learned their language; his wife died and he took, with little scruple, one of the Indian maidens to live with him; he attended their orgies clad in Indian garments,

and finally was received as a member of the Mohawk nation and became one of their chief sachems. An important council was to be held with the Six Nations, and as the Governor could no longer rely upon the commission at Albany, he sent Col. Johnson, at the expense of the crown, to attend this council and to persuade the Indians not to join the French. Thus far his services for the English had been but slight; this was to be his trial. Perhaps he saw that if he should be successful a great future would lie before him; he could not have helped seeing that if he failed it would be his last opportunity. He found the Indians prone to unite with the French; but by energy and tact he at length succeeded in dissuading them from this course and made arrangements for another council. This was his first public service of importance. By it he deprived the enemy of a useful ally and opened the way toward joining the Indians to the English cause.

A short time after this, in addition to his duties in connection with Indian affairs, he was placed in command of all the colonial troops for the defence of the frontier. He organized bands of Indians to ravage the frontiers of Canada, to slaughter and burn, and paid them \$25 apiece for the scalps of the enemy. It seems strange that so great a man as Johnson should stoop to employ savages to butcher his enemies, and never try to mitigate the atrocities of Indian warfare; yet he seems to have considered this the only and proper way of avenging the attacks of the Canadian Indians. He was incapable of rising above the custom and spirit of his age in this respect.

In the year 1750, he became a member of the Provincial council, and in the following year, the French having obtained permission of the Onondagas to establish a post on lake Onondaga, Johnson called a conference with them, laid before them the danger of allowing the French to establish themselves in the very midst of their country, and asked them to give him the lake with two miles of land encircling it. They deeded the land to him and he paid for it. Although he purchased it for the crown the Assembly refused to reimburse him and so, oppressed by debts which the government refused to liquidate, he resigned his commission as manager of the affairs of the Six Nations. The Indians were much displeased at this, and the Mohawks sent an urgent request to the Governor to re-in-

state him. This was refused ; but in 1753 he was again at his old occupation of quelling Indian disturbances ; and in the following year, the Governor's health being so poor that he was unable to meet the Indians, he notified the legislature that whatever person or persons both branches should agree in naming, he would authorize to attend the Indian council in his place. They nominated Johnson and he was appointed accordingly.

In 1755, he received a commission placing him in command of all the forces destined to move against Crown Point. With these forces he met Dieskau at Lake George, where a battle took place. Early in the action he was wounded and obliged to leave the field ; but a younger officer assumed control and the English were victorious. For this victory Johnson received the thanks of Parliament, was voted £5,000 and created Baronet. During the summer of the following year he went on an expedition against Niagara, as second in command. The leader, Prideau, being killed, Johnson took command and succeeded in capturing the fort. Then, instead of improving the splendid opportunity to attack Canada, which now presented itself, he garrisoned the fort and led back the remainder of the army. It may be that this was the wiser as well as the safer course to follow ; but it seems now that if he had pressed forward with the forces at hand, he might have subdued all Canada. Indeed in the following year an English army, together with the Indian allies under Johnson, brought Canada under the rule of Great Britain.

About this time Sir William received a grant of 66,000 acres of land lying mainly in the present county of Herkimer. A pleasing legend which runs somewhat as follows, relates how this land came to be given to him : King Hendrick an old Indian chief during a stay at Johnson Hall, told Sir William one morning that during the night he had dreamed that Johnson gave him a suit of clothes that seemed to have taken his fancy. Hearing this Johnson gave him the clothes, and the old chief departed. Soon after Johnson visited King Hendrick and in the morning told him that he had dreamed that all the land between the Canada Creeks was his. The old chief sadly shook his head and said that he should have it, but he must not dream again. It seems almost irreverent to tear to shreds

the patch-work legends that our elders have so long cherished ; yet it must sometimes be done. Sir William, himself, says that he did not obtain the land in this way ; but that the Indians of Canajoharie proposed to him at a public meeting that, as this land lay near his own he should receive it as a gift from them, while they still had power to give him a proof of their friendship. They asked him to have a deed drawn up which they all might sign. He did as requested, and the deed being ratified by the Crown, the tract became known as the " Royal Grant." In return for this land he made the Indians a present of 1,200 "pieces of eight." This statement together with the fact that King Hendrick died several years before Sir William received the land, prove beyond a doubt that there can be no truth in the story.

At the breaking out of Pontiac's war in 1763, the Indians throughout the country were greatly excited, and were threatening the whites all along the frontier. At this crisis, Johnson by great exertions, managed to attach firmly five of the Six Nations to the whites,—a task that no other man could have accomplished. Had it not been for him, it is more than likely that this state would have suffered an Indian war as deadly as any that this country has ever experienced. When Johnson learned that the Canadian Indians were planning to come through the woods and capture him, he fortified his home and the state furnished him with a body of militia to defend it. The Mohawks also, when they learned of these preparations, told him that they were ready to die in his defence.

Johnson's mind was most unceasingly bent upon his work ; but occasionally he relaxed it to fish in the Sacandaga, or to invite the young men and braves of the Six Nations to a tournament of Indian games at Johnson Hall. He was also in the habit of appointing sport-days at Johnstown, on which the yeomanry of the neighboring country contended in various feats of manly strength. Boxing and foot-racing were the most common, and often for diversion, races were introduced in which the riders rode facing the wrong way. Part of this time was given to the general improvement of the community and of the condition of those about him. He devoted his especial attention to agriculture, the growing of fruit-trees, the importation of sheep, and the raising of blooded horses. His great influence

and high position, together with his perfect integrity, induced persons to come before him for the settlement of disputes, and the afflicted often called upon him for redress, and never called in vain. At one time the sheriff of Albany arrested a person at Johnson Hall without asking permission of its owner, and being informed that he had incurred Johnson's displeasure, he hastily apologized, and promised never again to arrest a person there without first asking leave. This shows that he exerted almost the power of a petty prince with his neighbors as subjects.

In 1768, he stood for a time in the open air at an Indian council and contracted a severe cold, which kept him confined to the house for several weeks. As soon as he was able to travel, he went to the sea-shore, dividing the time between Long Island and the mainland. From this time on, he gradually became more feeble. He had always labored hard, and in age his wornout body sank beneath life's constantly increasing burdens. Finally, in July 1774, a great conference was held with the Indians at Fort Johnson, and in reply to the Indian speeches Sir William delivered an address of two hours length. This so taxed his strength that it caused a return of a former sickness, and threw him into a fit in which he expired. His funeral was as unique as had been the course of his life, and we might well say that the one was emblematic of the other. Two thousand whites of the surrounding country, and the Mohawk warriors with their black thread blankets; the white children of the fair-haired German girl, and the half-breed children of Molly; all payed homage to one who had been their leader in everything, and whose influence even then, kept those at peace who soon would turn against each other. It was an imposing spectacle, one which will never be seen again.

Before his death Johnson wrote that there would be a war between England and the colonies; but that he should never live to see it. From this and similar remarks, as well as the suddenness of his death, it was supposed by many that he committed suicide. Stone does not take this view of the matter; still we should not rely implicitly upon the opinions of this biographer, as he wrote Johnson's life without even knowing of the existence of the Johnson manuscripts, and of the

papers preserved at Albany. His father, however, who was a much more thorough worker, holds the same opinion ; but it may be that they, like the rest of us, would rather believe that a kind Providence relieved Johnson from his worldly cares, than that his life was taken by his own hand. Providence was indeed kind in choosing this time for his death. The war had not yet broken out, and the title to his large estates was yet valid. A few years would have placed before him the task of deciding whether to take part against his neighbors or against his king. Stone thinks that he would have taken sides with the people ; but it is doubtful whether he would have changed his allegiance after such long and faithful service to the crown. He has not told us what he would have done in this case so that it is all mere conjecture.

Johnson's career was entirely original, leading him from a frontier store to a baronial castle. It brought him to a large estate, gained for him the especial favor of his monarch and made his name great upon the western continent. His most noticeable quality was the power of adaptation to all the circumstances in which he was placed. With equal ease he bore himself in the officer's tent, in the legislative chair, in the Indian wigwam and at the English court. He gained the redman's faith, the whiteman's esteem, the love of his friends, the fear of his enemies, and the admiration of all. Yet it can not be denied that he was unscrupulous as to his manner of enjoyment and was far from being a moral man in some respects. It is said that at his death he had about one hundred illegitimate children living in and about Johnstown. Some even think that all his actions, all his upright dealings were but means to gain an end. Can it be that his labors for the improvement of the savage, and his endeavors to educate and Christianize them came not from a sense of right but from a selfish heart? Let us not judge too harshly the man whose efforts were of inestimable value to this country. He came upon the scene at the critical moment, saw what was to be done, and did it. He was not a rash enthusiast, but a cool painstaking man, ready to encounter difficulties and determined to avail himself of all the opportunities presented.

Sir William did something as a soldier, something as a statesman, something as a philanthropist ; but his great life work was the attachment of the Indians to the English cause. If it had not been for his labors, France might to-day control a great portion of this country. The colonies might not have gained their liberty, and we might now be subjects of an European power.

C. R. LA RUE, '93.

Editors' Table.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT DARLING.

In this our Memorial Number, the life and labors of Dr. Darling are well portrayed by older pens than ours. But we as editors of the *LIT.* feel that it is our duty and our pleasure, bitter-sweet, to voice the student's loss and lay upon his tomb a wreath of praise, the simple tribute of respect and love.

To us as students Dr. Darling had endeared himself most strongly, and his death is felt as a personal loss by all. His kindness and courtesy to each and every one won for him a warm place in every heart. His memory for names and faces was wonderful and from the first morning of Freshman year he always knew every student by name and had a kind word for each one.

Dr. Darling had a great knowledge of human nature and his kind heart made him sympathize with the weak and erring. The student called to him for discipline was sure to receive the benefit of any just excuse.

His manners were perfect, elegant, dignified, graceful, he was the perfect, typical gentleman. His wonderfully winning smile portrayed well his sunny nature.

His generosity was great. Many a poor student would not have received a Hamilton diploma if Dr. Darling, in his quiet way, had not given generous assistance.

As pastor of our College Church, Dr. Darling was always considered a preacher of great ability. His sermons contained deep thought, elegantly and logically expressed. A remarkably handsome face and figure, a dignity of bearing and grace of gesture added much to his power as a speaker.

Dr. Darling's death is the greatest possible loss to Hamilton College. In managing the affairs of the College, in its financial interest, in gaining students, in interesting alumni, he proved himself most efficient.

To us who have been under Dr. Darling in class-room work and had the benefit of his great ability and been impressed with the charm of his presence, the loss seems especially severe.

In future years, as with the eye of memory, we look back upon the halcyon days of college life it will be with the greatest love and reverence that we recall the name of Dr. Henry Darling.

THE MAY FIELD-DAY.

The spring meeting of the Athletic Association, May 14, was all that was expected, and, perhaps, a little more. The fourteen events on the programme were all filled, and the contests, for the most part, were exceedingly interesting. The records in the majority of the events were fairly good, while in two the college records were broken—those of the 220 and 120 yards hurdle races, Lee running the first in $27\frac{1}{4}$ seconds (previous record $28\frac{1}{2}$), and Chester and Curran tying for the second in 18.5 seconds (previous record 18 $\frac{1}{2}$.)

Much credit is due the athletes, the trainer, and the Athletic Association for the very satisfactory manner in which the sports passed off. The events followed each other in quick succession, and the tiresome delays which have characterized all previous meets were pleasantly avoided.

However, the athletes should not be carried away with the success, the real struggle is yet to come at Geneva. The training should be faithfully and regularly kept up, keeping in view the 30th of May. Let it not be said, if we should suffer defeat at Geneva, that it was due to insufficient training and practice. Now is the time for action and preparation, and the athletes should make the most of it. Not one of them can afford to miss a single opportunity to better himself physically; not one of them can be in too good condition for the approaching contest. Athletes, if you would repeat the splendid victories of Albany and Syracuse, and win once more the inter-collegiate pennant for Hamilton, you must give yourselves up to hard scientific training and systematic exercise.

VALEDICTORY.

The eighteenth issue of the *LIT.*, upon which the senior editors have been engaged and for which we have labored, has been presented to you. For us, the attachments which this position and this labor have formed must now come to an end. The heart emotion of Byron, when he sings of "Farewell!" in "Childe Harold," awakens a sympathetic chord in our hearts as we retire, and, with sorrow, bid adieu to our associates and patrons in college and among the alumni.

As we welcome into the board those who will take our places, our only regret is that the pleasant tasks will be ours no longer. We look back over the two years with pleasure and satisfaction, not only because of the duties themselves, but also because of the appreciation with which our labors have been received. It did not devolve upon us two years ago to *make* THE *LIT.*; it was already made. Its standard was well known among the colleges. Its influence was already felt in college and among the alumni.

But a passive success has not been the spirit of Hamilton during these years, and so its representative in journalism could not be passive. Progress was demanded; improvement was imperative. The alumni must be touched to a greater degree and made to realize the existence of a new spirit. The new spirit itself must be checked and regulated, and proper motives and principles instilled into the student life.

That the influence of the LIT. has been felt, the history of Hamilton for the last two years testifies. That the LIT. has been an important factor in the great development, everyone who has watched the changes firmly believes.

In undertaking the work our aim was high—the success of the college we love,—and to further this end everything has been sacrificed. We feel that in securing the success which the college has attained, the LIT. has done very much.

It was the personality and individuality of a faithful President that brought us Silliman Hall, and made secure the financial status of the college; but for the LIT. we claim an influence inestimable in arousing the student body from the historic lethargy of a decade to the enthusiastic loyalty which is now so prominent. It is now "*our* college," and to the Hamilton man those words arouse the tenderest feelings of the heart. Where came the influence that has made Hamilton conspicuous for the gentlemanly bearing of her students, and the spirit that has asserted itself for honesty, and made honesty a characteristic of all her athletic contests? In coming years, as the LIT.'s bound in beautiful style stand upon your shelves, take them down and read the editorials of volumes twenty-four and twenty-five, and see if therein the upward movement in Hamilton be not traced.

The fearlessness and courage of the LIT. has made it possible no longer for the treasurer of any college organization to defray the expenses of his senior year by dark and mysterious management. Pernicious college customs have been held up to view, and the recent discussion in this line shows the influence of our journal in moulding college sentiment. The great chasm (?) between the faculty and students has been bridged—the joint Conference Committee is a reality. A Hamilton college foot-ball team has been cheered on to victory by the college yell, because the LIT. started the movement. The succession of inter-collegiate athletic pennants, won by Hamilton, points to the new life which the LIT. has helped to create. For years "a new gym" has been the cry of the editors. The present board has had the honor of announcing old "Middle College" transformed into the new "Soper Memorial Gymnasium." By strenuous efforts a greater number of alumni have been reached, and the whole number was never more united and loyal than at present. The manifestation of loyalty among the alumni of the West alone is sufficient reward for many hours of labor.

For all the support that has been accorded us we are very thankful. We have attempted to make the LIT. a review of our college literature, a faithful representative of our college life, and the best medium for communication with the alumni.

Not to ourselves alone do we give the credit for the success of our attempt. We desire to thank both students and faculty for aiding us in furthering the interest of the LIT. and college. Their efforts we gratefully appreciated.

Our greatest debt, however, is due to the "Delphic oracle of Hamilton," in which the alumni interests have been centered for so many years. For a quarter of a century the most interesting department of the LIT. has been conducted by Dr. North. We would be guilty of gross injustice did we not acknowledge the great debt owed by the LIT. and all friends of the college to him for his untiring industry in bringing the alumni and college nearer together through the well-known and popular department, "The Alumnia." May he long be spared to THE HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY and to Hamilton College.

With a new board consisting of men of some experience, loyal to the college and zealous of improvement, we predict a bright future for THE HAMILTON LIT.

MANY years ago, the late Rev. Dr. WILLIAM E. KNOX, '40, with his well-remembered outspokenness, published his ideal of a college president; and twenty years have not wholly destroyed its significance. It is only fair to state that the "headless college" which Dr. Knox refers to is more than a thousand miles from Central New York.

"It is easy enough to get a poor President. I once recommended such a one to a college now headless, and they were unfortunate enough to take him. I never will do it again; it is too solemn business for the college. Yet my candidate was a fine scholar, a deep thinker, an able preacher, an experienced Professor—only he was an awful poor President. I felt bad over his failure, and mine in helping him to the place where he did it. Did you ever pass a spot where the engine jumped the track and killed some passengers, without feeling melancholy?

Let trustees take warning. Good Presidents are not as plenty as blackberries; it is only here and there a bush that bears one. And if you get the wrong one, the boys will soon find it out, and after awhile the Professors, and you next, and then the Alumni, and then other people, and 'the rest of mankind.' But there he is on your hands. Since I made the failure aforesaid, I have studied up the subject, and here are some of the results. To begin with—a President should be a *Scholar*. What business has anybody else in such a scholarly position, with scholarly Professors under him, and young men looking up to him and waiting to be made into scholars? He should be a *Thinker*, for reasons too obvious to mention. Especially should he have thought enough about colleges to know what is demanded of one who would be a President. He should be a *Preacher*. He should be able to appear to such advantage in any pulpit that the young men and their fathers in our congregations should take knowledge of him as a man of mark, and much to be desired to put his mark on said young men. Every sermon he preaches should be an invitation to our youth to seek knowledge at the hands of one able to give it. Our boys are eager for business and fortune, and there need to be eloquent voices calling them to better things. I have known a Presi-

dent mighty to do this, and who, wherever he went, felt that this was *his* great errand. His heart was so full of college enthusiasm that it could overflow into a congregation of young hearts and have enough to spare for the next one. I say nothing here of his duty as preacher *in* college. That is too obvious. Only for the work I have just mentioned, he should wish every Sunday to be wooing and winning the souls committed to him there to a higher and still higher intellectual and spiritual life. What an audience in a college chapel for the man who can hold their ears.

He should be a *Teacher*. The chair of instruction is only next below the pulpit, and no good President will be willing to surrender his right to it. No matter how many new Professors come in, he would as soon they should take his salary from him as his students. Why, this is the very thing he is to preside over—the instruction of the college, and how can he so well do this as by setting an example how it should be done? The best opportunities for knowing the boys, are those of the daily recitation room. It is a very poor recommendation of a President that he does not love to teach—as well as he does to have somebody else do it for him.

He needs to be a *Disciplinarian*. The best help to this will be the knowledge he gets of the undergraduates in the recitation room; in their rooms and in his own. A President don't want to be a policeman, but a gentleman. Let him get the hearts of his boys, and his work is done. I know the Head of a High School who is like an elder brother in his large family, so gentle, so familiar, yet so firm and dignified. I never hear of any rows there. It has been a great fault in most of our colleges that the Faculty do not half appreciate their social power over the students, and use it. They do not *know* their pupils; they spend their college lives too far away from them. The same is true of some of our Theological seminaries. A student said to me recently, '*One of our Professors* throws sunshine into our rooms occasionally. The others scarcely know us except in the recitations. They are writing books, &c., and haven't time to think of us.'

The President should be a *Presbyter*. He should know his brethren, and he can only do that, as in the case of the students, by going where they are. He expects the ministers to be interested in the college; then the college must be interested in the ministers. He wonders if he does not see them at the Commencement; they have a right to do the same if they do not see him at Presbytery. He *needs* the sympathy and support of the clergy, and it is a cheap enough way to gain it by showing them sympathy. More has been accomplished for our colleges through the ministry than any other agency. A college President who does not know how to make friends of the ministry, has not learned the A B C of his position.

He needs to be eminently a *Practical* man; whoever else may shut himself up in his study, he may not. He must find time for society, and that for *college ends*. He must know how to win his way to the hearts of the laity, and make their intelligence, influence and wealth available to his official work. He must plan and labor for this. If he has no taste, tact, and heart for it, he has mistaken his calling, and has gone up to a high place by no fair climbing on his own hands and feet. The position is too conspicuous to make shirking respectable and reputable.

In these days, if a college flourishes, all its friends must work for it. The Professors must be at their posts; the Trustees must be intelligent and enterprising; the Alumni must be thoroughly enlisted; the clergy must be in coöperation, and bring their congregations with them. If now the President who should lead them all, is the leading laggard of all; without professional enthusiasm and enterprise, not fond of the recitation room, or the chapel and church pulpit, or the Presbytery, or the counting-rooms or parlors where are the laity who should be gained to the college,—why such a man is simply a conspicuous failure. The

worst thing that could have been for the college was to elect him President. The next best thing is to procure his resignation. For when once the Alumni and other patrons and friends find that the President is a man who is looking on to see what *they* are going to do, they will with one consent begin not to do it.

Do you say, Messrs. Trustees in search of a President, that I have given you a difficult problem to solve? Yes, and therefore the more need of study on your part. Such Presidents there are for you. But don't trust too much to paper candidates. Anybody will sign certificates for anybody, telling what scholars and writers and preachers they are. What you want to *know* is, have they the brain and brawn for a President?"

AROUND COLLEGE.

- K. P.,
- June 3.
- Farewell
- To old board—
- Welcome to new board.
- Two new records for field-day.
- Senior "exams" begin June 1.
- Clark prize will be held June 3.
- Honors will be announced June 4.
- "Mike" Shep's dog has been fired.
- Wilkes, '91, is quite ill with pneumonia.
- Class tax of '91 is about thirteen dollars.
- Brockway, '93, has been quite ill at his home in Clinton.
- The teacher's institute was held in Clinton from May 4 to 9.
- Five of the six K. P. men have been prize speakers during their course.
- About sixty per cent. of the Junior Class are electing Analytical Chemistry.
- The Munson prize examination in French for the Juniors, will be held June 17.
- George V. Edwards took first of the Munson prizes in German, and Aurelian Post, second.
- Professor Scollard has the Senior work of President Darling in the History of Civilization.
- The Seniors and Juniors have been excused from the nine o'clock recitation on Monday mornings.
- John H. Myres, Jr., '94, was called upon to mourn the death of his mother at the beginning of the term.

—Many of the students were present at the laying of the corner stone of Masonic Home in Utica on May 21.

—Professor Scollard has favored Hamilton and Utica audiences with select readings from his poetical works.

—The fitting for the new athletic track has been nearly completed, but further work will be postponed until autumn.

—Our visitors have been Kimberly, '77; Hockridge, '89; Conklin, Church, Sheldon, Sommers and Kittinger, '93.

—Hamilton was defeated in the ball game with the University of Michigan on May 23. The game was played at Utica.

—The Clark prize speakers are D. C. Lee, G. M. Weaver, Thomas L. Coventry, P. M. Ward, S. H. Adams, B. L. Peck.

—C. F. Willard, '92, was the delegate of Alpha Delta Phi at the general convention held at Baltimore, May 6, 7, and 8.

—The interior of the chapel, the desk and chair of the ethical room are draped in mourning out of respect for our late president.

—The Underwood prizes in Chemistry have been awarded as follows: First, Thomas E. Hayden; second, George M. Weaver.

—The Freshmen have again given vent to a characteristic spirit, and now the board walk to the village is in sad need of repair.

—At the convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity held at Amherst, May 7 and 8, the Hamilton chapter was represented by Clark, '92.

—Among the alumni visitors to the hill have been McMaster, '86, Pardee, '89, Perine, '90, Crockett, '90, Vance, '88, Bristol, '76.

—The Inter-Collegiate Press Association of New York State held its first banquet at Utica, May 22. Lee and Hathaway represented the LIT.

—New members of the LIT. board from '93 are Ayres, Chi Psi; Cadwallader, Alpha Delta Phi; Bacon, Delta Upsilon; Campbell, Theta Delta Chi.

—Ha! ha! ha! He!! he!! he!! Hamilton! Hamilton! T. N. E. !!! Theta Nu Epsilon initiation in New York Mills, May 15, according to the *Utica Press*.

—Brainard of Rome has taken many views of the campus and of the fraternity houses. He also took a picture of the Class of '91 on the steps of the Library.

—On the morning of Field-day the old skating rink used for the manufacturing of cedarine was burned. Sigma Phi hall was damaged somewhat by the fire.

—The college pulpit was occupied by Dr. Terrett, April 19; Professor Hoyt, April 26; Dr. Hamilton, May 3; Dr. Hudson, May 10; David A. Reed, '77, May 17.

—The Seniors will spend a portion of their allowance in purchasing a frame for Huntington's painting of the late Dr. Peters. The same will be hung up in the observatory.

—Dr. Hamilton will address the Institute of Philosophy at Avon-by-the-Sea during the August conference. Among the other speakers will be Dr. McCosh, of Princeton.

—A progressive survey party from Utica enjoyed a drive through our campus on May 15. They returned to Utica by moonlight after having taken supper at the Park House.

—The Houghton *Record* containing an extract of Professor Hoyt's lecture on Wordsworth, some original poems and much other interesting matter was welcomed on the Hill.

—Gartland's tenth regiment band and orchestra have been engaged by the Seniors for Commencement week, and the best of music is therefore insured. Gartland will be present in person and lead the music.

—On the evening of May 15. An entertainment was given, by the young ladies of Cottage Seminary before a number of invited guests. It consisted of a German play followed by a farce. A very enjoyable affair.

—Dr. Nichols, pastor of the first Presbyterian Church of Binghamton, N. Y., will deliver the anniversary address before the Young Men's Christian Association, commencement week. Dr. Terrett will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon.

—Freshman class banquet will be held at the Butterfield House on the evening of June 5. The officers are: President, Judson; Rice, toast-master; Edmunds, orator; Lord, poet; Miller, prophet; Watrous, historian; Wood, choragus.

—The rumors that have prevailed concerning Professor Hoyt's departure for Auburn Theological Seminary, we are glad to say, have not been confirmed. For the good of the college, we hope the commissioners will choose another person for the vacant chair.

—The outlook is good for a very large attendance of friends and alumni of the college during Commencement week. Interest will center in the work of the Board of Trustees, and this alone will attract many upon whom the mere frivolities of the week have no influence.

—When the Teachers' Institute returns next year we hope there will be no Hamilton College student who, by his at least questionable conduct, will lay himself liable to be called "a second rate gutter snipe." We bury the past, but may it teach us a lesson worthy of the future.

—The incoming class promises to be very large. Already a great number have notified the Registrar of their intent, and, despite the fact that college plans for the coming year have been very confused and unsettled, we may expect to welcome a large class at the opening of the year.

—Twenty-five men were in training for the Spring Field Meeting, and eleven delegates were sent to the inter-collegiate contests at Geneva. "Billy" has never been more efficient than this year, and if Hamilton again wins the pennant, let us give honor to whom honor is due and not forget him.

—Old Middle College is gradually disappearing, and "Soper Gym." is becoming a reality. Openings for the new windows have been made, and work on the roof begun. While the inside of the college was being torn out, many relics of by-gone days were discovered, and, of course, appropriated.

—At the Teachers' Institute of Oneida County in Clinton the first week of May, addresses were delivered by Professor Hoyt on "Bulgaria," and Professor Root on "Culture." At the farewell banquet, Hayden, '91, toasted "Hamilton College" in his usual smooth and felicitous manner.

—The International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. pronounce the 1890 Hamilton College "Students' Hand Book" the best issued by any association in the country. A new issue will be gotten out before Commencement, and will contain many new features. John B. Hooker, Jr., '92, is chairman of the committee.

—Among those mentioned for the Presidency of the college are Herrick Johnson, '57, Chicago; Professor F. M. Burdick, '69, New York; Rev. Dr. Rufus S. Green, '67, Orange, N. J.; Rev. Dr. V. V. Raymond, Albany; Rev. Dr. R. L. Bachman, '71, Utica; and Professors Oren Root, '56, and Arthur S. Hoyt, '72, of the college.

—The sad news of the death of Charles E. Orsler of the class of '93 was announced to the college on May 22. The funeral services conducted by Professor Root were held in the chapel on Sunday afternoon. Memorial addresses were made by Feltus, '91; Budd, Dudley, Wood, '92; and by Campbell, '93. The interment was made in Auburn.

—In connection with the funeral of President Darling, G. V. Edwards, '91, W. H. Kelly, '91, Alexander Wouters, '93, and A. P. Smithling, '94, were selected as the quartette from the college. B. W. Perry, '91, N. P. Willis, '92, C. E. Orsler, '93, and L. F. Ostrander, '94, were appointed a body-guard to accompany the funeral train to Albany.

—The Commencement program is as follows:—Sunday—Baccalaureate sermon, Anniversary Address before the Y. M. C. A. Monday—Prize speaking. Tuesday—Campus day exercises, prize debate, Senior Class. Wednesday—College alumni base-ball game, class-day exercises, class and fraternity reunions. Thursday—Graduating exercises and alumni dinner.

—An amusing game of base-ball was played on the college grounds the morning of field-day. A nine of Juniors, selected by the Seniors, played a nine from the Seniors, selected by the Juniors, and, after a hotly contested game which revealed much talent hitherto unknown, won by the score of 26—11. No man on either team had ever played ball before, and it is doubtful if they will ever again.

—Professor Chester has accepted a call to the Professorship of Chemistry in Rutgers College. The loss of such a loyal and public-spirited member of the faculty will be seriously felt by the college and student body. The Lrr. would bear testimony to the many acts of kindness and generosity for which the students have had occasion to be

grateful to Dr. Chester, and, bidding him good-bye with regret, we wish him God speed in his new and broader field.

—The K. P. Orators, with subjects, were announced by the Faculty, May 1. They are as follows:—1, Samuel Hopkins Adams, "The Conception of Human Progress in Tennyson." 2, Thomas Lewis Coventry, "The Political Future of the Negro in the South." 3, Duncan Campbell Lee, "John C. Fremont, the Path-finder." 4, Bayard Livingston Peck, "The Conception of Human Progress in Tennyson." 5, Philip Ward, "Schiller." 6, George Marmaduke Weaver, "America's Debt to Agassiz."

—The Y. M. C. A. Committees for the ensuing year are as follows:—Membership—Curran, '92; Swinnerton, '92; McGiffin, '93; Stevens, '94; Ostander, '94. Missionary—Fletcher, '92; Brockway, '93; Freeman, '94. Bible study—Frasure, '92; Disbrow, '93; Roberts, '94. General religious work—Dudley, '92; McGiffin, '93; Vincent, '94. White Cross—Swinnerton, '92; Douglas, '93; Minor, '94. Reading room—Hooker, '92; Campbell, '93; Judson, '94. Correspondence—Budd, '92; Orsler, '93; Higby, '94. Finance—Budd, '92; Wouters, '93; Naylor, '94. Hand Book—Hooker, '92; Wood, '92; Orsler, '93; Wouters, '93; Ostrander, '94. Devotional (Spring term)—Findlay, '92; Allen, '93; Everett, '94.

—The Base-Ball Team has done good playing this season, and the college feels entirely satisfied with their work. Costly errors at critical points have lost two league games, but the general playing has been excellent. The nine are especially strong in batting, a change from the condition of the teams since '87. Rice, '94, and Northrop, '91, make a very effective battery. The practice games have resulted:—April 27—Clintons 4, Hamilton 10. April 29—Westmorelands 17, Hamilton 11. May 2—Uticas 7, Hamilton 9. May 4—Genesees 18, Hamilton 22. The league games have resulted as follows:—May 6—Colgate 12, Hamilton 10. May 9—Rochester 12, Hamilton 24. May 12—Syracuse 3, Hamilton 1. May 19—Hobart 5, Hamilton 9. Colgate will play in Clinton, June 2; Syracuse, June 5.

—A beautiful day, a large and fashionable audience, an enthusiastic body of students, and close competition! What more could be asked for a successful field meeting? The date was May 14. Two college and inter-collegiate records were broken,—the two hurdle races. The events and winners are as follows:—100 yards dash—1, Lee, '91, 10 3-5 sec.; 2, Judson, '94, (2 yds.). Throwing hammer—1, Rice, '92, 74 ft. 9 in.; 2, Wood, '92. Pole vault—1, Chester, '92, 9 ft. 2 in.; 2, Wilkes, '91. 220 yards dash—1, Lee, '91, 23 1-3 secs.; 2, Judson, '94, (4 yards). Mile walk—1, Mason, '92, 8 min. 32 secs.; 2, Cadwallader, '93. 120 yards hurdle race—Dead heat, Chester and Curran, '92. 880 yards run—1, Budd, '92, 2 min. 11 3-5 secs.; 2, Smithling, '94. Running broad jump—1, Welsh, '92, 17 ft. 10 in.; 2, Chester, '92. Running high jump—1, Curran, '92, 5 ft. 1 in.; 2, Welsh, '92. 2 mile bicycle race—1, La Rue, '93, 8 min. 15 3-5 secs.; 2, Minor, '94. 220 yards hurdle race—1, Lee,

'91, 27 1-5 secs. ; 2, Chester, (4 yards.) Shot put—1, Wood, '92, 31 ft. 10 in. ; 2, Rice, '92. Mile run—1, Budd, '92, 5 min. 33 secs. ; 2, Wilkes, '91. 440 yards dash—1, Naylor, '94, 1 min. 3 secs. ; 2, Budd, '92. Relay race between '92 and '94—won by '94. The meeting was conducted in an excellent style, and reflected much credit upon the president and directors.

—At a special meeting of the College Church, of which Dr. Darling was pastor, held April 21, 1891, the following resolutions were proposed and adopted by the session :—

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in the dispensation of His providence, has seen fit to remove from us our revered and beloved pastor, Dr. Henry Darling,

Resolved, That we, the officers of the College Church, express our very deep sense of the loss we have sustained in the death of one whose faithfulness as a pastor won our highest esteem, and whose influence was most potent and whose labors were untiring for the spiritual well-being of those with whom he came in contact:

Resolved, That we recognize in him a man of highest culture and of broadest Christian sympathy.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy, and commend them to our common Heavenly Father, who alone can give peace and comfort to those that mourn.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be published in the HAMILTON LITERARY MONTHLY, the *Hamilton Review*, and the Utica daily papers.

JAMES S. WILKES,
GEORGE F. WOOD,
CHARLES E. ORSLER.

—At a College meeting held in the chapel, Thursday morning, April 23, the following resolutions were adopted :—

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wisdom to call from among us our honored President, Henry Darling ;

Resolved, That we, the students of Hamilton College, realizing the great loss we have sustained, here give expression to our high regard for his exalted character in life and our deep sorrow at his death ; and further, that we make known our appreciation of his faithful performance of the duties of his office, his ability as a scholar and instructor, and his constant kindness ; and that we recognize in him a Christian gentleman, counsellor and friend.

Resolved, That while we lament the sudden and unexpected death, which has closed a career so eminently useful and successful, we extend heartfelt sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be printed in the college publications and the Utica papers.

T. E. HAYDEN, '91,
G. F. WOOD, '92,
STARR CADWALLADER, '93,
ALEXANDER SOPER, JR., '94.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

—It is said that the majority of students at Yale come from the west.

—Columbia, Dartmouth and Williams have dispensed with Commencement exercises.

—The study of English is to be added to the course of all colleges in Italy.

—Improvements, to cost about \$6,000 are to be made in the Princeton Gymnasium.

—The Harvard Freshmen have refused Cornell's challenge to a boat race next June.

—The Rochester Seniors have decided to wear cap and gown at the coming commencement.

—The University of Michigan Glee Club recently netted \$4,500 at a single engagement in Detroit.

—The Seniors at Rutgers propose to present a handsome stained glass window to the college as a memorial.

—Mr. J. H. H. McNamee has presented a new dormitory to Harvard, which will cost \$22,000, exclusive of land.

—Students who smoke, chew, or snuff tobacco are denied admission to the University of the Pacific.—*Exchange*.

—Yale has accepted June 6 as the date for a cricket match with Harvard, the game to be played at New Haven.

—Twenty-eight College journals, diverse in name and object have been established at Yale, of which only six are living.

—The roof of the new Yale gymnasium is to be entirely of glass. It will be the second largest roof of the kind in the country.

—The Roman Catholic University at Washington has received a gift of \$400,000 from the Rev. James Mc Mahon, of New York.

—The Harvard Overseers have voted down, 20 to 1, the proposition of the Faculty to shorten the academic course to three years.

—Harvard, Columbia and Cornell have each received a copy of the newly discovered manuscript of Aristotle on the constitution of Athens.

—The Cornell Senior Class selected Robert G. Ingersoll to deliver the annual address before the Law School, but the faculty have vetoed the choice.

—The Western College of Toledo, Iowa, has advertised that if any person will contribute \$100,000 either in cash or securities the name of the college will be changed to the name of the donor.

—At the hearing of the Lehigh students, who were arrested for serenading the seminary girls, it was decided that if the girls could endure it, the policemen could stop up their ears and pass on.

—Mrs. J. B. Lippincott has given \$10,000 to the University of Pennsylvania to found an alcove of recent American and English literature in the library, in memory of her husband, J. B. Lippincott.

—An attempt is being made to reform the athletic management of the University of Pennsylvania. The different departments of sport will probably be associated under one head, with special committees in charge of each.

—The result of the performance of "Antigone" by the New Haven ladies, for the Yale Infirmary was very satisfactory. The expenses of production were very heavy, but after all were paid a large sum of money was given to the Infirmary.

—A skeleton was recently unearthed in the West, holding a one cent piece in his hand. Some wicked and uncharitable newspaper has since intimated that it was probably the remains of some college editor who tried to take his wealth with him.

—The management of the Yale base-ball team has cancelled its dates with Harvard, for the reason that the latter team has not arranged games with Princeton, and in addition has made some changes in the original agreement with Yale without consultation.

—M. L. Fernald, a son of President Fernald, and a member of the Freshman Class at Maine State College, has been appointed assistant in the herbarium of Harvard University. Though only in his eighteenth year, he is said to be a remarkably fine botanist.

—Yale has a new dormitory in process of erection which is to be one hundred and sixty-eight feet long and forty-six feet wide, and will be four stories high. The name of the donor will not be known till the building is completed, which will be about Commencement 1892.

—Professor W. R. Harper of Yale, has now made known his decision of accepting the Presidency of the new Chicago University. He will conduct the Institute of Sacred Literature at Ann Arbor during the next few weeks, and enter upon his duties in Chicago in the fall of 1892, taking in the meanwhile a trip to Europe.

—Several graduates of Yale and Harvard have subscribed \$500 to be used for the purchase of a trophy to be known as the university track athletic cup. A contest will be held for the trophy by the students of the two universities, between May 1 and July 1 of each year, until 1899, when the trophy shall become the property of the university winning the majority of the nine annual contests.

—The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, embracing the graduates of Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other institutions, having established a European Fellowship, to provide the means of pursuing university study abroad, has selected as its first recipient Miss Louisa Holman Richardson, A. M., a graduate of Boston University, and professor of Latin in Carleton College. She will study at Cambridge, England.

—The library building of Johns Hopkins University is to be enlarged to accommodate in one location the great Mc Coy collection of 8,000 volumes of illustrated folios of geography, topography, and fine arts. The galleries of the Vatican, the Louvre, Versailles, the Pitti palace, the British Museum, Dresden, Munich, Antwerp, and the private galleries of Great Britain, France and Germany, are reproduced in the folios of engravings in this collection. At present this rare library is housed in the building made for it by Mr. Mc Coy, the collector, in the rear of his house in Eutaw place, which is now that of the president of the university.

EXCHANGES.

The May number of *Outing* is fully up to the high standard of that live and energetic magazine. The opening chapters of "Harry's Career at Yale" give promise of very interesting story of college life. The article on "Athletics at Amherst," is a complete history of athletic sports at that institution, together with a description of Amherst's means and methods of training. "On the Harlem, up to Pawling, and beyond," by Earnest Ingersoll, gives an excellent description of the scenery of the Harlem River, and contains some interesting matters of local history. Other articles worthy of mention are "The Whistling Idol," by T. Philip Terry, and the concluding article of Captain Charles King on the "Wisconsin National Guard."

The May *Lippincott* contains as its opening story, "Vampires," by Julien Gorden. The author's name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the story. "The Experiences of a Photographer" is a short historical sketch, and gives in addition valuable information to the amateur devotees to this popular art and pastime. Sidney T. Skidmore discusses the "Aims of University Extension" in a short but comprehensive article. The third collection of "Familiar Letters," by Horace Greeley, deserves attention. The poetry of the number is contributed by Charles Henry Luders, Clinton Scollard, and Owen Wister.

CLIPPINGS.

—HE.—"Didn't you have stage fright when you first appeared before that critical audience in *Antigone*?" SHE.—"No, indeed! You know I frequently have been to your college chapel."—*Yale Record*.

EXCLUSIVE.

I care not to join the "four hundred,"
I cherish of that no design,
I'd rather be far more exclusive,
And belong to the much favored "nine."

—*Brunonian*.

—SHE.—"Are the examinations at Yale hard?" HE.—"Yes; they are so hard you can't cut them."—*Yale Record*.

PROGRESS.

In olden times ye courtly squire,
By etiquette's command,
All humbly knelt with heart afire,
And kissed his lady's hand.
Times change. We kneel and kiss no more
The blushing finger tips.
The modern lover bends him o'er
To kiss his sweetheart's lips.

Amazing paradox! Some witch
Is working, north and south;
For though our country's grown so rich,
We've lived from hand to mouth.

—*Brown Magazine.*

—SHE.—“How foolish we were when we were young!” HE.—“And how young we were when we were married.”—*Munsey's Weekly.*

MARIGOLD.

I love confinement in thy bonds,
I love thy little stock to hold,
Thy very scent,
Aye, marigold.
I'll love confinement of thy bonds,
I'll love thy little stocks to hold,
Thy every cent,
I marry gold.

—*The Trinity Tablet.*

A QUESTION.

I saw a man once beat his wife
When on a drunken spree;
Now can you tell me who was drunk,
The man—his wife—or me?

—*Exchange.*

MODERN ADVERTISING.

“We are the undertakers,
Best in the East or West;
You've just to kick the bucket
And then—we do the rest.”

—*Brunonian.*

A SELFISH GIRL.

—DAUGHTER.—“Mother, can't I go over to my friend Clara's and stay to-night?” MOTHER.—“Indeed, you shan't. I heard that young Fred Falsetto tell you the College Glee Club was to come here and serenade you to-night, and you needn't think I'm going to stay here and suffer alone.”—*Life.*

LOVE'S SECRET.

Well I know she is not handsome
She can neither sing nor dance;
But I strangely am attracted
By each careless nod and glance
Of my Madeline.
Quite a philanthropic feeling
Is my love, so true and rare,
For she's burdened with great riches
In which burden I would share
With my Madeline.

Since from heavy care to shield her
 Each and every purpose tends,
 I will help to clip the coupons
 And I'll draw the dividends
 Of my Madeline.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

FAHRENHEIT.

Little Johnnie had a mirror,
 But he ate the back all off,
 Thinking, rashly, in his terror,
 This would cure his whooping-cough.
 Not long after, Johnnie's mother,
 Weeping, said to Mrs. Brown,
 "It was a chilly day for Johnnie
 When the mercury went down."

—*Tiger.*

GOOD REASON.

—TOM.—"I've got an elegant cake in my pipe." JACK.—"Yes; sponge cake. You've been using my tobacco the whole year."—*Yale Record.*

FINLAND LOVE SONG.

Far off in the north the bright lights glow
 Darting their gleaming o'er deserts of snow,
 Swift as their flashes my reindeer go,
 Swift to my waiting love.
 Around me there whistles the bold winter blast,
 The lights fade away, the clouds thicken fast,
 But soon I'll be there, all peril safe past,
 At the side of my waiting love.
 Then heiaho! reindeer; heiaho, twinkling feet,
 Yet quicker, yet faster; be swift, be fleet!
 That soon in sweet rapture my own shall meet
 The lips of my waiting love.

—*Wesleyan Argus.*

A HARMONIOUS UNION.

"Will you take this ring, my beauty?"
 Said the clapper to the bell;
 She did, so they're always mated,
 And their little romance tell.

—*Brunonian.*

LOVED AND SHOVED.

I tarried with the maiden;
 With charms so richly laden,
 She fired me through and through;
 'Twas getting toward the morning,
 When coming without warning,
 Her father fired me too.

—*Brunonian.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

"*Who Wrote the Bible?*" is, as it claims to be, a book for the people. It contains matter of a highly instructive character. Contents: A look into the Hebrew Bible; What did Moses write?; Sources of the Pentateuch; The earlier Hebrew histories; The Hebrew prophecies; The later Hebrew histories; The poetical books; The earlier New Testament writers; The Origin of the Gospels; New Testament History and Prophecy; The Canon; How the Books were written; How much is the Bible worth. The aim of the book is to put into compact form the principle facts upon which scholars are now generally agreed concerning the literary history of the Bible. The book is by Washington Gladden, and is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., at \$1.25.

ALUMNIANA.

Εὐ γὰρ πρὸς εὐ φανεῖσι προσθήκη πέλοι.

—Rev. EDGAR P. SALMON, '78, has resigned the Presbyterian pastorate at Knowlesville, N. Y.

—Rev. JAMES M. CRAIG, '64, reports that twenty-four were added to the Presbyterian church in Newport, R. I., May 3.

—Rev. Dr. WILLIAM H. MAYNARD, '54, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon before the class of '91 in Colgate University.

—AMBROSE B. TREMAIN, '86, has been admitted to the bar, and will practice law with T. E. Pearsall, 183 Montague street, Brooklyn.

—Rev. ROBERT J. THOMPSON, '81, of Winona, Minn., has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church, of Lima, Allen county, Ohio.

—Rev. THEODORE H. ALLEN, '79, has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Mendota, Ill., and has removed thither from South Chicago.

—Rev. J. CALVIN MEAD, '83, of Canastota, has been appointed editor of *The Monthly Gleaner*, to succeed Rev. CHARLES F. JAMES, '68, of Onondaga Valley.

—The Presbytery of Dayton, at its late session, refused to accept the resignation of Rev. E. W. ABBEY, '71, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Hamilton, Ohio.

—Rev. WILLIAM C. SCOFIELD, recently of Washington, D. C., has removed to Newport, Vt., where he preaches to large audiences in the Congregational church.

—Rev. JAMES T. BLACK, '84, reports an addition of eighty-three new members to the Presbyterian church in East Boston during the past year. A new parsonage has also been built at a cost of \$7,000.

—CYRUS V. WASHBURN, '87, formerly a teacher in the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, was graduated, May 28, with the degree of LL. B., from the Law Department of the University of the City of New York.

—Professor JOHN S. SAMPSON, '82, and Professor HIRAM A. VANCE, '88, both of the State Normal College, at Nashville, Tenn., have been granted a leave of absence and will spend the coming year in German universities.

—In the Columbia School of Law for 1891-92, Professor FRANCIS M. BURDICK, '69, will give instruction in "Torts, Criminal Law and Procedure, Agency, Insurance, Sales of Personal Property, Negotiable Paper, Partnership."

—The annual catalogue of Hanover College, at Hanover, Ind., carries the name of Rev. J. ALEXANDER ADAIR, '84, as James A. McKee Professor of Ethics and Christian Evidences. This college has 108 students in its four classes.

—Governor Hill has designated Judge CHARLES H. TRUAX, '67, of the Superior Court in New York city, to hold circuits and special terms of the Supreme Court, which were to have been held by Judge Ingraham, now a justice of the Supreme Court.

—The new "Astor Place Bank" has been authorized to do a discount and deposit business at the corner of Astor Place and Eighth Street, New York, with JOHN T. PERKINS, '77, as its cashier. The capital of the bank is \$250,000, with the privilege of increasing to \$1,000,000.

—Rev. RICHARD C. HASTINGS, '75, has returned from Ceylon for a year's vacation, which he has amply earned by thirteen years of missionary labor. With him returns his mother, Mrs. Anna C. Hastings, widow of Rev. Dr. EUROTAS P. HASTINGS, '42, and Miss K. E. HASTINGS.

—At the first meeting of the new trustees of the village of Clinton, ELLIOTT S. WILLIAMS, '67, was elected president of the board, on motion of CHARLES M. EVERETT, '63. It is hoped that one of the early enterprises of the new board will be the providing of the village with electric lights.

—Principal ALBERT L. BLAIR, '72, of Colby Academy, at New London, N. H., has been appointed Secretary of the Summer Institute to be held in that place. Professor Blair will be one of the lecturers, and the large boarding hall of the Academy will be open to members of the Institute, for five weeks from July 28.

—W. E. BURTON, of Syracuse, Secretary of the class of '66, issues a call for a quarter century reunion, to be held under the Class Oak on College Hill, on Wednesday, June 24, at 10 A. M. He asks that all who are unable to be present, as well as all who intend to be present, will report to him at their earliest convenience.

—Rev. ALBERT EVANS, '89, has completed his course in Princeton Theological Seminary, and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Third Presbyterian Church in Camden, N. J. Previous to his graduation from college, Mr. Evans was licensed to preach by the Welsh Calvinistic Church, and often preached to Welsh congregations in their own language. His sermons in Camden will be in English.

—In New York city, April 23, 1891, was held the initial meeting of the "Patria Club," whose "aim will be to inspire the activity which shall

result in exalting the standard of citizenship, and enlisting the warmest sympathies of patriotic men and women." Among the signers of the call to the initial meeting are Hon. JOHN JAY KNOX, '49, Hon. WARREN HIGLEY, '62, HAMILTON B. TOMPKINS, '65, Dr. HENRY RANDALL WAITE, '68.

—SAMUEL D. MILLER, '90, son of the United States Attorney-General, Hon. WILLIAM H. H. MILLER, '61, has been appointed to the position lately vacated by Mr. Tolman, chief of the division of requisitions and accounts of the war department, and has been designated as private secretary by Secretary Proctor, to fill the position which has remained vacant since Mr. Partridge was appointed solicitor of the state department in June, 1890.

—Professor THEODORE F. GARDNER, '64, formerly of the Utica Academy, is now living at Vesinet, near Paris, France. He is still a teacher, but limits himself to the teaching of his own children. A year ago his son, a lad of twelve years, gained the highest rank in an examination of thirty-one lads, all older than himself. Two years ago, his daughter came out the same examination, lasting three days, with the same rank. Both are now busy with Latin and Greek studies.

—To his congregation in Farmerville, Rev. FREDERICK W. PALMER, 81, has preached a very valuable series of sermons on the Old Testament. Some of the topics were these: "The Beginnings of the World's History," "Beginning of Hebrew History," "Abraham's Descendants become a Nation," "The Golden Age of Israel," "Decline and Fall of the Hebrew Nation," "Exile and Re-establishment of the Nation," "The Times Between the Old Testament and the New."

—These names will be found on the roll of Commissioners at the General Assembly of 1891: Rev. Dr. WILLIAM A. BARTLETT, '52, Washington, D. C.; Hon. DAVID L. KIEHLE, '61, St. Paul, Minn.; Rev. HENRY WARD, '62, Buffalo; Rev. ISAAC O. BEST, '67, Clinton; Elder SAMUEL F. BAGG, '69, Watertown; Rev. GEORGE R. SMITH, '70, Campbell; Rev. JAMES R. ROBINSON, '72, Elmira; Rev. CHARLES S. HOYT, '77, Oak Park, Ill.; Rev. JOHN H. GARDNER, '78, Oswegatchie; Rev. GRANVILLE R. PIKE, '80, Fargo, North Dakota; Rev. JOHN C. Mead, '83, Canastota.

—At the opening of the United States District Court in Rochester, Tuesday, May 12, Judge A. C. Coxe, '68, of Utica, was presented with a gold mounted gavel with ivory handle, the gift of the Rochester bar. In presenting it ex-Congressman Van Voorhis made a felicitous speech, referring to the new federal building in which the United States court was about to be held for the first time, and concluding by expressing the best wishes of the bar for the future prosperity of the recipient. Judge Coxe made a graceful response, congratulating the members of the bar on the completion of the handsome new building and thanking them for the kindness and courtesy they had ever shown him.

—The corner stone of a new and beautiful church was laid in Fairfield, Conn., May 2. The pastor of this ancient Congregational church is Rev.

FRANK S. CHILD, '75, whose pastorate began here in 1888. He is an earnest preacher and indefatigable worker, and will enjoy the honor of being instrumental as much or more than any person identified with the parish in setting in motion the machinery which is soon to be the means of materializing one of the finest places of worship in the State. He is not only a laborer in season and out of season, so far as the spiritual needs of his people are concerned, but is busy continually with his pen. His "South Dakota, Its Resources, People, Statehood," has reached a large sale, and his "Be Stong to Hope," has won for him warm encomiums from thoughtful men. This church has had sixteen pastors, one of whom was Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER MCLEAN, '53, now one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society.

—Editor FRANCIS W. JOSLIN, '81, of the Troy *Daily Times*, shares in a widespread sorrow :—

"The death of Rev. Dr. Darling takes from Hamilton College an earnest, enthusiastic, cultured and successful president, and from the Presbyterian church one of its most prominent, able and respected representatives. As a pastor in Albany for nearly a score of years he became well known to the people of this vicinity, and to them his death will be a personal loss. Within a year Hamilton has lost three members of her faculty. Last summer Professor Peters was taken, Professor Kelsey followed only a few weeks ago, and now President Darling is gone.

The death of President Darling removes another distinguished member of the historical group of fourteen ex-moderators photographed in May, 1890, during the session at Saratoga of the Presbyterian general assembly. The first death was that of Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York city."

—Regent WILLARD A. COBB, '64, of the Lockport *Daily Journal*, commends the observance of May 1, as the University Day, by the four hundred and ten colleges and academies of this State :

"The general idea is to interest the rising student generation in advanced educational matters ; also to familiarize them with the honorable history of the University of the State of New York (or Board of Regents) ; the work it has accomplished and the many and great plans—including University extension—it now has in hand. Adverse criticism no longer has a proper place as applied to this Board. This has often of late been frankly admitted by Governor Hill himself, who on several occasions some time ago sharply criticised the Board in his messages ; indeed, the governor gave good indication of his change of heart in this direction by signing the University Extension Bill which gives the Regents \$10,000 for the purpose of University extension or bringing higher educational privileges to the masses."

—Rev. Dr. H. D. JENKINS, '64, of Sioux City, Iowa, finds food for thought and eloquent discourse in the half-text, "The face of Jesus."

"It was not God's will that we should have a portrait to become an idol, but the power of the face of Jesus is evident in the holy word. The only phrase by which the apostles could describe it was 'The glory of God in the face of Jesus.'

But what must have been the sweetness of that face which drew Syrian mothers toward him with their babes for benediction ; what the power of his grace when not even the repelling answer discouraged the Syro-Phœnician suppliant who looked into the eye of him who answered ? And yet from the same features flashed that awful majesty of power when the very mob who took stones to slay him held the weapons in mute fear as he passed unharmed through their midst, and the very soldiers

who came with swords to arrest him fell in headlong haste over one another as he turned and looked upon them."

—Right Rev. THEODORE B. LYMAN, D. D., '37, Bishop of North Carolina, writes twenty-one bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in protesting against the Sunday opening of the National Columbus Exhibition in Chicago. He asserts that "Any such measure would be *most dangerous* to the interests of morality and religion. There is, among large numbers of our people, a growing disposition to decry the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and to encourage the idea that any careful observance of it is only indicative of a narrow and Puritanical spirit. Believing, as I do, that the separation of the day from all secular and pleasure-seeking uses lies at the foundation of all true religion, I should regard this proposed innovation as a very dangerous step in the direction of a complete secularizing of that one day in seven, which, from the beginning, has been enjoined by the solemn commandment of the Almighty. I do trust, therefore, that so strong a voice may be lifted up to resist this attempt as may avail to shield our nation from so grievous a calamity."

—The *Daily Observer* makes report of a charming dual entertainment in Utica by Professor CLINTON SCOLLARD, '81, of Hamilton College, and Professor EDWARD ELLIOTT, of Temple Grove Seminary at Saratoga Springs. Professor Elliott played selections from eight composers with precision, strength and finest skill.

"Professor Scollard recited his own poems only, just as his admirers would wish him to do. There were eight selections, and they were arranged for pleasing contrast of mood and topic. Our poet, of whom Central New York is increasingly proud, and whose growing fame is already one of our treasures, is able to read his own creations surpassingly well. Of the poets we have known few are able to do this. Strangely enough, few of them are able to judge discriminatingly of their own work. Mr. Scollard is obviously more fortunate in both respects than the majority of his guild. He is also fortunate in his address and his equipment for the platform. His figure is graceful and his intellectual face is winning; his voice is musical and his use of it in interpreting his thoughts leaves nothing to be desired. The longest and the last of Mr. Scollard's selections was "Easter Eve at Kerak-Moab." The poet's travels in the East have furnished him much of inspiration, and this dramatic story is perhaps the finest proof and example of it."

—C. M. HUNTINGTON, '84, states the fact of another change in the faculty of Hamilton College that will bring genuine sorrow to more than twenty-one classes of Hamilton Alumni.

"The resignation of Professor Albert Huntington Chester, Ph. D., from the chair of the Childs professorship of agricultural chemistry at Hamilton college to accept a similar position at Rutgers college, will be learned with regret. Professor Chester has, however, attained his majority, having served twenty-one years in the faculty of Hamilton college, building up his department and maintaining an ever increasing interest therein. He has filled the position of state analyst, and has taken a deep interest in the mineralogy of this locality. He discovered the value of the red hematite mined in Clinton as the basis for a mineral paint for bridges, and rough, exposed woodwork of a like character. On the remodeling of the Knox hall of natural history, his patient care planned the arrangement of the interior, and assorted and labeled the costly and extensive collection of minerals which it contains. He has been em-

played in determining several difficult analyses for the government. Professor Chester has taken a strong interest in college athletics, and it was chiefly owing to his endeavors that the college athletic grounds in the rear of the quadrangle were drained, leveled and graded, and a grand stand erected for visitors.

Professor Chester goes to the New Brunswick college, New Jersey, largely for the betterment of the health of his family. He will leave a handsome and comfortable home on College Hill, and a host of friends among students and alumni, but Rutgers will undoubtedly give him a cordial welcome."

NECROLOGY.

CLASS OF 1825.

ISAAC MASON WILLMARTH, aged 86, son of DEA. ISAAC WILLMARTH and RHODA [MASON] WILLMARTH, of Baptist parentage and ancestry. Born at Deerfield, Oneida County, N. Y., where members of his family still reside and where he is well remembered. Was graduated from Hamilton College in 1825, with the highest honors of his class. Baptized into the fellowship of Deerfield Baptist Church, 1830. After his graduation he taught in Clinton, Utica, and Cazenovia. Was graduated from Newton Theological Institution in 1833. In April, 1834, married HARRIET WILLARD, of Saxton's River, Vt. Appointed first American Baptist missionary to France. Ordained at New York city, April 30, 1834. Arrived on the field, with his wife, June, 1834, residing first at Paris and afterwards at Douay. Was engaged in reviving, strengthening and getting into full gospel order the few and small Baptist churches in France, and in training native Frenchmen for the ministry. His work was noble and good; but in 1837 he was compelled by ill-health to leave the mission in charge of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Erastus Willard. After his return to this country he was Pastor at Peterborough, New Ipswich, and Drewsville in Walpole, N. H., and Grafton, Vt. From 1848 to 1864, when able, he was engaged in teaching as Principal of Academies at Saxton's River, Vt.; Winchendon, Mass.; Newark, Ill.; and Metamora, Ill. In 1864 he resumed the ministry, and was pastor at Pondville, Vt., and Rowe, Mass. In 1870 he and his wife went to live with their son at Pemberton, N. J., where he taught an academy one year, and afterwards taught French, and performed ministerial duties as occasion offered. In 1878 he removed with his son to Roxborough, Philadelphia. The last nine years of his life he was a sufferer from brain trouble. He died of the *grip* April 23, 1891. He had two children, JAMES WILLARD WILLMARTH, D. D., LL. D., now pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church of Philadelphia, and HARRIET MINERVA WILLMARTH, who died at Roxborough, Philadelphia, June 30, 1865. She was a woman of great excellence, and an accomplished teacher. His wife, aged 84, died of the *grip* at her son's residence, April 29, 1891, six days after her husband.

CLASS OF 1847.

Rev. JOHN PARSONS CONKEY was born in Martinsburg, N. Y., July 24, 1823; died in Dubuque, Iowa, July 7, 1890. He received the degree of D. D. from Delaware College in 1876. He was married (1) on March 28, 1853, to Emily Steward Gillespie, of West Farms, N. Y., who died June 23, 1860; (2) June 17, 1862, to Catherine Booth, of Bellevue, Iowa, who survives.

The following minute was unanimously adopted at the recent meeting of the Presbytery at Dubuque:—

Presbytery records its feeling of sorrow and loss by reason of the death of Rev. J. P. Conkey, D. D. Both the beginning and the end of his useful ministry were spent within our bounds. His purpose had been to enter the ministry, but ill-health interfered, and drove him to Iowa, where for nine years he actively engaged in business; but being fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, he was earnest in the work of the church, and was largely instrumental in the organization of the church at Tipton, and the Second Church in Cedar Rapids, both of which he served as ruling elder. With the return of health he again felt called to the service of the ministry, and giving up his large business undertakings, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary as a candidate of this presbytery, and graduated in 1858. On the 25th of November of that year he was ordained as pastor of the church at Bellevue, then within the bounds of the Presbytery of Dubuque. Five years later he was called to the pastorate of the church at Cape May, N. J. Thirteen years were spent in ministerial labor in the East, at Cape May, Philadelphia (South), Shamokin, and Wilmington (Central). He then returned to Iowa, and became pastor of the First Church of Dubuque in 1876, resigning in 1882, but continuing to live in Dubuque until his death, July 7, 1890. Submitting to the strange Providence that through many years afflicted our brother with physical suffering, and now has called him away from abounding usefulness, Presbytery expresses its appreciation of the goodness of God in raising up and giving unto the church such gifts of wisdom and of ministry as were by him possessed. Thoroughly trained in the scriptures, skilful and earnest in the presentation of truth, able rightly to divide the Word, versed in the science and philosophy of the schools, possessed of fine executive ability and great business tact, united to devoted loyalty to the doctrines and polity of the Presbyterian Church, our deceased brother occupied a prominent and useful position in every part of the church where in the providence of God he was called to serve. The last message to Presbytery, "Love to the brethren," reveals the loving heart that ever beat within him. Deeply mourning our loss, we yet rejoice in the example that has been given of a devoted, consecrated life, and earnestly pray that a like spirit may be kindled within us.

CLASS OF 1843.

Hon. DANIEL PHELPS WOOD, died in Syracuse, Friday afternoon, May 1, 1891. "He was born in Pompey, November 5, 1819, of New England stock. His father was a lawyer, but principally a farmer, who came to the town from Berkshire, Mass., in 1800. Daniel was the next to the youngest of several children. In early life he worked on the farm and got the rudiments of an education at the district school. He prepared for college at the Pompey academy, entered Hamilton and graduated there in the same class with Rev. Dr. A. J. Upson. After studying law with Victory Birdseye, in Pompey, and George W. Noxon in Syracuse, he was admitted to the bar in 1846 (being in the last class under the old constitution,) and began practice as a partner of Mr. Noxon.

He was the first city attorney of Syracuse, serving three years. He was a member of assembly in 1853 and in 1854, and while in the legislature took an active part in the debates on the enlargements of the canals, and was largely instrumental in carrying through the act creating the department of public instruction. Thereafter for three years he devoted himself so closely to the practice of his profession that his health became impaired, and in 1857, to recuperate, he went to South Carolina, returning all the way on horseback.

He was elected as a republican to the assembly of 1865 and that of 1866, serving in the latter year as chairman of the committee on ways and means. He was also elected to the assembly of 1867. In 1861 he was one of the party who escorted President Lincoln to Washington a few days preceding his inauguration, and in 1868 was chairman of the special legislative committee to receive the remains of President Lincoln at the city of New York and conduct them through the state. In 1861 he was elected to the state senate from the twenty-second district, and two years later was re-elected without opposition. During both terms he was chairman of the finance committee.

In 1874 he was appointed by Governor Dix major general of the sixth division of the national guards, comprising the counties of Oneida, Oswego, Onondaga, Madison, Cayuga, Seneca, Cortland, Tompkins, Tioga, Broome, Chenango and Otsego.

General Wood was one of the organizers of the Onondaga county savings bank, and was a trustee ever since its beginning, and was its president at the time of his death. He was also identified with the trust and deposit company of Onondaga, and with the New York state banking company as director. He was president and treasurer of the Highland Solar Salt Manufacturing Company of Syracuse. He was one of the originators and managers of the Syracuse and Geddes and the Genesee and Water street railways.

General Wood was married Aug. 14, 1844, to Miss Lora Celeste of Marcellus. There were born of the union two sons and four daughters. Those who survive with the widow are Frank, who graduated from Hamilton college in 1871, Mary C., and Cornelia L. Wood.

General Wood was elected a trustee of Hamilton college in 1874, and was serving at the time of his death."

MARRIED.

WAYDELL—BROCKWAY.—In New York city, April 29, 1891, Mr. ANDERSON WAYDELL, and Miss HARRIET LOUISA, daughter of Dr. A. NORTON BROCKWAY, '57, and Mrs. A. N. BROCKWAY.

CHURCH—PORTER.—At Saratoga Springs, April 30, 1891, Mr. GEORGE TAYLOR CHURCH, '80, and Miss ALICE LENITA PORTER, daughter of Mrs. T. D. PORTER.

SMITH—LEE.—At Olean, N. Y., May 6, 1891, JASPER ELVIN SMITH, '85, and MARY LOUISE LEE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. LEE, of Olean.

HUGHES—CRANDALL.—In Parish, N. Y., May 4, 1891, at the home of the bride, Professor ROBERT JAMES HUGHES, '90, of Mexico Academy, and ABBIE MAY CRANDALL, of Parish.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '91.

NAME.	AGE.		HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	DESTINATION.	POLITICS.	RELIGION.
Samuel Hopkins Adams,	Y.	M.			Journalism	N. Y. city	Democrat	Undecided
Thomas Lewis Coventry,	20	5	5 10 $\frac{1}{4}$	167	Law	Unknown	Republican	Indefinite
Albert Henry Dewey,	24	6	5 11	167	Ministry	Rochester	Republican	Baptist
Charles Madison Dodge,	30	7	5 8	140	Ministry	New York	Republican	Presbyterian
George Vail Edwards,	30	10	5 10	155	Professor	Sky	Republican	Congregational
George Haws Feltus,	22	7	5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	155	Foreign Missions	Auburn	Republican	Presbyterian
James Willis Fowler,	22	10	5 4	135	Professor	Unknown	Republican	Presbyterian
George Howard Harkness,	26	2	5 9	145	Undecided	Unknown	Democrat	Presbyterian
Frank Boardman Hathaway,	20	9	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	150	Law	California	Democrat	Indefinite
Thomas Edward Hayden,	23	2	5 9	135	Law	N. Y.	Democrat	Catholic
William Henry Kelly,	24	10	6 0	150	Law	Unknown	Tariff Reformer	United Presbyterian
Duncan Campbell Lee,	22	3	5 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	154	?	Unknown	Democrat	Episcopalian
Charles Andrew Mills,	21	8	5 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	138	?	Europe	Democrat	Episcopalian
Herbert Foote Mills,	20	11	5 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	150	Law	Sky	Republican	Congregational
Eugene Harvey Northrup,	24	0	6 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	190	Teaching	?	Democrat	Indefinite
Henry Platt Osborne,	24	4	6 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	153	Business	Hudson	Democrat	Undecided
Bayard Livingstone Peck,	21	10	6 0	150	Law	Harvard	Mugwump	Presbyterian
Barton Warren Perry,	32	8	6 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	196	Ministry	Hartford	Prohibition	Congregational
Aurelian Post,	23	6	5 6	130	Ministry	Penn Yan	Republican	Agnostic
Bradley Sheppard,	22	0	5 7	150	Banking	?	Democrat	Methodist
Ransom Henry Snyder,	25	4	5 10	150	Lawyer	New York	Republican	Presbyterian
Albert Emerson Stuart,	24	8	5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	166	Law	Ireland	Democrat	Catholic
Philip Ward,	23	7	5 8	154	Law	?	Democrat	Episcopalian
George Marmaduke Weaver,	19	6	5 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	163	Law	?	Republican	Episcopalian
James Shannon Wilkes,	21	8	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	148	Teacher	?	Republican	Episcopalian
Percy Loyal Wight,	20	4	5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	145	Teacher	?	Republican	Presbyterian
Burton Hadley Woodford,	20	4	5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	145	Teacher	?	Republican	Presbyterian



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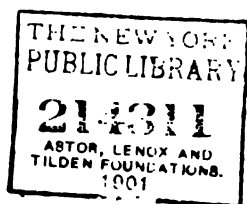
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EDITORS:

<i>Literary Department,</i>	<i>Local Department,</i>	<i>Exchange Department,</i>
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NOVEMBER, 1890.

CLINTON, N. Y.



The editors intended to have a portrait of Dr. Peters as a frontispiece to this number of the LIT. Owing, however, to their inability to obtain the plate in time, its appearance will be deferred until a later issue. Subscribers can thus secure it for the volume of '90 and '91.

MEMORIAL NUMBER.

DR. CHRISTIAN HENRY FREDERICK PETERS,

BORN SEPTEMBER 19, 1813,

DIED JULY 18, 1890.

DATES AND WORKS.

Christian Henry Frederick Peters, son of a Lutheran clergyman, was born in Coldenbüttel, Sleswick, Germany, September 19, 1813; was graduated from the University of Berlin in 1836, with the degree of Ph. D. Engaged with Baron von Waltherhausen in the geodetic survey of Mount Etna, in 1838-43. Served as an artillery officer under Garibaldi, and traveled in Turkey, 1843-52. Came to America in 1852, with letters from Hon. George P. Marsh; connected with the Cambridge Observatory and the Dudley Observatory at Albany, 1853-58. Elected Director of Hamilton College Observatory in 1858, and Litchfield Professor of Astronomy in 1867. Observed the total eclipse of the sun at Des Moines, Iowa, August 7, 1869. Determined the longitudes of Buffalo, Syracuse, Elmira, Ogdensburg, and the western boundary of the State of New York, under the auspices of the University Regents. Secured 237 photographs of the Transit of Venus in New Zealand, December 9, 1874. Welcomed home at a reception banquet in Utica, June 3, 1875. Elected associate member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain in 1878. Published two celestial charts in 1882. Discovered forty-seven asteroids at the Litchfield Observatory between 1861 and 1889. Received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government in 1887. Died, very suddenly, on College Hill, July 18, 1890. Buried in the College Cemetery, July 21, 1890. At the Memorial Service in the College Chapel, November 11, 1890, the following addresses were made by Dr. Isaac H. Hall, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Rev. Professor Oren Root, of Hamilton College:

ADDRESS OF ISAAC H. HALL, PH. D., L. H. D.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

THIRTY-TWO years ago, as an undergraduate student, it was my fortune to enter upon a student's acquaintance with the newly appointed director of our then infant and nursling observatory. Drawn by his gentle excellence and efficiency, and easily discerning a many-gifted character, in whom, it seemed to me, as in a university, sciences and culture of most varied sort had manifested their sociability and flourished to the extreme in one another's company, my acquaintance ripened two years later to that of a disciple and friend; and though soon afterwards our scientific paths diverged most widely, that friendly, helpful, fruitful and delightful intercourse ceased never to maintain itself with growing strength and brightness—without a cloud; without the first unkindly thought, the first impatient word.

I deem it no usual honor to be called to aid in commemorating our beloved friend, to bear testimony to his noble masterhood in the lofty and exacting science of his life's devotion, to his attainments and power in branches both thereto kindred and remote as well; and to testify to his recognized position of honor, prominence and progress among the standard-bearers of light and culture.

But to do this, at least in a manner at all worthy or just, you will admit is difficult. The catalogue of his achievements is long, and their quality far too erudite, technical or recondite for fit recital, save in a volume for the perusal of scholarly leisure; or, better, by examination in portions, each portion in connection and place along with the work of others, past and cotemporary—as brilliant parts of an organic whole, the latter so vast that the life-work of the world's entire scientific brotherhood, for generation after generation, is needed for its accomplishment.

An almost equal difficulty meets us in the known and extreme modesty, the unfeigned humility, of the man. While others thought abundantly that he who did such things should show himself to the world, not so he. Ever ready to instruct the honest pupil, ever delighted to impart knowledge to the sincere, though unknown, inquirer,—nay, glad always


to expend time, labor and substance in so doing, he never deemed that the personal or biographical part of his acquirements, experience or history belonged at all to the category of knowledge worth diffusing; and invariably, even to his most intimate friends would he, with all the genial arts of good nature, evade or parry every inquiry into his personal doings or affairs, whether important or trivial. If he made a discovery, executed a work, gave a gift, or showed a kindness—and manifold were his secret deeds of the sort, which could not be hid—the doing and the result were all; the doer, or his manner of doing, or his expenditure, or his sacrifice, were for no trumpeting, but, if possible, for oblivion.

In voluntary narrative or anecdote, to be sure, always uttered in an obiter way, he would unthinkingly furnish many hints and links of his personal history; and these, together with his voluminous correspondence (had one access to it), his published articles, the notes and deductions made by others from his work, which are to be found scattered thickly throughout the permanent and periodical literature of his calling during his entire life since manhood, together also with his work left in manuscript, finished or incomplete, would supply the material for a rich if not a full biography; yet mostly technical. But this, the work of months (if not of years) of leisure, could not be attempted here; and all that can be said must be taken as the veriest sketch and outline.

That Dr. Peters' early training was sound and excellent no one need doubt who believes that grapes come not from thorns nor figs from thistles. On this point my own information is from his own lips, but imparted in such connections and in the course of such discussions that I cannot venture beyond the merest generals. The son of an excellent Lutheran clergyman, and one of a large family, nearly every member of which has attained a distinguished position, his home education in Scripture, and in symbolic and reformation lore as well, was such as many a theologus has not attained; to say nothing of the better teaching of example, practice, attrition with the virtuous learned, the childhood tumbling about in a library, and early contact with the classical languages, which the children of the more eminent clergymen have always had the advantage to possess. It was at home

—I am certain of it—that he imbibed that sincere admiration and love for the true practisers and defenders of Christianity, that hatred of hypocrisy and pretension, that horror of all misuse of the Christian ministry (or priestcraft), that deep-seated and immovable love of truth and right, that lowliness and readiness to do or to suffer for the right, the pure and the brotherly-affectioned, which those who knew him well know well to have been among his strongest characteristics. It may have been there that began—but I am sure it did not fully develop there—his distrust and shyness of the so-called philosophers: since, as he thought, the doctrines of the various schools differed fundamentally, their reasonings or discursus were not adequately controlled or checked, and their admitted genuine results too few, or of too sparing general acquiescence, to entitle them to the name of men of science, or to be trusted as leaders, except in the one item of youthful mental gymnastic. And, to give its due to what was native, I may say just here that by sundry of Dr. Peters' European acquaintances who have spoken with me, he was styled a typical product of the best sort of the low-lying north German and Danish countries; which product was defined by them as a man of unlimited ability, undaunted endurance and perseverance in labor, hardship—or warfare if need be; of extreme truth and self-judging honesty, and steadfastness therein to the end; carelessness of life, property or reputation, in comparison with the rewards of a good conscience and the inner assurance of being guilty of no laches.

Of Dr. Peters' school and gymnasium training I have scarce a single particular, nor of his studies later on till we come to his doctor's degree, which was conferred at Berlin in 1836, with the highest commendation which the terms of a German university diploma allow. About that time he was a pupil in astronomy and a favorite of the renowned Encke, of whom Dr. Peters has related to me many an anecdote and repeated to me many an observatory precept. Soon after he was engaged in magnetic observations at Göttingen, as a student under Gauss and Weber; the former of whom has scarcely a peer in the history of astronomical mathematics, and whose labors alone made possible the planetary computations and discoveries that mark the nineteenth century. In the works



of these men is embalmed some little work of Dr. Peters as a subordinate; a position much more true and readily acquiesced in than that when, some twenty-odd years later, he performed certain gigantic computations of which his principals were scarcely capable.

Not a few precepts of Gauss for facilitating numerical computation did I receive at second hand from Dr. Peters, enforced by the latter's first-hand practice and example; and thus with Dr. Peters first did I learn and experience that no one's higher mathematics can be kept thoroughly bright (not to say thoroughly understood) without daily solid practice—necessary, by the by, in every observatory—in numerical computation; which is the foundation and substance of all the rest. Few days passed with Dr. Peters without some hours of such practice; and he told me that Gauss used to say that he did not feel well without about four hours a day of numerical computation. The undergraduate will scarcely believe me, but in the observatory it was our constant practice to solve certain kinds of spherical triangles without setting down a figure till we came to the result. Addition and subtraction, unless the columns were long, were performed beginning at the *left* hand column; and for proof of an addition, where the numbers were both large and many, Dr. Peters could follow what was Gauss' amusement: divide the figures into imaginary squares like a chess-board, add the supposed whites and blacks separately, and unite the results.

Shortly after his stay in Göttingen, I think in 1838, Dr. Peters accompanied Sartorius von Waltershausen to Mount Etna, in order to make as thorough a scientific examination and survey of the mountain as science would permit; the expense of the expedition being borne by Sartorius. Dr. Peters had already made his mark—and that in Germany—as an astronomer and mathematician. The long series of his communications to the better class of astronomical periodicals—periodicals which admit only work and results, never oratory or essays—had begun certainly as early as 1836, in the foremost periodical of the sort, the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. His trusted acquaintance and correspondence with the leading savans of Europe was already established and rooted—to grow, as we know, greater, and a greater reliance, to the end. But I will

translate Satorius' own words: "By chance, through our too-early departed friend Professor Goldschmidt, I became acquainted with Dr. C. H. F. Peters of Flensburg, who a short time before had come to Göttingen in order to make himself better acquainted with the magnetic observations which were then being conducted with great zeal under the direction of Gauss and Weber. His profound mathematical and astronomical knowledge, his perseverance and indefatigable capacity for work, qualities seldom seen united in such a degree, rejoiced us to recognize in Peters a most distinguished associate of our expedition."

Of the length of Dr. Peters' stay about Mount Etna, or the complete details of his work while there, I have but fragmentary data, along with incidental matters orally communicated. But the topographical and astronomical work were done *ad unguem*, with many researches into the mountain monastery records, and into the botany and geological history of every spot. He found time to send communications to the *Astronomische Nachrichten* on the determination of the latitude of Catania, on the occultations of stars, eclipses of Jupiter's satellites and the moon, with many other matters of a routine sort. From his own lips I know that he there determined independently the constants of atmospheric refraction, with many other incidentals which would alone have been a great work, although they were but diversions. But only from his astronomical friends did I learn of his constructing a wonderful sundial of enormous size in the body of the principal church of Catania; a dial which gave the time of day within two seconds, besides showing sundry periodical phenomena in the annual motion; the whole wrought in fine and costly marbles on the floor and other interior structure of the church. On questioning Dr. Peters, he admitted making the sundial, but I could never induce him to describe it.

The fruits of that survey of Mount Etna were charts, and a map of gigantic size, of extreme particularity, variety and fullness of detail; together with two immense volumes, which are indispensable and authoritative among the geographers, the geologists, the astronomers, the seismologists, the vulcanic savans, the botanists, and the men of a number of other scientific realms. No volcano was ever surveyed or

examined so thoroughly; and a very large share of the entire work, besides all that lay within his technical department, was Dr. Peters' own. I learned from him also, orally, that, in order better to master the work, he made expeditions by open boat to the volcanic Lipari islands, spending much time on Stromboli, the one volcano among them that has been active from earliest times. Indeed, it was matter of surprise to me in later years, when talking over with him matters observed in my own four voyages through those regions, to learn how perfectly familiar he was with every spot in Southern Italy, Sicily, and the adjacent islands. To him they were like the college campus to a senior. My first knowledge of Dr. Peters' work at Etna, however, was obtained long before I ever saw him. It was in Humboldt's notes to his *Cosmos*, where Peters and his work are cited as the highest authority on the subject. And that was long before Sartorius' work was published.

It is probable that Dr. Peters was chiefly in Sicily from 1838 till 1843; for in the latter year we find that Sartorius finally returned to Germany, and in March of the same year Dr. Peters observed at Naples the great comet which some of us can just remember, and about which we read such marvelous things in the books. This was, of course, at the great observatory of Capodimonte, just above and in the rear of the city of Naples. Here he remained till 1848, publishing articles on comets (of one of which, at least, he was the discoverer), on occultations and other phenomena, a record of observations "on the new planet Neptune," and especially a series of most important observations of the solar spots, in the course of which he made a number of new discoveries respecting their activity, constitution, formation and disappearance, with also the discovery of a motion of the photosphere and spots independent of that of the body of the sun; of the different velocities of the spots in rotation, and of the laws governing the same, dependent apparently upon their respective solar latitudes. It is no more than just to say that from about 1845 till some time after 1865, Dr. Peters was the highest and leading authority on solar physics; and that it is only from the time of the invention and application of the spectroscope that others have entered into his labors, reaping, establishing and increasing the harvest that he sowed.

At this point we may depart for a moment from the chronological, to speak of Dr. Peters' solar observations in our own Litchfield observatory. He had determined to observe the sun through one complete eleven-year period of the spots, and he did it; and the results, partly or entirely reduced, lie in the observatory deserving, if not awaiting, publication—for a more thorough and comprehensive set of mathematical and descriptive solar observations does not exist. His method was original, and was expounded to the learned in several pages of the *'Astronomische Nachrichten'*. There are those here who remember Dr. Peters' especial kindness in permitting the silent and trustworthy to stand by during the observation; for the sun's image was thrown on a screen at the end of the great telescope, where all could see the spots and faculae as if with a magic lantern. For observations purely solar-physical he designed and had constructed a remarkable polarizing eye-piece of original invention, which gave to the eye an unfatiguing direct-view milk-white image of the sun.

For still further justice to these solar observations, I must again digress to the Litchfield expedition sent to observe the total solar eclipse of August 7, 1869, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. It was an exalted and a successful enjoyment. The reports were written in due time, the illustrations engraved and lithographed, and for nearly twenty years they have remained in the observatory, packed in two huge boxes, still waiting for publication. It was delayed—why? An extract from a letter to me of Dr. Peters, written at the time I shipped to him the aforesaid illustrations from New York, will tell us. He was then already preparing for the 1874 transit of Venus, several years ahead. He says: "As the solar diameter will have a great interest in the coming transits of Venus, I intend to make a little appendix to our memoir [on the eclipse], upon a kind of variability in that element, as seems to follow from the series of observations made at the observatory during the years from 1860-1870,—a kind of swelling and retracting. But I am so pressed with current business, that for any extra-research the time is very limited."

This was a state secret; but it should be revealed now. The discovery, resulting from ten years' daily observations,

would of itself require some years' solid work for reduction and exposition; but the reduction is complicated from the fact—a fact however giving more abundant and better data—that the measurements were made in right ascension (by chronograph) and declination (by scale), and thus immediately furnish the solar diameter in the lines of those circles for the particular day, or at a series of angles periodically varying with the polar and equatorial diameters of the sun. A hint at his improved method of computation may be obtained from a paper of his giving the converse of the problem. It was published in the *Astronomical Notices* in 1859, entitled “A Method for finding the Geocentric Right Ascension and Declination of a Solar Spot from its Heliographic Coördinates.”

But to return to Dr. Peters at Naples. Besides the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, the Acts of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples were enriched by his treatises on the terrestrial magnetism of Etna; the *Accademia Lincea* of Catania by papers on the latitude of Catania and other local scientific work; the Acts of the Congress of Italian Scientists by papers on solar spots and comet orbits.

In 1875 I was in Naples for a few days, and wishing to visit the place of his distinguished work, I walked up to Capodimonte, to the observatory, introduced myself as a former pupil of Dr. Peters, and begged admission. Dr. Peters' name was not only admission, but the warmest welcome and the kindest attention. After showing me through the observatory, Professor Nobili sat down with me and talked about Dr. Peters for an hour, in excellent English—assuring me, by the way, that Dr. Peters talked better Italian than he himself did English; then he took me to the observatory roof, and finished the talk in face of the unrivalled view of the bay of Naples and Capri in the foreground, Ischia and Procida to the right, and to the left Vesuvius skirted with vine-like clusters of modern cities, and the exhumed Pompeii, at its southern foot. He there told me the story how Dr. Peters very narrowly escaped appointment as director of Capodimonte, but I could not now recall the particulars. I *do*, however, remember the ardent esteem and the veneration in which he was held by the astronomers at the observatory, from which he had then been absent—except for short visits—for nearly thirty years.

Italy was now unified, and no one there would be compromised by remembering Dr. Peters in the character he assumed upon, or shortly after, leaving Capodimonte. The particulars I do not know; but it is certain that he took arms, and was an artillery officer in the war for the freedom of Sicily, whereof the horrors, the danger, and the cruelty of the corrupt and bloody tyrants that then prevailed, may be most easily read in the novel "Dr. Antonio." That he was wounded, that his command was defeated by numbers and driven out of Catania, we know; but we know barely more. He escaped in a small sailing vessel, saving his life, and avoiding the direst political revenge, but taking with him scarcely more than the clothes he had on. Of that experience, singular as it may seem, I recall mention by him but twice; once, while talking in my presence with General di Cemola—with whom, indignant at receiving much malignant and gratuitous abuse as one portion of the recompense for unparalleled discoveries, Dr. Peters deeply and appreciatively sympathized—Dr. Peters remarked that he himself once retired to Turkey disgusted with the world; but he soon learned that that was not right; that one has to fight, and must fight, as long as he lives. The other mention was toward the close of a convivial occasion, when the coffee and cigars were in order. He turned to me and remarked that when he landed in Constantinople he had so little money that he had to choose between a supper and a cigar—and he chose the latter.

The immediate goal of this flight from Sicily was Constantinople; whence he crossed to Asia Minor, spending some years in that country and Syria, chiefly engaged in field archaeology, and learning the languages of the countries—Turkish and Arabic; brushing up his modern Greek, and dipping a little into Armenian and Persian. Hebrew he knew already, as well as the classic languages, besides speaking nearly all the languages of western Europe, and being unusually well-read in the polite literature of most of them. Indeed, an astronomer, if he will take rank with the first—I mean of Astronomers, not of lecturers or pretenders—must be a tolerable linguist. Any given instant finds not only every vicissitude of day and night, hour and season represented—or experienced rather—among the various astronomical sen-

tincl posts, but the sentinels themselves, the observing astronomers, are of many a country and tongue; and he who would fill his place among them must be able to understand their methods and communications.

While thus in Asia, Dr. Peters—long before Schlieman—explored the probable and possible sites of Troy. The older generation of us may remember a paper of his on that subject, presented to the Clinton Rural Art Association, of which the most learned listeners said, “it was clear beyond us.” To me he has told of his visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and his conclusion that, notwithstanding Edward Robinson (whom he ever honored as highly as any one), the balance of argument, as at present appearing, favors the traditional site of the sepulchre.

But not even in Turkey could he keep aloof from the scientific world. I know of at least two important papers published by him there; one in French, in the *Journal de Constantinople*, in 1850, on the extraordinary temperature of the winter of 1849–50 in Constantinople and Asia Minor; and another on the phenomena and attendant circumstances of the great solar eclipse of July 28, 1851, in the countries of the Turkish empire, with plates and charts. This was in the Turkish language, and appeared in the *Supplement to the Djeidehi Havadis* of July 25, 1851.

In 1854 he came to America, bringing with him the confidence and praise of the scientific men of Europe, particularly, of course, those of his own and kindred specialties. Of his earlier work after coming to this country, in connection first with the Coast Survey and next with a neighboring observatory, I have little data for remark. I remember though, that it was made the subject of an informal lecture to my college class, by our then instructor in astronomy, the late Professor Oren Root, of noble and untarnished memory. I remember few details of that lecture, but it all redounded to the new-comer's honor. Dr. Peters almost immediately joined the American Association for the advancement of science, and read before it a treatise on the solar atmosphere, before he had been in the country a year.

He was now in his prime; and it was here that the greatest work of his life was accomplished—a work whose labor and skill and sum is the despair of an outline sketch.

His first work was to oversee and bring into order the observatory equipment; a work seen to be imperative, notwithstanding the liberal designs and plans of its non-technical founders. But long before that work was pushed as far as the means would allow, the observatory had taken its place in serious work at the heavens; and the series begun of publications there dated—based on profoundest and solidest work—which have inscribed aloft, in golden starry letters, the names of Hamilton College and of Edwin C. Litchfield—visible and legible forever through the circuit of the enlightened globe.

It is the work and prerogative of the imperial or national observatories, bountifully or perhaps unlimitedly provided, having instruments numerous and specially fitted each for its circumscribed task, to conduct the regular and serial observations of the sun, moon and planets, to furnish the star-places and ephemerides necessary for the navigator, along with the other matters which go to make up what in English we call the Nautical Almanac. It belongs to those institutions, too, in chief measure, to furnish the absolute places of the brighter stars, that is, to give the absolute location or co-ordinates of the main points in the sky from which the minor or less equipped observatories may fill in, so to speak, the detailed topical uranography, permanent or transient. It does not follow that the work of the minor observatory is less in interest or importance than that of its larger fellow. Relieved, on the one hand, from the stock or factory routine which is the duty of the larger, it can, if it will, on the other hand, make great advances in the more recondite and difficult branches, and again and again make conquest of subtleties, which, in turn, shall work many a gain and improvement in the routine and results of the larger observatory. But all this needs a most able and accomplished astronomer; one, too, who is abreast of every branch of the science, as to knowledge of its results and processes.

Such was the proper theoretic view when Dr. Peters came to our observatory, and such, abundantly, has been the view which he reduced to practice and reality.

It was the duty of the minor observatory, manned by a director alone, and having (besides the instruments for time, without which an observatory cannot exist) but one chief instrument, to use that chief instrument for its best. The telescope, then one of the great refractors of the world, was remarkable among great telescopes for its relative quantity of light; showing, for instance, a faint planetoid later by a month or more, in its annual approach to extinguishment in the sun's rays, than any other telescope in the country. Accordingly the work was to be unsparing upon the fainter heavenly bodies. Such observations, too, were to be made with a ring-micrometer and chronograph; since that method, though far more laborious for computation, dispenses with artificial illumination of spider lines, and can be done absolutely in the dark. That again must be done at its best; and Dr. Peters shortly invents a new method for determining the radius of a ring-micrometer—a vast improvement on the older ones—and gives it to the astronomical world. But all this is but one specimen out of many of Dr. Peters' characteristic method, and its parallels are manifold throughout his whole course.

The year in which Dr. Peters came to Hamilton College was the year signalized by the appearance of that most beautiful and splendid of objects which the oldest of us has ever seen in the nightly sky—the comet of Donati. In the then imperfect state of the observatory the comet was observed with such superior skill and precision, that in the greatest works on the subject—especially Bond's account of the comet, then the most sumptuous publication ever issued in the annals of astronomy—the work done at Hamilton College was accorded a weight among the very highest. From Dr. Peters' first coming his work began in earnest, without waiting even for the determination of the longitude by telegraphy, nor of the latitude in a rigorous way—the latter, indeed, not being finally done till 1861. Were there time, it would be most interesting to describe the telegraphic determination of the longitude of the observatory, which was done in 1859 with rare beauty and finish, as well as by masterly strokes and touches from beginning to end. In the observatory to-day are still to be seen the chronograph sheets, with the recorded

beats of the Hamilton College and the Cambridge clocks, the latter keeping sidereal time and gaining on the former one second every six minutes, while on the same ink line are to be read not only the star signals, but even the talk of the astronomers as transmitted by the telegraph operators.

I cannot begin to hint at the multitude of occasional observations and consequent publications, relative to comets, occultations, eclipses, the appearance of a new star, and the other chance matters to which the solitary observer is bound to give attention, by reason of his geographical position, his climatic conditions, or the other considerations pertinent to the general brotherhood and progress of the science. Nor can I go into his scientific disquisitions, his work in aid of or in review of others. His articles in the astronomical journals number hundreds; each one representing more labor and time, not to say previous acquisition, than I dare attempt to say. The catalogue, however, is as curious and instructive as it is long; and each item, were it not sustained, would have been a target for the most expert sharpshooters.

I have spoken of his solar observations at our observatory. But from the beginning his best judgment and his fixed purpose were set on work among the fainter stars, as the fittest and greatest work here to be done, as well as that best calculated to bear perpetual value. To that end, accordingly, he bent his systematic energy from the first available moment. First, he planned to track or record the stars omitted or mistakenly set down by the printer in standard catalogues, together with all others which should be originally determined here or elsewhere, outside of systematic catalogues, and finally, in the fulness of time, to publish them in a catalogue together. Next, and chiefest, to chart and perhaps to catalogue, *all* the stars within certain zone limits best suited for observation here. Star-catalogues and charts, I may mention, are to the astronomer what the marine or coast chart is to the navigator, or the tables of constants to the engineer or the chemist. Those who have seen the charts as far as published by Dr. Peters, can form some idea of the work involved when they know that for every dot upon the paper was required a double micrometer measurement, with or without the chronograph, tedious computations, mostly beyond the wit of an ordinary college graduate; the

whole verified—probably a year later when the stars came round again—and again re-verified, with also a last rigorous comparison of the photo-lithographic proofs. The charts, both published and those for which the material lies in the observatory, were a life-work, and an enduring monument of everlasting honor, to any man. It seems hard to be compelled to pass so great a work with only a word; but, understood, a word tells the story better than volumes.

And here we come to what has doubtless done the most to spread Dr. Peters' popular fame: the discovery of such a company of asteroids—discovered here in a region of exceptionally cloudy sky, yet for years greater in number than that of any other man, though the climate of certain others nearest in the race gave them almost interruptedly cloudless nights, and the whole time of still others was devoted to asteroid-hunting as a specialty. But to Dr. Peters' work and wish, the asteroids were rather a hindrance than otherwise. Found in the course of systematic charting, they added to his regular work the computation of an orbit, with a second corrected determination of its elements, additional observation whenever the sky would permit; and the calculation of ephemerides for the next opposition, to be published in the Berlin or some other nautical almanac, or in some regular periodical. Dr. Peters indeed believed, like Encke, that in order to keep in touch with the whole extent of the science, an astronomer should have one matter in each available branch of the science under his especial charge; as one particular asteroid, one comet, one variable star, one pair of double stars, one star of suspected proper motion, and so on, for personal exhaustive study or determination. One, or even a few, asteroids he would thankfully have attended to; but a score, not to mention his more than two score, would more than absorb his whole time. I well remember the discovery of Feronia, his first. After working with him late in the night, I was late next morning at the observatory. His greeting was, "Mr. Hall, we have found a planet"—a modesty which I at first took for a jest at some supposed mare's nest of my finding—but it was simple modesty. So long as his asteroids were few, he scrupulously attended to their computation; but after awhile he gave one here and another there for calculation, as a sort of reward of merit, to an advanced student or

a budding astronomer; and finally he regularly portioned out all but a few to be followed by willing colleagues, though still following up the work himself, in order to eliminate errors.

Time would fail me to speak of his longitude determinations within this state, made at request of the Regents of the University; of his expedition to Sicily to observe the total solar eclipse of 1870; of his voyage round the world on the expedition to observe the transit of Venus of 1874; on which he had singular success, and won world-wide recognition, royal, scientific and popular; on which, among the incidentals, he made the first really close and trustworthy measurements of Venus' diameter since the world began; and on the first night of his return from which to his post at the observatory, two new asteroids presented themselves to welcome him back. Nor can I speak of his journeys to Europe made by invitation of the astronomers there to take part in a general congress to discuss and decide upon plans for observing the just mentioned transit; to another, and to still a third congress called in hope of devising plans for charting or photographing, with uniformity of action and use of the best methods, the entire heavens.

Nor can I dwell upon the medals and decorations given him by the sovereigns of Europe, nor the other honors showered upon him at home or abroad. He himself cared little for those things—or at least, cared little to hear them spoken of. It is enough to say that his correspondence and intercourse in Europe, as in this country, was ever with the men of most distinguished attainments and position; that for the last twenty years absolutely *no* astronomical measure of general moment was planned or set on foot in Europe without either his actual presence or participation, or his being invited thereto; and I think the same is true of this country—his own by adoption and naturalization, where, perhaps, he might, if anywhere, be posed now and then as a prophet without honor.

His advice and counsel have ever been sought privately on every hand. The greater part of a generation ago, the older of us will remember, he was again and again visited for counsel by the founders of most, if not all, the observatories at that time so numerous erected in this country. The gifted young Sontag came to Dr. Peters for final data and instruction for his work as astronomer of the north polar expedition on which he

perished—over whom Dr. Peters shed the only tears I ever saw him let fall, as he read in a brief paragraph in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* that Sontag had died from “Kalt und Mangel”—from cold and hunger. Dr. Brünnow came to arrange for the determination of the Ann Arbor longitude from this point; and thereby this observatory became the fundamental point for the whole lake survey and a multitude of constants throughout the great West. The last time I saw Dr. Peters he was on a like missionary errand. He had come to New York at the request of a distinguished fellow astronomer, in order to discuss and test some very important new discoveries made by the latter in stellar spectroscopy—which are not yet, I believe, given to the public. I know of no one in the history of astronomy, whose word, whether of approval or criticism, appears to have had more weight among his contemporaries than that of Dr. Peters—if I may judge by what I have heard orally or read in the books and periodicals. I have seen him looked up to and listened to as authority, and heard his superiority cheerfully acknowledged, by men on both sides of the Atlantic and from both sides of the equator. Others may judge better than I of his position as a mathematician; but I have never failed to find him familiar with any topic in the science, old or recent, about which I applied to him for information. Our college mathematical instruction was of the best, but until I studied with Dr. Peters in the observatory I had little idea of the meaning and extent of the science.

The branch of astronomy which he left almost entirely to others was practical spectroscopy, though he had the books and periodicals, with enough of instrumental practice to be able to appreciate and test the work, results and deductions of the best experts.

Besides the sciences akin to astronomy, Dr. Peters had a wide acquaintance with a number of others. He was a real botanist, pursuing the science everywhere. Of the other natural sciences, perhaps the one least pursued by him was chemistry, in which he went little beyond the general facts and principles, except in the mastery of its application to the needs (quite extensive, however) of his own chief science.

Having myself been for years an ardent worker in a science, which, like astronomy among the metaphysico-natural sciences,

is the very aristocrat among book-sciences, drawing upon nearly every resource furnished in the history, work and achievement of mankind—I mean the science of the textual criticism of the New Testament—and having continually corresponded with Dr. Peters, making for him and receiving from him many investigations in various branches, I can say that I never knew a man of so deep and varied acquirements. In ecclesiastico-chronological questions he was actually at home, knowing well even the patristic *Chronicon Paschale*; and again and again have I been surprised to find his familiarity with out-of-the-way items of knowledge which I had supposed of interest only to the ecclesiastic or the biblical critic. I have been often indebted to him for solving riddles and correcting mistakes in the numerical tables of ancient Syriac ecclesiastical manuscripts, although the solution drew far more upon historical and linguistic knowledge than upon the mathematics or astronomy. I had the fortune to discover two comets recorded in ancient Syriac chronicles, which are not found in the Byzantine historians—new old ones, in fact; and he would not rest till he had brought the facts before a European congress of astronomers, and urged upon them a search through all the old chronicles, for possible preserved astronomical data of value.

I have spoken somewhat of his linguistic ability and acquirements; but I must beg leave to speak of one work, unhappily left unfinished, which he alone of American astronomers could attempt, and which enters deeply into some linguistic branches which scarce half-a-dozen men in the country could handle. This was his projected and largely accomplished work, in association with a noted English astronomer, of investigating the star catalogue in Ptolemy's *Almagest*; the ancient work which furnishes the only means of reaching the highest truth respecting the variable stars and those endowed with proper motion. For this object he not only had procured the two printed editions of the *Almagest*, with all the mathematical and astronomical works of the ancient Greeks (reading the Greek of Euclid and Proclus for pastime), but he recognized that it was necessary to detect the errors in the printed editions of the star catalogue, and compare the star-places as really recorded by Ptolemy or his predecessor Hipparchus (after reduction to a modern epoch)

with the present observed places. To that end he made two journeys to Europe, in order to inspect all the manuscripts of the *Almagest*, not only in the original Greek, but in the Arabic and Latin translations. An account of these manuscripts, after examination, was given by him in 1884, in Italian, to the *Reale Istituto Veneto di scienze ed arti*. The manuscripts are mostly in the libraries of Florence, Milan, Rome and Venice. The pursuit further required a severe re-study of *Ulugh Beg* and the other Arabic writers on the *Almagest*, with certain works in Persian; and for this purpose Dr. Peters, some five years ago, began Persian seriously, and arrived at a good reading acquaintance with the tongue. But respecting the Greek and Latin and Arabic manuscripts, I had with him much talk and correspondence, wherein he showed remarkable palaeographic and critical skill in detecting and tracing the course of a numerical or fractional transcriber's error, and thus setting right many a mistake in the printed editions on those grounds alone. The higher Greek scholar will understand how well he was informed respecting means and helps in that technicality, when I tell him that Dr. Peters' last acquired furniture in that line were *Gardthausen's Griechische Paläographie*, and *Lehmann's Tachygraphische Abkurtzungen in Griechischen Handschriften*. But Dr. Peters in his library was another marvel. None of the technical literature escaped his notice, nor that of value (if within his means) his possession. His books and charts embraced the works of the masters of all ages. *Kepler*, *Tycho Brahe* and *Copernicus*, as well as *Ptolemy*, *Newton*, *Laplace* and *Gauss*.

And yet, notwithstanding his eminence as a man of science, his wonderful acquisitions, the immense work he has finished, and that which (as such a man would in any case) he has left unfinished, it seems to me, from what I have known directly, not to mention his generally observable and admitted influence, that an exceeding great part—perhaps even the greatest part—of his life's work, was the unconscious one of making others better students, more thorough and more honest investigators, more fruitful in every way because more true and circumspect and diligent. His progeny of this sort in scientific circles numbers well nigh a multitude; a long generation has he helped and bettered and advanced. This influence and fruit of his has

been multiplied on both continents; and it is a seed better than of sons and daughters.

To him more than to any other man is it owing that the name of Hamilton College is spread throughout the world in everyday text-books and scientific histories, and has attained a familiar and an honored position with the European, the Asiatic and even the Australian men of science. It is further true, and it is likewise the doing of Dr. Peters, that, to cite language used to me on more than one occasion by European savans, the Litchfield Observatory is distinguished above all other observatories that ever existed on the face of the earth, by relatively the largest work accomplished and the most valuable results attained, with the smallest, the incomparably smallest, expenditure of money. More than once have scientific delegates from abroad been sent to inspect this observatory, supposing that ample means or peculiar equipment had produced the high quality and efficiency of its work; and each time have such delegates returned surprised at the modesty of the establishment—and of its director, and at the uncommon modesty of the provision for both.

It were a quickener of their noblest incentives, a blessing to their heart and energy, if future college generations might but learn to know Dr. Peters somewhat as he was; to regard him neither with distant wonder, as at the unknown and fancied unknowable, nor, on the other hand—I almost blush to utter it—as portrayed in certain recent journalistic anecdotes of fiction, whose nearest approach to truth is sometimes to attribute to him the experience of departed occupants of other chairs of instruction; but to regard him according to the measure—the abundant measure that should be meted back to him—of the truth and fidelity which so fully dwelt in him; to regard him according to his works, which so largely remain to us, and which yet do follow him.

To those of us who have known him, he is still alive, and with us will he walk to the close of our day; great indeed, and pure, and lustrous, but withal the rarest genial, full-hearted, generous and dear personality, which to analyze or portray were an attempt from which the loving heart shrinks as futile and intrusive. To those that shall come after, even though it should be that the place which knew him shall know him no

more forever, yet in the higher courses of his care and adorning he must shine refulgent for many a generation.

I believe not in omens or premonitions, but one incident I must relate, let the hearer judge it as he will.

On the day that our beloved friend departed, there was brought to me for decipherment an obscure inscription from an ancient monastery tombstone. After raveling out the mysterious abbreviations and ligatures, it was found to read:

"SIGNVM FULGENTIVM
ABSOLVIT 1490."

The symbols engraved on the stone showed the deceased Fulgentius to have been a monk high in rank and in the estimation of his fellows, perhaps the abbot of the monastery; Fulgentius (the refulgent) in deed as well as name. In times mediaeval and of the date of the epitaph, the word "*signum*" in churchly parlance meant not directly "a sign," but much like the kin-word *semandron* in the Greek monasteries of to-day, "a bell"—the church-bell, or the bell sounded in the mass; the monastery bell that calls to prayers, that relieves the watch, or ends the vigil; or, at the date of this epitaph, when horology was infantile, perhaps the bell-stroke of the clock. The epitaph then, interpreted, read: "The bell released Fulgentius in 1490." The bell had struck for him, to end his earthly vigils, and release him to his day and rest above.

This strange and beautiful epitaph of four centuries ago took strange possession of me all day long and far into the night. I thought how the fellows of this cenobite Fulgentius, the radiant, could not think of him, as would the toilers of God in far older time, as watching for the shadow—the shadow that marks off the hours of life's day, and lengthens into one long night; but as looking up to the bright heavens, whose refulgence his conversation reflected, and listening for that note of the chiming spheres which should release him from the night vigil of this world and summon him to say his morning "ad-sum" in the presence of the Father of lights.

The next morning I understood—I will not say the premonition, but---the surpassing fitness and the sweet pathos of this epitaph to the solitary, vigil-keeping gatherer and reflector of the heavenly ray. The bell-stroke had released *our* Fulgentius, in 1890.

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To him more than to any other man is it owing that the name of Hamilton College is spread throughout the world in everyday text-books and scientific histories, and has attained a familiar and an honored position with the European, the Asiatic and even the Australian men of science. It is further true, and it is likewise the doing of Dr. Peters, that, to cite language used to me on more than one occasion by European savans, the Litchfield Observatory is distinguished above all other observatories that ever existed on the face of the earth, by relatively the largest work accomplished and the most valuable results attained, with the smallest, the incomparably smallest, expenditure of money. More than once have scientific delegates from abroad been sent to inspect this observatory, supposing that ample means or peculiar equipment had produced the high quality and efficiency of its work; and each time have such delegates returned surprised at the modesty of the establishment—and of its director, and at the uncommon modesty of the provision for both.

It were a quickener of their noblest incentives, a blessing to their heart and energy, if future college generations might but learn to know Dr. Peters somewhat as he was; to regard him neither with distant wonder, as at the unknown and fancied unknowable, nor, on the other hand—I almost blush to utter it—as portrayed in certain recent journalistic anecdotes of fiction, whose nearest approach to truth is sometimes to attribute to him the experience of departed occupants of other chairs of instruction; but to regard him according to the measure—the abundant measure that should be meted back to him—of the truth and fidelity which so fully dwelt in him; to regard him according to his works, which so largely remain to us, and which yet do follow him.

To those of us who have known him, he is still alive, and with us will he walk to the close of our day; great indeed, and pure, and lustrous, but withal the rarest genial, full-hearted, generous and dear personality, which to analyze or portray were an attempt from which the loving heart shrinks as futile and intrusive. To those that shall come after, even though it should be that the place which knew him shall know him no

more forever, yet in the higher courses of his care and adorning he must shine refulgent for many a generation.

I believe not in omens or premonitions, but one incident I must relate, let the hearer judge it as he will.

On the day that our beloved friend departed, there was brought to me for decipherment an obscure inscription from an ancient monastery tombstone. After raveling out the mysterious abbreviations and ligatures, it was found to read:

"SIGNVM FULGENTIVM
ABSOLVIT 1490."

The symbols engraved on the stone showed the deceased Fulgentius to have been a monk high in rank and in the estimation of his fellows, perhaps the abbot of the monastery; Fulgentius (the refulgent) in deed as well as name. In times mediaeval and of the date of the epitaph, the word "*signum*" in churchly parlance meant not directly "a sign," but much like the kin-word *semandron* in the Greek monasteries of to-day, "a bell"—the church-bell, or the bell sounded in the mass; the monastery bell that calls to prayers, that relieves the watch, or ends the vigil; or, at the date of this epitaph, when horology was infantile, perhaps the bell-stroke of the clock. The epitaph then, interpreted, read: "The bell released Fulgentius in 1490." The bell had struck for him, to end his earthly vigils, and release him to his day and rest above.

This strange and beautiful epitaph of four centuries ago took strange possession of me all day long and far into the night. I thought how the fellows of this cenobite Fulgentius, the radiant, could not think of him, as would the toilers of God in far older time, as watching for the shadow—the shadow that marks off the hours of life's day, and lengthens into one long night; but as looking up to the bright heavens, whose refulgence his conversation reflected, and listening for that note of the chiming spheres which should release him from the night vigil of this world and summon him to say his morning "ad-sum" in the presence of the Father of lights.

The next morning I understood—I will not say the premonition, but---the surpassing fitness and the sweet pathos of this epitaph to the solitary, vigil-keeping gatherer and reflector of the heavenly ray. The bell-stroke had released *our* Fulgentius, in 1890.

**MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR OREN ROOT OF
HAMILTON COLLEGE.**

I feel that I can only add a tattered and a tangled fringe to the robe of honor which my one time colleague and my long time friend has woven for our common colleague and our common friend.

During the last summer, when I told an aged physician, who had very often witnessed the summons of death, the story of the death of Dr. Peters, he said once and again during the narration: "How beautiful! how beautiful! I would be taken thus—just between my labor and my rest: I would be taken thus, how beautiful, how beautiful it was!" You know the story that I told him: how in the early July morning they found the old man lying quietly on the threshold of his college home. He had fallen on sleep so gently, that the gathered ash of his cigar half smoked had not fallen from it; and so he lay growing cold through the night. It was the vacation time. The professors and the students had hied them to their recreation or their other toil, only one other save himself was in the great college buildings; but there was no vacation time for him in his seeking after truth. The great eye of the telescope had been covered, but the sky was cloudless and he must gather a little more and so he went forth to gather. Do you and I know how much he gathered in the stillness of that July night? Do you and I know how wide open were his eyes and what he saw and learned of the knowledge that is beyond the stars? Ah! it is very beautiful that he died in the starlight when the sky was clear; and so passed into the clearness of the unshadowed sky.

I am not to give the facts of Dr. Peters' life, I am to give what seems to me an estimate of his character. I need not tell you after the paper that has just been read that he was a very broad man, broad in the wide diversity of his accomplishments, broad in the catholicity of his opinions, broad in his recognition of that which was true wherever it was found. An astronomer and a mathematician, he was a linguist and a botanist and an entomologist, he was a lover of music and a lover of art, and all through the more than three score years and ten of his life he had evinced once and again this broad devotion to truth. With all this breadth of knowledge he was a

very minute man in his mental makeup as well as by the training of his earlier years. His mind sought the atom at once. He dealt not merely with sun and planet, not merely with asteroid and with star but he recognized the star-dust of the universe. With this minuteness he was a very accurate man. He did not deal in round numbers. He made his statements as exact as human approximation could make them. I have noted him time after time when in the examination of prize competition papers he would compare and re-compare, estimate and re-estimate, noticing the slightest stroke of the student in order that he might satisfy himself that his judgment was accurate and just. He said to me once in one of these competitions: "yes, there can be no doubt about that but let us read the papers once more." He would be accurately and minutely certain that the judgment that he gave was the right judgment.

And with all this accuracy and minuteness, he was a very thorough man in all the work that he did. He thought he had learned years ago that behind the sun-blaze of the noon-tide that dazzles us, there whirled another inner orb whose whirling made the sun-light. And so behind all the blaze of human experience, beyond all that which seemed to be an argument he always peered and looked, that perhaps through some sun-spot in the argument, he should find the whirling of another and a deeper truth.

These characteristics which I have named were made clear to those who were close to him all along his life. I saw now and then among his papers that which indicated the breadth of his purpose and the accurate, thorough minuteness of his work in the plan of the star charts. He had mapped the circle of the hours and he had drawn lines here and there dividing the degrees, and then year after year, night after night, he had drawn star after star into his charts. On this broad map, the purpose of his years, he had deepened the shades a little as he filled up the charts; here and there they were growing darker and darker until by and by the filled space denoted that out of the hundreds he had planned he had completed one more; and then he laid it away. By-and-by there were twenty and then he sent them out that the world might gaze upon them and there were scores more with stars

drawn in here and there and it is my thought that upon that July night he went forth just to draw in a few more stars and picture them upon his charts.

With these mental characteristics of Dr. Peters there were also others which helped to make him the man he was. He was wonderfully swift in his perceptions. This swiftness of perception was shown constantly in the work which he did on the star catalogues of the past. When he was engaged on the *Almagest* he found certain divergences: he saw at once what others had not seen that here the copyist of the *Almagest* was something more than clerk with laborious pen following the characters of the past, the copyist was here an astronomer and he had changed the position of the star as the equinox precedes through the years and thus the astronomer had added the precession of the years to the star positions of Ptolemy. Dr. Peters saw it with the swiftness of his immediate recognition of such matters.

With this swiftness of perception he had also wonderful facility of computation. I have occasionally been with him in making computations. I know how my colleagues upon the committee who from year to year make out the standing of the students, wondered at his rapidity. While we were laboriously in our old fashioned way endeavoring to obtain results, he with a little book of logarithms would, in a class of forty or fifty men have divisor, dividend and quotient verified while we were doing a tenth part of the work. And then such men as Professor Burdick and others would look at him in amazement.

Facile as he was in computation he was not at all hasty to accept conclusions. He was very slow in accepting theories, very slow in accepting what seemed to be conclusions. He wanted more proof, he wanted an argument that could not be gainsayed, he constantly asked and sometimes a little brusquely: "Is that so? Who says so? Can you prove it? Are you sure, can you reinforce your testimony by something which will endorse the one who testifies?" All along his career there were evidences of this cautious wisdom. Astronomer after astronomer was carried away by the notion that in our day we should reverse the achievement of Le Verrier and Adams as they reached out another thousand million of miles

and found a star circling about our sun: that we with the cunning of science should peer within the sun-blaze and from the perturbations of Mercury we should infer the inter-Mercurial planet. Dr. Peters never accepted this. When evidence that they had been seen was produced he said: "No, I want to see them myself." And when within the last few months there has come a sweeping away of the basis of their argument and there is no longer any foundation on which to base the inter-mercurial planet, then he greeted it with a gleeful laugh. He was happy because he had stood fast in refusing to accept a conclusion drawn from incomplete and imperfect data.

With these characteristics of Dr. Peters there was mingled no little of wit and a deal of humor. There are floating about among our graduates stories of the answers that he made from time to time to students. The Doctor one time asked a student what caused the Aurora Borealis. The student, after hesitating a moment replied that he knew but had forgotten. "Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "the one man who has ever known has forgotten it." He was very keen to see just such things as these and now and then expressed it.

But there was something deeper in the Doctor as there is in all of us than mere intellectual characteristics and the core of the Doctor's life, that which went to make him a true seeker all his days was as marked as his mental characteristics. Dr. Peters in his character was a very shy and a very modest man. He was so shy and so fearful of even seeming to seek notoriety that in his earlier days it was almost impossible to induce him to send notes of his discoveries to the daily press. If he found an asteroid he would send a notice to the "*Astronomische Nachrichten*" he would publish it as a scientific fact but he did not care that it should go into the columns of the Associated Press despatches. He had to be urged constantly to do it.

He was not only very shy and modest in this way but he was a very reticent man in regard to himself and his personal relations. It was many years after I knew him before I saw the great disk of the gold medal given him by the King of Sweden. I had to hint and ask before I could persuade him to show it to me. It was not at all that he despised the press,

it was not at all that he was averse to receiving honor; he was averse to self-seeking and averse to notoriety, he was averse to receiving any honor which was not based on actual achievement. He was also reserved in regard to his past life. I sometimes thought how much he might have told us of his past life. It was only by the most ardent questioning that I could draw it from him little by little. One of his colleagues, seeking after the main events of his life for publication as a permanent record was obliged to follow him day after day and almost week after week, questioning him again and again before there could be drawn from the shy reserved man the mere facts of his life in the world. And yet he was willing to receive honor, he had been honored, honored by kings and governors, honored by learned societies and men of science, honored by hosts of friends out of the realms of science, and through it all as you know he walked quiet and unobtrusive, changing not in garb or manner because the glories and the repute of worlds thus gathered upon him.

With these characteristics there were others. Dr. Peters was a very pure man. For more than thirty years he was a member of my father's and my own household. Day after day he came to our board, day after day he walked in our garden, he talked with us all, and through these two and thirty years there is no memory of even a hint that was not of the utmost purity. It is a glad thing that I can look back and know that in the closeness of my intimacy with him I never heard a word that trenched in the least not only on the impure, but even on the vulgar and unclean.

He was a very honest man. I have known no man more honest in my life, no man who loved the truth better than he, no man more scrupulously honest in his deeds. It is one of the ties by which I like to think Dr. Peters and my father were bound, that they two were alike in this, that they were pure in their lives, that they loved not merely the truth of science but that they loved truth everywhere. They were pure and honest men.

Dr. Peters was a very generous man and he was one of those who in his generosity followed his Master's precept: "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." All along the years he did this quietly and unobtrusively.

In one of the drawers of my secretary at home there lie two papers that tell a story. I blush with shame as I think of the ingratitude of an American, that that man whose education and whose college course was saved because Dr. Peters and my father loaned him the money and trusting in his honor would take no note that that man has disavowed the obligation and refused to pay the debt because it was not in legal form. But there is token there that Dr. Peters took from his meagre salary of a thousand dollars, two hundred and fifty dollars and gave it to a Senior in this College that thereby he might complete his college course. I have known within the last ten years how here five and ten and fifteen and twenty dollars have gone on the one side and the other, in a covert way almost; and he would hush you if you asked a question. There is a little fund in the Presbyterian Sunday School in this village given by Dr. Peters, I don't know whether it has grown by the contributions of others but I do know that the dividends of that stock for the last two or three years have gone into the treasury of the Presbyterian Sabbath School.

Dr. Peters was more than this. These characteristics could not belong to the man without bringing with them others. He was a very loving man. He lived a lonely life, he lived I cannot think by himself but the stars are so far away, we may as Emerson would have us hitch our purposes to them but we can hardly make them close social friends. But Dr. Peters loved social gatherings. It is very touching to look at what he left behind him, how he gathered all the invitations of these years and labelled them. Those who sent them did not know how they sent a little glimpse of joy into that lonely life when they bade him to the feast and the wedding. He had gathered all the little trinkets of the past, he said they were too nice to use so he laid them away one after another, and there they are, simple little things that have come from the homes of his colleagues. I found them there that I had remembered from my own children and I know how the Doctor's heart had grown warm in its gladness because these little things had come to him. He loved the society of his fellows and he loved children. He was like Richter there. I believe too that he loved God. He "loved

God and little children." I can remember during my former connection with this faculty—it was Tutor Hall then and Tutor Root—how my youngest brother used to wander hand in hand with this learned German through the woods and in the fields and how they gathered flowers together, and I remember how my brother told me the difference between the butterflies that were flying on a summer day before my door and said that Dr. Peters had told him and by-and-by when the little fellow lay just in his last moments he reached up and said that he saw butterflies in the air and that he heard the music of birds and so I knew that into the very heart of that young life had gone the talking and the teaching of that learned astronomer. Dr. Peters had gathered boxes on boxes of postage stamps, the stamps that he received from foreign countries and he gathered them not because some one had asked him for them but he gathered them because he thought someone *might* ask him for them. He was reaching out down the years until some child might want them and he was planning thus to give it joy. He loved little children and he had himself a very childlike nature. He was brusque and unconventional at times, he found it difficult to transfer himself to the somewhat strange conventionalities of our land and yet it was not in his heart, he never wounded any one if he believed that he was going to wound them. It was done unknowingly if at all.

The Doctor loved amusement. We can remember how he gathered round the board; there was no boy in all the college halls that enjoyed the evening of play more than he. His laugh was not young but it was rich and full and it came from his heart and we are glad that we gave these gleeful recreations to this old lonely man.

Seventy-seven years are not a very long life but this was a very full one. It was well for Hamilton college while he lived that he was here; it is well for Hamilton College now that he is gone to remember him. On that July night a great mind passed on. A toiler and a thinker became only a memory and a name and a record. We have gathered that we may honor that name, that we may perpetuate that memory and that we may make clear and steadfast for the future that record. It was a very full life not only full of work but full

of spirit. In his childhood he looked down upon the fiords of Denmark whence the Northmen went forth to the conquest of the Western world. He was a pupil of Encke, he was the companion of Gauss, he was the associate of Waltershausen. On the border of Aetna he listened to the groan of fabled Enceladus and on the plains of Troas he heard echoes from the rim-resounding shields of Trojan and Hellene. On our own Western plains he watched the moon shadow the sun and saw how in the shaded light the eye of man might gaze on the sun's coruscations; and then he stood face to face with the newest civilization and in the far antipodal seas he saw the evening star write in shadow letters her story on the sun, that man might read the miles whence the sunlight comes to us. Wandering over the world, in the libraries of the Vatican, of Florence, of Vienna, of London, looking in the faces of men and looking in the faces of stars, he ever sought the truth. Seeing the wandering, unknown, un-named ones, he knew that these too were little sisters of the earth and so he drew them into the sun's circle and more than two score of the little earth sisters are there because he found them.

It is well for us in Hamilton College to remember him, well that this shy modest man full of work and full of learning has walked our ways. I think that we may well hope that it will be many a year before the memory of his modest worth and his honored work shall go out from the minds of the college but that it shall remain the incentive to new student toil and the beckoning on to new student aspirations.





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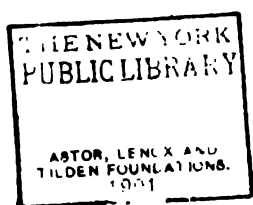
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MEMORIAL NUMBER.

REV. HENRY DARLING, D. D., LL. D.,

BORN DECEMBER 27, 1824,

DIED APRIL 20, 1891.

ADDRESS OF REV. T. RALSTON SMITH, D. D.

MY place here is not that of the historian or of the biographer, but of the friend. A more fitting time may come for commemorating the official character and the public services of our departed brother, when personal sorrow shall be mitigated and the largeness of the opportunity shall be commensurate with the theme; but to-day, if I may venture to interpret your feelings by my own, we are thinking not so much of the loss of the man of letters, the theologian and the college president, as of the loss of Henry Darling, the man, as we knew him and loved him and found in him by personal contact those qualities which, in all keen estimates of human character and worth, count for far more than genius and talent and the creations of favorable circumstances.

Yet were this other theme, by any ruling of propriety my own, I should congratulate myself and you on its richness. In the life of Dr. Darling, industry, fidelity and honor have kept pace with each other. If his career has been free from meteoric flashes, it has had that better quality which belongs to the steady shining of the sun, and like that sun, the warmth of it is felt even after its going down.

I recall, with a tender interest, what I used to hear when I was little more than a boy, of the character and the influence of Judge Darling, a figure of more than a common note in a church which can complain of no poverty in its list of strong and noble names. It was in the soil of a good home, and through the sanctified training of an illustrious parentage, that

the qualities were nurtured which, in their ripeness, have given us the rich personality of the dear friend for whom we are mourning to-day. Impressive without being intrusive, dignified without being distant or cold, courtly without effusiveness, devout without the taint of sanctimoniousness, he has filled every position and executed every task with a grace so gentle and yet so effectual that it is no extravagance to say of him, "*Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.*"

In his early pastorate at Hudson, N. Y., he gave immediate promise of the worthy future that was before him. Transferred to the wider and more difficult field opened to him by the Clinton Street Church in Philadelphia where he followed that noble son of Hamilton and my honored father, Dr. Joel Parker, his growing power attested his fitness for a place whose accumulating tasks and responsibilities called for equal discretion, piety and force. Then came those eighteen bright and prolific years in Albany of whose ability and devotion the flourishing Fourth Church is the abiding and honorable monument; a church in whose inmost life and heart his memory is cherished with affection, and from whose history the mark of his strong hand can not easily be obliterated.

It was a revolution in his mode of life when from this long and steady experience in the beloved work of the ministry he obeyed the call which placed him at the head of Hamilton College, to whose service the best ten years of his life have been given with a zeal and consecration which only they can adequately measure who had the privilege, in the best intimacy of friendship, of knowing his heart.

Of the magnitude and perplexities of his task, I need not speak. I love rather to recall just now his patient devotion, his broad sympathies, his refined and honorable ambition, his eloquent appeals for the higher education, his accord with the traditions and spirit of the institution, and the generous sacrifices which he was always ready to make in its behalf, and which yet were made so quietly and unostentatiously, that few beyond the circle of those who were nearest to him could ever have known the real heroism which lay beneath his quiet and placid exterior.

It adds to our sorrow just now, after all these years of hard toil, at the moment when the prospects of Hamilton College

are higher than ever before, when its coffers are to be more richly laden, when its brilliant faculty is to have wider scope, when the trustees are to find their task more congenial, when College Hill, "beautiful for situation," is to eclipse its former glories, and the true hearts of Hamilton alumni are to be prouder than ever of their *Alma Mater*, the brave spirit that has hoped and toiled and prayed for the time which it knew would come, has suddenly grown still in the very dawn of this better day. This is one of these mysteries which perplex us sorely. Our wisdom would order events in such fashion that the soldier should never put off his armor until the victory was won, and that every toiler should taste the sweetness of rest in the field where he has wrought. But God's wisdom, inscrutable as it often is, has its higher ways, its loftier ends, its richer recompenses. There is here a great legacy of sorrow and disappointment left to us. But let us not imagine that there is either sorrow or disappointment to him who has laid down his task so soon. That life surely has seemed rounded out in the sight of God. It has had its commendation, "Well done thou good and faithful servant," and the fruit of its sowing will be linked to it where vision is clearer and judgments are surer than they can be on earth, and all the hidden worth and beauty shall be revealed in the perfect light.

Amidst the cares of service, however, our beloved friend was not left without marked evidences of the high esteem in which he was held as a scholar and a Christian minister. Crowned with the academic honors of Union, Hamilton and La Fayette, he was entrusted by his church with the responsible duties of permanent Clerk of its General Assembly, an office which he worthily discharged for ten years, as the successor of the beloved Gilbert and laid down, as I well remember, of his own accord, out of his keen sense of honor and delicacy, on removing from the city, as whose representative he had been chosen to the position. In 1881, in my own city of Buffalo, the Assembly conferred upon him its highest distinction by electing him as its Moderator, a dignity which he bore with grace and adorned by the able service which he rendered.

These are but hints of the history which is yet to be more fully and worthily written, as I trust, and which can be en-

riched by many a detail from his literary and professional career. It will be worth pondering, not only by the friends who must prize every beautiful memorial of the life whose development they have watched, but by those who can appreciate and apply its lesson, learning from it how usefulness and honor can be reached by modes consistent with the sobriety of a Christian spirit. The young men who have sat in Dr. Darling's class room, or communed with him in his study, or enjoyed his kindly hospitality, will value and treasure his influence over them more, from this hour than ever before. But if they would feel the full power of what he wished and strove to give them, they must try to measure and appreciate his inner self, and to imbibe the lesson of his entire life. He, being dead, yet speaketh. And his best praise will be the beautiful lives whose impulses will ever be traced back to the inspiration which he helped to enkindle within them.

And so it is that we instinctively come back to Henry Darling himself. Stripping off academic robes, official titles and symbols of authority, we come down to the core of what he was—the heart of the friend, the husband, the father, the Christian. Any greatness that is outside of these sacred limits, and is built up without reference to them, is of little worth indeed. It is by the homely side rather than by the brilliant side, that lives are truly to be tested. Love sees to profounder depths than mere admiration, and the little flower it lays on the pillow of the dead, is a richer decoration than jeweled coronet.

So I find myself thinking of those great numbers whose tears he wiped away, whose fainting spirits he encouraged, whose perplexities he resolved, whose footsteps he guided, whose eyes he lifted Heavenward,—some of them back yonder in those loved fields of bygone labor, some of them here, yet feeling the touch of his vanished hand,—and all of them, whether in the better land or this, venerating and blessing his memory.

Most of all my heart turns to that family circle, of which he was the central figure, and whose sorrow, deep, but serene and tranquil, mutely waits for the tribute of our gentle sympathy. The thoughts with which their hearts are busy are not of honors won out yonder in the field of strife, but rather

of those qualities which endeared him in the home—after all the best and noblest of earthly kingdoms—the only one besides the church, whose institution is directly divine. How royally he reigned there, with the dignity which was part of him; with the gentleness which was also part of him; and no monarch ever had readier or more willing tribute laid at his feet. You and I have seen and known him, with his loved ones about him. And we can understand how their grief overtops every other sentiment awakened by this bereavement, and must give the chief direction to our thoughts and prayers.

What this community has lost in the death of a broad-minded citizen, what the church has lost in this son of hers who was so wise in counsel and efficient in action, what Hamilton College has lost in this friend and promoter of the finest intellectual and moral training, it is not easy to compute. We see the gap which his taking off has left, and as respects the college. I think we shall feel a common impulse, trustees, professors and students, under the shadow of this chastening, to seek God's blessing anew upon our work and to push on to the realization of the best ideal which our lamented President had formed.

But above all, our prayer is that the comfort which he ministered to others may be the portion of this sorrowing household; that the Savior whom he followed may be the light of that home on which this shadow has fallen so deeply; and that these mourning ones may be sustained and filled with the peace which passes all understanding. A noble heart has stood still, the volume of a good life has been closed, the laborer has passed from the field of toil to the mansion of the Divine Master, and even in our tears we thank God, feeling that the world is better, and we are better, because the life of Henry Darling has touched the world and us.

LAST SERMON DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT DARLING,

APRIL 12, 1891.

John xix. 20—"And it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin."

THESE words suggest an exceedingly interesting inquiry. The fact they record, had it any spiritual significance, or is it simply a historic event which took place in connection

with the crucifixion of Christ? A vast crowd of different nationalities gathered in Jerusalem to celebrate the feast of the Passover. Was it for any other purpose than to inform this multitude as to the character of the crucified that Pilate in placing over the cross that inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," caused it to be written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin? To affirm at once, and positively, that there is no such significance, would, I suppose, be presumptuous. That the Holy Ghost employed Caiaphas, the highest ecclesiastic of the Jews and a bitter enemy of Christ, to utter a wonderful prophecy concerning the propitiatory nature of His death, no one can doubt. "Ye know nothing at all," was his language, "nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." The same was true of the soothsayer of old. Balaam said more than he meant when beholding the vision of the Almighty, he exclaimed, "I shall see Him but not now; I shall behold Him but not nigh; there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth." May not the same be true of Pilate? When that inscription over Christ's cross was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin, may it not have been, in addition to the record of an historic event, to teach us a great spiritual truth—a truth of which that Roman procurator had at the time no knowledge. That this was the almost universal faith of the early church, no one can doubt. Its members regarded my text as an unconscious prophecy of the universal spread of christianity. They believed this action of Pilate was designed to tell, in symbol, exactly what Jesus told in words when He said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Indeed as primitive Christians placed upon the character of Christianity, as a universal religion a special emphasis, regarding it as one of its distinctive features, so were they wont to see this truth, in almost everything an illustration. Thus: in that miraculous draught of fishes that took place in connection with Christ's appearance to His disciples after His resurrection at the sea of Galilee, in the number and size of the fish, "and they drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three,"

the early church always saw foreshadowed the mighty progress and rapid success of Christianity in the world. In that very number, an hundred and fifty and three, they regarded as prophetic. Origess says that there were at that time upon the earth exactly that number of races and tribes of men, and to this strange literalism, as it appears to us, so fine a scholar and preacher as the late Henry Melville gave his assent. May not my text be another illustration of an historic event designed to teach the same truth.

Without then meaning to affirm that there is really anything more in the paragraph than the simple record of an historic event; I am certainly justified from what I have said, to employ it by way of accommodation as suggestive of that great truth of permanent and abiding interest to every Christian, Christ's kingship over the world. "And it was written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin."

And here at the commencement of any illustration I may give of this theme it is certainly worthy of remark that this trinity of tongues here spoken of—in the very rare and altogether unimportant exceptions—embraced at that time all the spoken languages of the world.

By the remarkable conquests of Alexander the Great, who was born about three and one-half centuries before Christ, conquests which brought under his dominion Syria, Egypt, Persia, and a considerable part of India, Asia and the East were so interwoven with the Empire of Greece, as everywhere to ally men in a unity of languages and government. We often speak in our day of the possibility of a universal language, but the world never came so near to such a possibility as when Alexander in 324 B. C., died in Babylon. Whoever at that time spoke Greek could count, says Uhlhorn, upon being able to make himself understood everywhere in the East and in the West.

A century later, about 200 B. C., Rome conquered Macedon, and by and by became to the then civilized world what Alexander had been before—its conqueror. And with the arms of Rome went its language. As its legions "those massive hammers," as they have been called, leveled down with one vast empire the whole earth—an empire that extended from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules—they carried

with them everywhere the Latin language and literature. Gibbon, speaking of the exclusive use of Latin in the administration of both the civil and military government of Rome, declares that in this way that language became almost universal. In the western provinces it largely supplanted, he adds, the old native tongues, and, as the speech of the dominant race, was understood even in Palestine and on the Nile. And the power of Rome reached, we should remark, its climax at the very moment the song of the angels heralded Christ's birth.

It was the decree of Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, that brought Joseph and Mary at the time of the Advent to Bethlehem.

And now if to these two languages, the Greek and Latin, so widely diffused by conquest, we add the Hebrew, or Syro-Chaldaic, the vernacular of the Jews, a language which held its place against the Greek and Latin only because of its connection with the religion of Jehovah, we have, as I have already said, not simply the principal but I might say almost all the languages of earth. That the Arabic was spoken by a few of the descendents of Ishmael, and that in the northern portion of Europe, in the forests of Germany, at that time almost unknown, there were a great variety of dialects, is indeed true. But what were all these in the comparison of that trinity of languages in which Pilate wrote that inscription which he placed over the cross of Christ: "And it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin." Can any fail to see how impressive in this particular is the symbolism of my text?

But Christ's kingship over the world, suggested by those three languages in which Pilate wrote that inscription over His cross, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," how much more strikingly does this trinity of languages illustrate the same truth when we remember that the peoples to whom they were each the vernacular have always been regarded as the great representatives in our world, respectively of religion, literature and government.

The Jewish people are now everywhere confessed to have been the fountain head of religious knowledge to the world. "It was in that nation, the most isolated and exclusive of all

peoples, a nation shut off from all the world by the most narrow restrictions and prejudices, that there arose a faith, the most unrestricted, the most expansive and all embracing which the world had hitherto known, or ever will know." Indeed, whenever men think of religion it is back to the old Hebrews that they look, and it is from the grace which was stored in Jerusalem that the world has secured all its spiritual illumination. Matthew Arnold has but one word to denote religion, and that is Hebraism; just as he has but one word to denote culture, and that is Hellenism. The gods of Olympus and the Pantheon departed from the thoughts of men the moment Jehovah in the history of the Jews was revealed.

Behold then, in that Hebrew inscription upon the cross, Christ's kingship; in religion—a kingship which in this sphere becoming more and more manifest as the years of the world's history have rolled on—is in our day (almost) universally acknowledged. Men have now no faith in any other religion than that of Christ. It is not sacred scripture alone which prophesies the distinction of Polytheism. What Isaiah says of the heathen casting their idols of silver and gold which they made each one for himself to the moles and the bats, human reason repeats and affirms. And the same is true of Mohammedanism and Buddhism. Edwin Arnold may extol in beautiful verse the virtues of Buddha—tell us that forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha,"—but no one looks upon that religion as anything but worn out and effete. The "Light of Asia," Arnold himself makes to pale before the Light of the World, the final religion in the faith of new Christianity. "After that," says Renan, "there is nothing more than to develop." It is absolute, and remains to our humanity an inexhaustable source of moral regeneration.

But it was written in Greek; of intellectual culture, or in other words of those mental gifts which have educated the civilized world and moulded thought, everybody knows that Greece was the birthland. It was there that these gifts sprang to light and were matured before they were spread abroad and became the inheritance of the nations. And no one can meditate upon that marvelous fertility and exhaustless variety of

the rarest gifts of thought, as the product of so small a land, and of so few centuries, without feeling that all this was given Greece that she might become the treasure house of all nations, the intellectual mother of the world. Indeed Greece is to literature precisely what Palestine is to religion. The two are centres in these regards of the world's illumination. Behold then in the Greek inscription of Christ's kingship over the cross a beautiful symbol of His sovereignty in literature.

But alas ! this prophecy about Christ has as yet been but partially fulfilled. Culture and religion have so far in the history of our world often moved on separate lines and have sometimes been in actual collision.

A favorite topic of discourse with an ex-president of one of our universities is the opposition of Christianity to science. We read in the Bible of the opposition of science, falsely so-called, and never was this opposition more manifest, than in our day. As however, when some of the sciences we now call old, and that we cannot study without having our minds uplifted toward God, live when in the sharpest apparent antagonism to Christianity ; so will it certainly be in the old age or even maturity of many of those new sciences which men would now use to disprove or shake our confidence in Christian faith.

And thus moving along upon this same line will ultimately come to pass Christ's kingship in letters—a time when as all knowledge comes from God, it will be used for God—when science will be studied with the constant recollection of that God whose works are its subjects, and with minds uplifted to Him who is alike the author of nature and revelation.

But Judea, the fountain head of religion, and Greece of secular knowledge, these two peoples the centers from which have come to our humanity the highest gifts of human learning, the life-giving power of divine grace, it only remains for me to remark that with regard to military power and government, the same thing was true of Rome—"And it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin." Itrude calls Cæsar the ideal soldier and statesman, and speaks of Rome as existing, in the providence of God, to be to our humanity the typical government ; and one of the most distinguished of her own writers recognizes this as the destiny of his country. "It

is for others," said Virgil, "to work brass into breathing shape, and others may be more eloquent and learned, but thy work, O Rome, is to rule the nations, these be thine acts, to impose the conditions of the world's peace, to show mercy to the fallen, and to crush the proud." And this destiny of Rome is illustrated very strikingly by many of the relics that this people have left behind them—noble records, intersecting empires, mighty aqueducts, bridges, works of public utility, and above all that system of law which the slow growth of ages of experience has so largely entered into the modern jurisprudence of all civilized nations.

Behold then in government as well as in religion and literature, a symbolism of Christ's kingship. And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross, and the writing was, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." "And it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin."

But Christ's sovereignty over government, just like his sovereignty over letters, has not yet in our world's history fully appeared. Christianity has acted so far largely upon individuals, and through them on the state. Its influence has been indirect, but by and by it is the state which is directly to feel its power, and then will it reveal itself to the world in all the depths of its ideas and in all the richness of its blessing. The world's perfect commonwealth must grow around the Holy Communion of Him who taught men of all classes to call one another "brethren," and who breathed into our entire humanity the assurance of a common parentage by teaching them all at the first opening of their lips in prayer to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Young man, do you not propose to become a member of this kingdom? Have you any higher aspiration than to be a subject of Christ, upon whose vesture is written, "Lord of Lords, and King of Kings"?

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF PRESIDENT DARLING.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY ALLYN FRINK, PH. D.,
OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

AMONG the early sermons preached by Dr. Darling at Hamilton College, was one of marked power, on the passive Christian virtues. As I now recall the preacher's personal

characteristics, I think he then unconsciously revealed the source of his peculiar strength as a man and as a college president. Not that he was wanting in active and executive force. His great work in his Albany pastorate, and his efficiency as a leader in so many of the large organized movements of the Presbyterian Church, not to go further, were ample proofs of his energetic power. But in this he did not seem to me so set apart from other men, as in the silent, yet commanding power of his faith, charity, patience, gentleness and meekness. Nor in passing from the pastorate of a large city church to the Presidency of a Christian College, was there any loss in the rich influence of these personal qualities. The recognition of their large helpfulness may be longer delayed, but their force has been no less sure and strong in moulding character and shaping useful careers. Young men, during the most impressionable period of their lives, cannot come into daily contact with a large nature, strengthened and enriched by the grace of God, as was Dr. Darling's, and not feel in some measure its power. The battle of life has not always its highest and largest victories in the sharp, swift stroke. Not only do we best serve; but often, even from a human point of view, do we most surely win, as we learn to "stand and wait." It is this power of the patient spirit, of the calm mind, of the gentle, forbearing temper, that is able to meet unmoved the severest shocks, and to retain the field by the supremacy of its invincible strength. And so for a young man to see President Darling pass through a great trial, was in itself an education in the finest and strongest elements of character. His dignified bearing and unbroken calmness of speech, his constant serenity of spirit and unmistakable assurance of divine support, could not fail to teach their lesson; a lesson which many a man, as he comes to the decisive tests of life, will remember, and gain from it inspiration, strength, courage.

And yet such an occasion would make no new impression. It would only deepen and intensify one already felt in President Darling's ordinary relations with the student. The same patience, charity, faith and gentleness characterized all his dealings with young men. Nor was this from any ignorance of human nature. He was a shrewd observer of men; but he drew his conclusions from large views of life, and so was al-

ways generous and charitable in his judgments. The follies and mistakes of young men never blinded him to the good that was in them. He seemed to think of each student, as a father thinks of his son. And because the young man was dear to him, he could have the patience, forbearance, and faith, that love never fails to beget.

While I was a member of the faculty in the early years of his administration, he knew every student as a young man is rarely known outside of his family circle. In a few weeks after his coming to Hamilton College, he could call every member of the College by name, and would know from his own observation, whether the student was absent or not from the chapel exercises. Not later than three weeks from the opening of his first term, he asked a College officer why a certain student was absent that morning and the morning before. The answer was, "You probably mistake the man, for he was present." A peculiarity of the student's features was described by Dr. Darling, with the question, "Am I wrong?" He was right; and also, when inquiry was made, the student was found to have been absent.

Knowing the students so thoroughly, it was natural that, with his quick and tender sympathies he should make their sorrows his, and should feel deeply any harm or evil that came to them. One instance of his great tenderness and warmth of feeling, is vividly impressed on my memory. A young man of bright promise and exceedingly attractive qualities, while "coasting" was thrown from his sled in front of the President's house. In the fall he received a blow that proved later to be fatal. He was taken up and carried into the house, and watched over and cared for by the President, as tenderly as the young man would have been by his own father, had he been living. And when the widowed and now childless mother came, she was met with a sympathy and a manifest love for her son, which led her afterward to say, that if God were to take her boy from her in her absence, He could not have been more merciful than to let such a kind man care for him as was Dr. Darling.

Others will tell of what he did for the College, on its material side, of his gifts and influence as a preacher, and of his

usefulness as an instructor. But it is toward what was so peculiarly kind and tender and gracious in his life at Clinton, that my thought first turns, and pays its hasty and most inadequate but sincere tribute.

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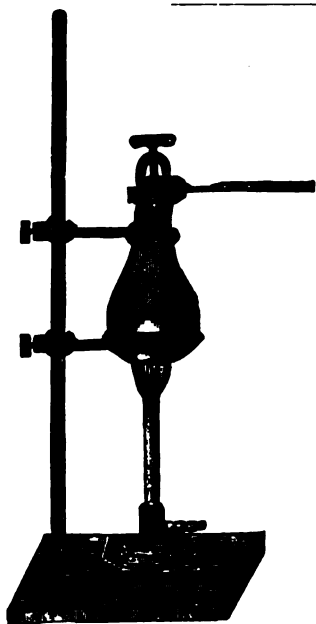
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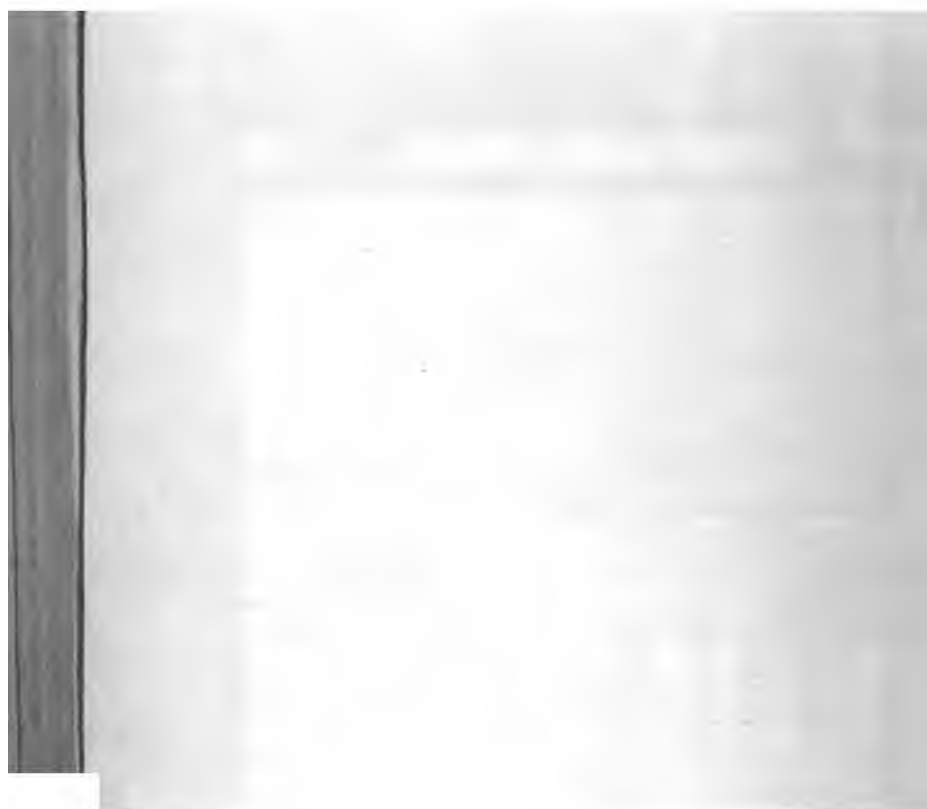
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